THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. AUGUST, 1910. PRICE TEN CENTS.

BLUE RIBBON BAKING POWDER

Makes Good Baking Easier

Good baking and poor Baking Powder cannot go together.

Therefore cheap Baking Powder is waste, not economy, because it spoils food.

Also there is nothing more irritating than to have your baking spoiled in this way. Nothing more disappointing.

It has been proved time after time that Blue Ribbon Baking Powder works just right. It is wonderfully popular all through Western Canada. Whenever it is used delightful success with the baking is the result.

With every confidence we urge you to ask for Blue Ribbon. We know what it is made of, how carefully it is made, and it has thousands of friends who recommend it.

Have you, who read this, ever used Blue Ribbon? If not yet, do so when you next need baking powder.

We do not wish to appear extravagant in what we say. Rather we wish to under-estimate the good qualities of Blue Ribbon so that when you buy it you will be surprised and pleased.

You can get it at all stores, but you must ask for it by name. Until you use Blue Ribbon you will not know its value—its sureness in getting fine results on Baking day.

It costs no more than others. 25c. a pound.

Write for this Free Book

It is a nicely printed booklet, twenty pages and 4-color cover, containing selected, tested recipes, conveniently arranged, for Biscuits, Buns, Muffins, Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Doughnuts, Loaf, Layer and Small Cakes, Puddings, Cold Desserts, Home Made Candies, etc.

Send your name and address at once, and we will mail you a copy Free.

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CUT HERE

BLUE RIBBON DEPT. W.H.M. WINNIPEG

Please Send Free Copy of Recipe Booklet

NAME.....

P.O.....

A Chat with our Readers--Eleven Years of Progress.

The present age is one of growth—of development—of evolution—therefore one o. progress. Progress is characteristic of man's activity, and nowhere is it more evident than in the Great Canadian West. It is difficult to realize the great strides in the path of progress that are constantly going on about us—difficult to realize that the ways and means of even ten years ago are inadequate for the requirements of to-day. Machinery that was then thought to have reached perfection is now being gradually displaced by some greater invention.

In no other line of business, perhaps, has this been so noticeable as in printing, which has undergone wonderful changes in recent years. So that the publisher who wishes to have a place in the onward march must avail himself of whatever makes for efficiency, speed and economy of production. In other words, he must deliver to his patrons the maximum in quality at the minimum in cost.

new addition we can keep pace with any demand.

In a subsequent issue we will tell our readers something about the making of the magazine, and the different departments that work together in its production. Everything is done under one roof in one of the Dominion's largest printing establishments, and this establisment, a picture of which we will reproduce in tne September number, is the Western Home Monthly's own home.

Eleven years ago the Western Home Monthly made its appearance in modest form. The first issue consisted of but eight pages—six reading and two advertising, and without any guarantee that the public were willing to receive it with any great enthusiasm. Its publishers saw the need of a high class family magazine in the West; in addition had faith that the West itself was destined to become in a few years a land of great things. With these hopes the magazine

Monthly well ahead, to make it of the utmost possible interest to its readers by presenting from month to month what is timely, instructive, and entertaining.

As Readers see The Western Home Monthly.

Revelstoke, B.C.
June 6th, 1910

The Western Home Monthly,
Wnnipeg.

Gentlemen;—

Enclosed please find renewal of my subscription to the Western Home Monthly. I would like very much to get it a few days earlier if it is possible. You know when one likes a magazine and is interested in it to the extent that I am in yours, patience is tried in the waiting. Indeed, mostly

Wapella, Sask.
June 10th, 1910.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Gentlemen;—

Please find enclosed amount of subscription for three years. If it is not enough kindly let me know. I have been taking your paper since I came to the West and I would not do without it for anything.

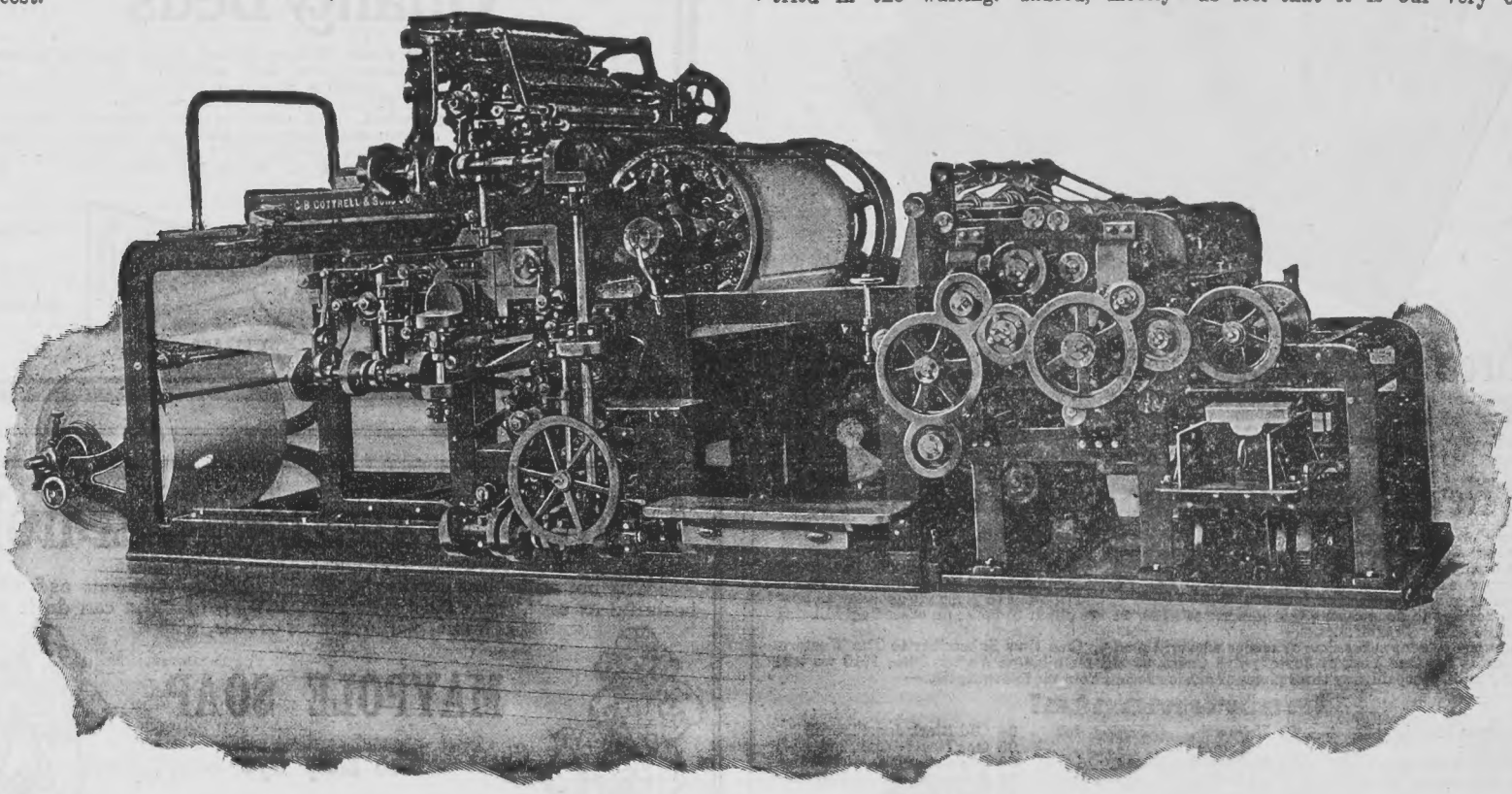
Sincerely yours,
S. Kennedy.

Gilbert Plains, Man.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs;—

In your March issue you asked your readers if they wished another competition begun when this one was ended. I, for one, should like to say yes, by all means, begin another. It gives us an added interest in the Magazine, makes us feel that it is our very own, and



The readers of this magazine will share the pride of its publishers at the installation of the magnificent printing press, of which the above is an illustration. It was specially designed and built for the Western Home Monthly, and is about 25 feet long, 9 feet high, weighing over 26 tons. It is the work and very latest production of the Cottrell Company of New York, the well known printing press manufacturers. It embodies every improvement known in the art of printing, is easily the finest magazine press in the Dominion—indeed, the only one of its kind—and only a few of the leading magazines of the United States can claim so complete an equipment. It is constructed with perhaps the chief idea of producing, at high speed, high class magazine printing. Through this huge machine the Monthly rushes in sections of 32 pages, and is turned out folded at a speed of something like 4,500 per hour.

Such a machine was necessitated by the increase in the Western Home Monthly's circulation, by the enlarged size made necessary by the addition of many departments, and by the active demand for advertising space. The main consideration, however, was to provide our readers with the best known service, and in the knowledge that our efforts will be appreciated by our friends far and near, we already feel compensated for the great expenditure involved in the addition of this modern machine. There is practically no limit to the facilities with which the Western Home Monthly is now furnished, and with the

was launched, and it has splendidly held its own in the march of Western progress.

Few magazines can boast of such a rapid and healthy growth. The circulation quickly crept from hundreds to thousands, until to-day it is universally conceded that the Western Home Monthly reaches more Western rural homes than any other magazine.

It is interesting to note that many of the friends who subscribed to the first issues are still among our regular readers. They stood by the magazine in its struggling infancy and watched with pride tne eight pages develop to ninety-six—its departments expand to include all topics that may prove of pleasure and profit in the home, indeed, touching upon every phase of human interest.

The success of the Western Home Monthly was made possible by the commendation of its good friends of the early days, and for the co-operation so spontaneously and generously given the publishers are very grateful. The subscribers of that period have been increased by many thousands, but neither the growth of the magazine, its prosperity as a business, nor any other consideration can lessen our regard for those who were with us from the start. They suffered our imperfections in silence, and with kindly assistance led us on to the fulfilment of our hopes.

Constant vigilance is the motto of the publishers, and there will be no resting on our oars with what has already been accomplished. The aim of the future will be to keep the Western Home

every month this year I bought one at the store as I could not wait until my own copy reached me by mail.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Wm. Dunn.

Kelwood, Man.,
June 1st, 1910

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Gentlemen;—

Please find my subscription enclosed for one year, also your premium offer No. 3 Post Card Album and set of Cards. Will you kindly send us the March number, for we have not for years missed a single copy of the W. H. M. Not only do we read every line of it ourselves, but after we are through the papers are mailed to relatives in England who are just as much interested as we are ourselves. We consider it a delightful magazine and exceedingly instructive.

Yours truly,
John H. Burridge.

Hickman's Harbor, Newfoundland.
June 9th, 1910.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs;—

A friend of mine introduced me to the Western Home Monthly, and after looking it over I have pleasure in sending you a year's subscription. I do not know how you can possibly give so much interesting matter for the price charged.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. A. J. Blondell.

helps us to realize that the editors do really wish to interest us. When this present Competition began, of course, it was the substantial prize that attracted my attention, but I soon became interested, and in my keenness to ferret out the hidden post offices I think I forgot about the prizes. I hope to get a prize; most certainly I do, but whatever be the results I must say that I found a great deal of pleasure and incidentally, learned not a little geography in taking part in this competition.

Wishing you, as ever, all success,
Yours sincerely,
Lilian Cooper.

Carlyle, Sask.
June 28th 1910.

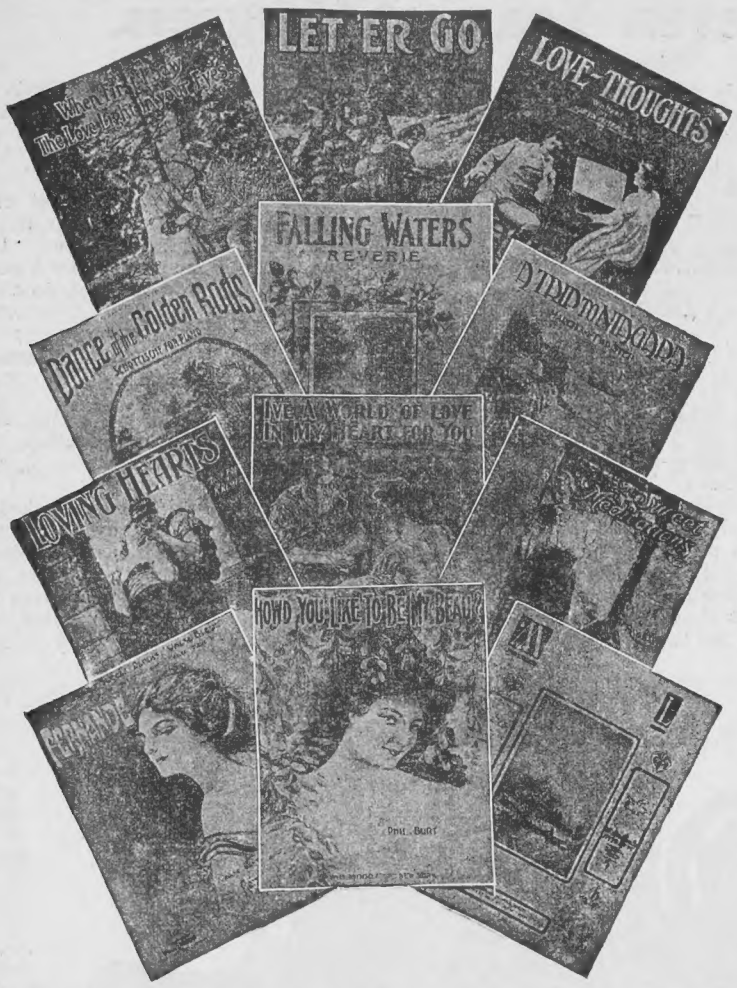
The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Gentlemen;—

Enclosed please find three years' subscription to your paper the Western Home Monthly. We have had your paper come to our home for a year now and we wish to make sure that it will reach for years to come. We find it the best and nicest magazine that we have seen. There is always something to interest everyone. Please start our three years from the 1st of October next when our present arrangements expire. Be sure that we do not miss any issues.

Yours truly,
Muriel Mckinnon.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER



Three Lithograph Pieces of Sheet Music

FREE TO EVERY READER OF

The Western Home Monthly

WHO WILL SEND US

One New Subscriber for One Year at 75c.

Every present subscriber to, or reader of, The Western Home Monthly can secure one NEW subscriber to the paper for one year. This may seem a broad statement, but we think it hardly possible that there is anyone who has not at least one friend, neighbor or acquaintance who would subscribe for this Magazine if shown a copy and asked to do so. It is a very easy and simple matter to secure one new yearly subscriber for The Western Home Monthly, and in order to persuade as many as possible of our readers to do it during this summer of 1910, we are about to make an exceedingly liberal and attractive offer. It is as follows:—

To every present subscriber or reader who will send us One New Subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for One Year at Seventy-five Cents, at any time before August 30th, 1910 we will send free by mail, postpaid, any three pieces of music selected from the following list:—

Instrumental

1 A Frangesa March
2 Alpine Hut
3 An Easter Emblem
4 Angel's Serenade
5 Anvil Chorus (from "Il Trovatore")
6 April Smiles, Waltzes
7 Arbutus Waltz, (Merry Bells)
8 At Sundown
9 Artist Life, Waltzes
10 Autumn Gavotte, (Merry Bells)
11 Battle of Waterloo
12 Beautiful Blue Dan Waltzes
13 Black Hawk, Waltzes
14 Black Key Polka Mazurka
15 Bluetts Polka (Merry Bells)
16 Brook, (The)
17 Bohemian Girl
18 Campion March (Merry Bells)
19 Cavalleria Rusticana, Int.
20 Cavalleria Rusticana, Int.
21 Convent Grand March
22 Convent Bells
23 Cornflower Waltzes
24 Con Amore (with my love)
25 Chaconne
26 Chapelin the Forest
27 Consolation
28 Daffodil, Schottische, (Merry Bells)
29 Dorothy, Old English Dance
30 Dixie, Transcription
31 Echoes of the Ball
32 Evening Star (Tannhauser)
33 Evening Song
34 Flower of Spring, A
35 Fairy Wedding, Waltz
36 Faust, (Transcription)
30 Fifth Nocturne
38 First Heart Throbs
39 Flatterer (The)
40 Flower Song
41 Frolic of the Frogs, Waltz
42 Funeral March
43 Fur Elise
44 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz
45 Gipsy Dance
46 Girlhood days, Three-step
47 Hazel Blossoms
48 Heather Rose
49 Heartsease
50 Heimweh, (Longing for Home)
51 Home Sweet Home, (Trans.)
52 Il Trovatore
53 In the Country
54 In the Meadow
55 In the Twilight
53 Invitation to the Dance
57 Il Bacio, (The Kiss) Waltzes
58 Jolly Fellows, Waltzes
59 Jolly Fellows, Waltzes
60 L'Argentine, (Silvery Thistle)
61 La Czarine, Mazurka
62 La Fountaine
63 La Paloma
64 Largo
65 Last Hope
66 Last Hope
67 Last Waltz of a Madman
68 La Tremolo
69 Lily
70 Little Fairy, Waltzes
71 Little Fairy, Polka
72 Little Fairy, Schottische
73 Little Fairy, March
74 Love's Dream After The Ball
75 La Serenata
76 Lily of the Valley
77 Longing for Home (Heimweh)
78 Loin Du Bal, (Sounds from the Ball)
79 Maiden's Prayer
80 May Has Come
81 Melody in F
82 Minuet
83 Monastery Bells
84 Moment Musicale
85 Morning Flowers, (Gavotte)
86 Mountain Belle, (Schottische)
87 Music Box
88 My Old Kentucky Home (Trans.)
89 Old Folks at Home, with variations
90 Orange Blossoms, Waltzes
91 Orvetta Waltzes
92 Over the Waves, Mexican Waltzes
93 Over the Waves
94 Old Black Joe, (Trans.)
95 One Heart—One Soul
96 Padishah, (Persian March
97 Palms (The)
98 Patti Waltzes, (Tyrolienne)
99 Pearly Dew Drops
100 Peri Waltzes
101 Polish Dance
102 Pure as Snow
103 Pretty Picture
104 Qui Vive Galop (4 H'ds) (Double Number)
105 Ramona Waltzes
106 Remember Me
107 Rippling Waves
108 Rustic Dance
109 Sack Waltz
110 Scarf Dance
111 Schubert's Serenade
112 Secret Love
113 Shepherd Boy
114 Silvery Waves
115 Simple Confession
116 Simple Confession
117 Sounds from the Ball, (Loin du Ball)
118 Spring Song
119 Spring's Awakening
120 Spring Beauty, Waltz (Merry Bells)
121 Stephanie Gavotte
122 Storm (The)
123 Shepherd's Song
124 Tam O'Shanter
125 Tannhauser, (Evening Star)
126 The Kiss (Il Bacio)
127 Thine Own, (Melody)
128 Traumerei and Romance
129 Twentieth Century Woman, March
130 Two Angels
131 Under the Double Eagle, March
123 Under the Double Eagle, March
133 Valse Bleue
13 Valse in E flat
135 Waves of the Danube
136 Waves of the Ocean
137 Warblings at Eve
138 Weber's Last Waltz
139 Wedding March
140 Whispering of Love
141 Wine, Women and Song, Waltzes
142 You and I Waltzes

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

THE QUALITY GUARANTEE
MEANS METAL BED INSURANCE

and the Quality Guarantee Ticket is your insurance *policy*. It is good for the full amount paid for any Quality Bed that does not bear out our claims for it. The process of *proof* is simple. Have your dealer deliver a Quality Bed to your home. Use it for thirty days. If at the end of that time, you do not think it is the best bed you've ever had in your house—return it and the dealer will return your money. We go further than that—*five years further.*

Quality Beds

are returnable after five years, if they do not prove their absolute superiority by *actual endurance*—the only standard by which we measure *all* Quality Beds. Quality Beds are the product of infinite care and finished skill. If we could find a way to crowd *more* quality into them, we *would*. We want to send you our Quality Catalog, "Bedtime," so you may learn all about metal beds; (brass and enamel), why *you* will like Quality Beds and *why* they are *best*. Your name on a postal will bring it. Write the postal *now*. 28

Look for the Quality Tag — **Quality Beds Limited** — The Red Quality Guarantee

MANUFACTURERS WELLAND, ONT.

A Fresh Vacation Wardrobe

Why not make last summer's soiled and faded garments as fresh and beautiful as ever, ready for another season's wear? You can do it easily, at home, without muss or fuss, with

MAYPOLE SOAP

The Easy Dye

It cleanses and dyes to rich, glowing colors at one operation. Try it with dresses, waists, gloves, satin slippers, parasols, stockings, bathing suits. Colors 10c, Black 15c, at all dealers, or postpaid with free booklet, "How to Dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

If horses go lame, you don't have to lay them off to cure them. Kendall's Spavin Cure works while they work—and cures them while they earn their keep. For Spavin, Curb, Ringbone, Splint, Sprain, Swollen Joints, Lameness

Kendall's Spavin Cure

"Completely Cured Him"

Moose Jaw, Sask., Oct. 13th

"Two years ago, I bought a colt that was badly spavined, and completely cured him with only two bottles of your Spavin Cure. Worked him steady all the time and sold him last winter for a top price."

Howard Brock.

Also famous as the standard family liniment $1. a bottle—6 for $5. Ask your dealer for free copy of our book "A Treatise On The Horse," or write us. 53

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Sowing and Reaping.

In the Canadian West the month of August spells the beginning of harvest. Then is it proven on every hillside and in every valley that as man soweth so also shall he reap. He who is scrupulously careful in the choice of his seed has the greatest of all pleasures, that of viewing fields free from weed and blight; he who plants what comes to hand regardless of its cleanliness, has this disappointment of a poor yield and of fields cursed for years to come. He who plows carefully and fertilizes in season has his reward in a bountiful harvest; he who simply tickles the surface and who disregards the laws of crop rotation most surely fails to receive an adequate return for his labor. But apart from the choice of seed and the preparation of the land there is a factor in production more important than either—a factor beyond the power of man to control. Without temperature and moisture suitable to local conditions the best efforts of men are unavailing. Such, however, is the magnitude of our land, and such the diversity in climate, that while from year to year some districts may suffer, there is, on the whole, a certainty of abundance. When a few years ago it was suggested that perhaps some day we might supply the markets of the world with a million or two bushels of grain, the suggestion was received with derision. Now that we can easily send out one or two hundred million bushels, it is no great stretch of imagination to picture these prairies as contributing before many years to the food supply of the nations no less than a thousand million bushels.

The wealth represented by this amount or by the amount of the present yield is enormous. When we remember the truism that "no nation has ever achieved permanent greatness which obtained its wealth from the soil too easily," we may be thankful that in the dispensation of Providence there is an occasional year when the yield is far below expectations.

THE HARVEST OF CHARACTER.

If we are to achieve permanent greatness we must depend upon more than wheat production. Material wealth alone will not make a nation great and strong. Rome, Egypt, India, Spain, and Persia, all represent powers that declined when material wealth rather than intellectual and moral progress was made the ideal of existence. The greatest calamity that could befall us is that we should become rich in money and all that it can provide, and poor in those qualities of mind and heart which make for strong manhood and pure womanhood. As individuals, as members of families, and as factors in the community, we must have regard to all those things which make for permanence and righteousness. If an abundant wheat harvest depends upon the careful cultivation of the soil and an equally careful selection of seed, the harvest of noble deeds and kind actions which characterizes life in an ideal state must be prepared for by the sowing of right ideals in minds carefully prepared to receive them.

INDIVIDUAL PRODUCTION.

In the life of each individual it is necessary that purity find a place, for out of the heart are the issues of life. What signifies money and material prosperity if the heart is impure and the speech unfit for hearing? Yet, is it not too true that in many of the towns and villages of the West there is a coarseness of manner and a vileness of expression that are disgusting? Nor is this confined to the male adults. It is among the young men that the faults are chiefly noticeable. If good seed has been sown in the home and the school, then some enemy has been diligently sowing tares, for the crop is anything but gratifying.

HOME FARMING.

This brings us to the greater home life in the Canadian West. Our whole sympathy goes out to the mother of the lonely home on the prairies. Her duties are so many and her responsibilities so great that it is small wonder if the children come in for less than their proper share of attention. Yet it is necessary to reiterate what has been said again and again that what the children are, is of far greater importance than what they know or what they have. One of the wisest men in this whole West is that capitalist of Winnipeg who said to his children "I will give you every advantage possible in the way of education and home attractions, but I shall bequeath you practically nothing in the way of money or lands. You must make your own future." And so in his home he is sowing the seeds of honor, diligence, respect for all that is true and holy. He surrounds his boys with all that tends to manliness, and his girls are learning all those arts which make for self-dependance, refinement and usefulness. Never was it more necessary than it is to-day for parents to direct the lives of their children and train them in right habits of thought. There must be time found for this even if one-half the farm has to be sold. The end of existence is not a bank balance but a sweet and lovely disposition. Frankness, honesty, generosity, brotherly-kindness, these are the fruits that crown every true life, and the seeds are sown by every wise parent. It is a great and good thing for parents to make money, but it should be made to be spent again in the best manner possible. To provide children with the best reading obtainable, to engage for them the best teacher that money and interest can secure, to give them the best in companionship and conversation and to hold before them the highest ideals—these are the first duties of the parent who is truly wise; of the citizen who is truly patriotic.

COMMUNITY HYGIENE.

The thought of citizenship suggests that there are many things that must be attended to if our national life is to be all that is desirable and possible. And some of these things must be attended to right here and now. In the first place, more attention must be given to the physical health of the community. A few summers ago there were hundreds of cases of typhoid fever in the towns of one of the western provinces. All this was due to the neglect of ordinary sanitary precautions. A few hundred dollars spent in drainage and in arranging for the disposal of garbage would have saved thousands of dollars in doctor's fees and spared many families the loss of precious lives. There is such a thing as community hygiene, and it is good economy to practice it. The village which through its neglect permits an infectious disease to break out and spread, when prevention would have been possible, is just as blameworthy as an individual who by neglecting ordinary physical precautions finds himself an easy prey to disease and the rigors of climate. The very first thing for a town to give attention to, is the election of officials who will look after the public good in a sensible way—who in all matters of health and education will see to it that the very best is provided. The worst man in the community is the alderman or school trustee of the Cheap John type, for he not only saves a penny and loses a pound, but sacrifices the physical and moral health of the community on the altar of false economy.

PURE GOVERNMENT.

But physical health is only secondary. Right moral conditions are of first importance. It is not because it is customary to revile governments that we repeat what has been said oy so many men of discernment and what is common knowledge with those who are in a position to judge; but our people must awake to the fact that our national life cannot prosper, and our liberties remain secure, so long as those entrusted with the administration of public affairs are in the pay of corporations, or subject to denominational control, or influenced unduly by those whose business it is to manufacture and sell liquor; nor can we hope that the people will ever reap the reward of their long struggle so long as legislators dispose of the national resources to personal and political friends, nor so long as judges are the nominees of political bosses, and public administrators are chosen from the ward-heelers and expert manipulators at the ballot-box.

RAILWAY KINGS.

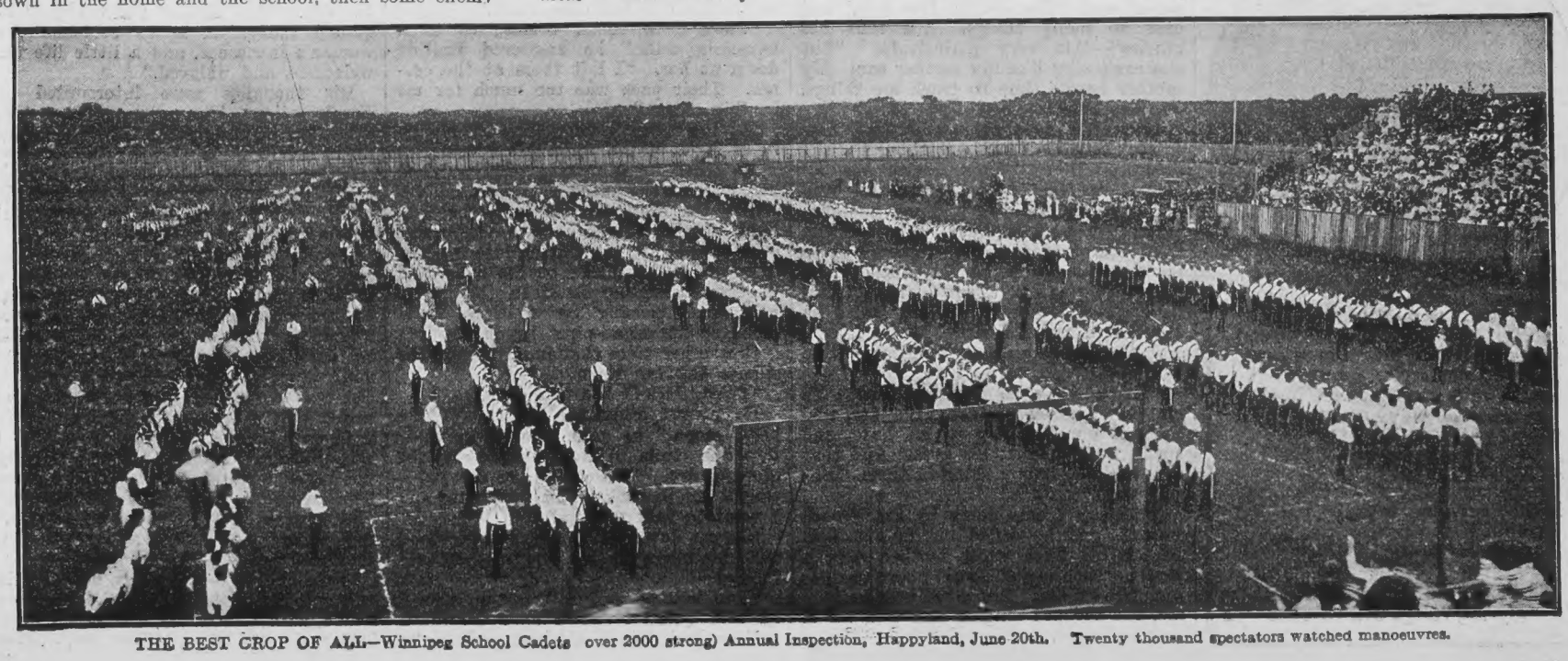
It is true that the corporations unduly control our affairs, and that the legislatures are but as clay in the hands of the railway magnates. The story of the three transcontinental roads is a story of bleeding the people not for their own sake, but that the transfusion might give added life to those whose strength is already too great. The story of bonusing great corporations is ever the same. Those who should be our servants become our masters. And when in any country the mass of the people become servants to the privileged few, patriotism is at an end, for men are loyal only to that which they cherish as their own. So if any man thinks he perceives a lack of loyalty among our people let him not lay the blame upon the undue admixture of the foreign element, but let him consider that we are but reaping the legitimate harvest from our own sowing.

THE NATIONAL CURSE.

Yet in spite of this handicap we are bound to prosper, for railways must in the long run yield to reasonable legislation and have regard for the people upon whose labors they live. They are in any case a public necessity. It is not so with the saloons. For the harvest they reap and the incalculable evil they work, they offer nothing in compensation. That on the whole their influence is most damaging none will deny. That it is the duty of every good citizen to fight the evil and use his influence in opposition to the moneyed combination that directs the traffic there can be no doubt. When the fathers and mothers awake to the magnitude of the wrong that is being done to their children they will have something to say and they will have something to do. They will form such a defensive league that no government and no organized effort to promote the evil can withstand the movement for prohibition.

EDUCATION.

The banishment of the bar will lessen the cost of operating the Courts, and will free additional funds for purposes of education. Any country which neglects the education of her children commits a crime against posterity. The richest legacy from parent to child is the gift of good teachers. There is no seed so pure and perfect as the kernels of truth, beauty and duty, and this is the seed for which the school stands. It is impossible that as a people we should be too rich in intelligence or have too exalted ideals of beauty or be too particular in all matters of conduct. Whether we raise a few million bushels more or less is comparatively small matter, whether we found our life in intelligence and righteousness is the all-important consideration.



THE BEST CROP OF ALL—Winnipeg School Cadets over 2000 strong) Annual Inspection, Happyland, June 20th. Twenty thousand spectators watched manoeuvres.

A Theatre at Home
Genuine Disc Graphophone

Columbia

STILL UNRIVALLED

Seven days free trial if desired.

In beautiful oak cabinet with largest sound box latest aluminium scientific tone arm and revolving horn, exactly as shown. No crane, stand or rubber tubing required. So simple, no Attachments. Plays all makes and sizes of disc records. The disc style reigns supreme.

$35 Only freight paid, including 16 large selections of your own choice.

PAY $5.00 DOWN

AND **$3.50 Monthly**

Or Fall Payment can be arranged.

We sell all makes of Talking Machines and Records. Our prices are lower than other houses. When buying from us you do not pay for extravagant advertising, nor do we send you second hand goods. Easy payments, from $2.50 monthly. No C.O.D. Return if not as represented and money refunded. Satisfaction guaranteed. A straight business offer, no mysterious philanthropic ad.

Here are some of our specials:

Columbia 10 inch Double Discs (2 different selections), **85c.**, new velvet finish, fit any machine, last for ever. All languages. Hear George Lashwood and Raymond Hitchcock, funnier than Lauder. We send records on approval. Write for details.

Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, Edison Bell and Columbia, new, **25c.**, were 40c.

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, 45c., beautiful tone, cannot break, fit any machine.

Four Minute Cylinder Records, 50c.

Columbia Indestructible Four Minute Records, most wonderful invention, **65c.**

Edison Gem Phonograph and 12 selections, **$19.50.** Brand new.

Edison Fireside, with 6 genuine gold moulded two minute and 6 four minute records, **$33.10.**

Victor Disc Gramophone, with 16 large selections, **$26.40** and upwards. Second hand machines at bargain prices. Old machines taken in trade; 40 styles of talking machines; 20,000 records; 40 styles of pianos.

Our Piano Specials $290.00 and $350.00

Three fall payments arranged.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

295 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

Biggest Piano and Phonograph house in Canada. Wholesale and retail.

Columbia, Berliner, Victor and Edison experts. Write for Interesting Graphophone History and Free Booklet, No. 41.

See us at the Fair—Next to Eatons

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carry a mark of exclusiveness in design and are of unsurpassed quality.

Whilst carrying only the best quality in Hair Goods—the Dorenwend prices are within the reach of every one, and our styles are up to the minute with Paris and New York.

Special designs in Turbans, Grecians and Cornet Braids.

Our Mail Order Department is equipped to satisfy your hair needs. Our present range of hair ornaments is the finest ever brought into the Dominion.

Write us for illustrated Catalogue No. 2. Sent free anywhere on request.

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

103-105 Yonge St., Toronto

The Mother's Love.

By Phoebe Stevens, Oxbow.

THE great hall at Fernleigh was quite dark and deserted. A little later, there would be tea served here, and the silence would be broken by the sound of merry convesration, and, perhaps, by a little music from the old organ in the corner,—the latter never interfering with the former in any way.

Only when the mistress of Fernleigh, herself, condescended to sing to her guests, was there ever an exception to this agreeable rule. The voice that had charmed the thousands, had the same subtle influence over whosoever might chance to be as a guest beneath her roof.

But, just now, the silence in the room was unbroken save by a few, chirping remarks from the little daughter of the house, who sat in the window-seat, with her great black dog beside her.

Fern was talking to him now. "It is snowing very hard, Wolfie," she said in the voice that somehow reminded one of her mother's lullaby songs. "It has snowed for an hour, and to-morrow is New Year's. Do you know what New Year's means, Wolfie, dear? But of course you do. You are so very wise. Nurse says you're the most 'telligent dog she ever knew. And father said one day, "No harm could come to that child while this fellow is with her." D'you 'member Wolfie?"

Wolfie's tail wagged in modest approval of this remark as Fern went on:—

"Nurse says it's the proper thing to make res'lutions on New Year's Eve. S'pose you and I do, right now, Wolfie, 'fore Nurse calls us to tea. I 'xpect you think of your blessings first—same as at Thanksgiving. Then you make res'lutions to be better. D'you see?

Now, if you're ready, Wolfie, I'll start by telling you 'bout my mother. I'm so thankful for my dear mother. She is so pretty and she has a beautiful voice. I'm glad she wears such pretty things. She looks so lovely when she's all dressed for dinner. She's far beautifuler than 'Cinderella' or the 'Sleeping Beauty.' Do you know that, Wolfie? I wish I looked like her, but I don't. I look like my daddy. Nursie told me that. And I've got freckles"—this most discontentedly. "Father says, 'Never mind little maid. Freckles are a sign of health.' I'd sooner be pretty than healthy."

There was a moment of silence: Then the little voice went on. "I wish my mother loved me, and would hold me in her arms, same's Muriel's mother does." Her voice grew plaintive. "Muriel's mother taught her "Now I lay me," and "Our Father," and Lighten our darkness," and "There's no dew left," and ever so many things. She tells her stories"—this very plaintively. "But she can't sing like my mother can. My mother hasn't time to teach me things. She's so busy!

"But I do wish my mother had time to sing to me. That's one thing I wish! Just me alone, Wolfie, with me all tucked up tight in her arms—so! And no one here but you and me and mother!" The grey eyes were wistful. "But Nursie says that mother has so many people to sing to. I musn't 'spect her to sing to me. There's the hospital children and those dear, old ladies at the Home, and the little Mission boys, and at church—'sides so many people to entertain.

"Father loves to hear her sing. He sits in that big chair by the fire, and he puts one hand up to his head, and sometimes he shuts his eyes. And that hides all the happy shine in them. But it's there.

"One day I was going by the French window and he called me in and held me on his knee while mother sang a lovely 'Good-night' song about babies and wee angles. But when mother saw me, she stopped singing and told me it was bed-time.

"Mother stays home now that we've come here to live. 'Fore that she used to tour. Nurse told me that. She sang at big concerts every night 'most. But, since my new father brought us here to live, she has stopped touring. Father is so good to us all. I'm so thankful for him, Wolfie. He calls me the 'Little Maid.' And he comes up to see me every day, and, if Miss Joslyn is there, he asks if I'm good.

"One day she sent for him. I wouldn't play my scales. All the smile went out of his face and then he put his arm 'round me and talked for ever so long. He told me I must hurry and practise hard so's I could play mother's 'comp'ments, by and by so I always practice for minutes and minutes now! Nurse says father takes a great int'rest in me.

"I'm dreadfully thankful for Nursie. She tucks me in at night and calls me her wee lambie. I love her.

"And you are my greatest comfort, Wolfie. I'm never lonely since you came.

"I'm thankful for my lovely home. Father brought us here. It's a lovely place to play, Wolfie, isn't it?

"Then there's my stories—my fav'rites that Nurse tells me 'bout when I was littler than I am now. Nurse's so obliging! Wolfie—let's go up and ask her for one now, eh Wolfie? Come on, old fellow! Shall we race?"—

"Hello! Who's here?" and a pleasant face followed the pleasant voice, as the door from the south verandah opened suddenly.

He was a young-looking man—this new father of Fern's, and the rather sharp blue eyes softened, as he picked up the child and looked gravely into her face.

"You are pale, Fernie," he said gently. "Im afraid you don't get enough play these days. Tell Nursie that she must send you out for a good romp tomorrow. Wolfie looks seedy too, eh, old boy?" as the dog's tail thumped on the floor.

"I've had a cold," said Fern, patiently. "Such a cold! Nursie says it's too stormy outside for little girls with colds."

She struggled a little to get down. "I must go, father—please!"

He could feel the little form tremble in his arms, as a door beside them opened, and her mother entered. "Good-night, Little Maid," he said, quietly, as he set her down upon the rug, and turned to greet his wife.

Her face had darkened perceptibly at sight of the group before the fire-place; but, as Fernie quickly disappeared up the broad stairs with Wolfie in close attendance, she came over to where he stood.

"I wonder where the others are," she said. "Isn't it tea time, Jack."

"They have timed themselves to a two-mile walk," he answered smiling down at her. "I left them at the corner. Their pace was too much for me in this storm."

"Is it stormy?" She shivered slightly at sight of the whiteness outside.

He stood for a moment and watched her, idly, as she paced slowly to and fro across the dimly-lighted hall, the fire-light playing lovingly over her quaint corn-colored gown, touching into a flame of radiance the jewels on her arms and fingers, entangling itself in the dusky hair, and passing on to lose itself amongst the organ-pipes beyond.

It was her voice that finally broke the silence between them.

"Tired, Jack?" she said gently.

He roused himself abruptly. "Come here, Mona," he said drawing a chair into the circle of light spread by the glowing fire. "We can't have tea yet—they'll not be back for half an hour, and I want to talk to you."

She sat down obediently, and he stood with his elbow on the mantel shelf and faced her.

"You will be vexed at my question," he said quietly. "You have forbidden this subject, but I did not promise to obey. I never make rash promises, and that I knew I could not keep. My question is this: What are you going to do with Fern?"

All the soft light died out of her face. "Is she not well?" she said slowly.

"Not that, Mona," he answered. His face grew a little hard. "Don't purposely misunderstand. It is the unnaturalness of her life—the child feels it already. Can't you see that—or," with a sudden impatience, "do you never try to see?"

"You are right," she answered. She had risen from her chair, and her face had become strangely white while he was speaking. "I never see her, because the sight of her recalls all too vividly what I pray God daily—hourly, to let me forget."

"It is not her fault—the past," said her husband, gently. "Can you be so unjust as to blame the child for her father's sins and her mother's mistakes? She is a sweet, lovable child, and you are depriving her of her birth-right—her right to a mother's love and care. Why do you do this Mona? You are love, and light, and life itself to me. Have you nothing left for the little child God has given you?"

He would have taken her hands in his, but she resisted.

"You will never understand," she said bitterly. "The horror—the degradation I endured for her sake."

"How you must have suffered!" he murmured pityingly, and then she held out her hands to him, and let him draw her to his side.

"Tell me—all," he whispered, and she went on brokenly. "I lived with him a year before I knew—that he had married before. His wife died the day I heard. We were married again—at once. It was for her sake. She was born a month later. I tried to leave him after that. He would not let me go. I had no money except what he gave me—no friends—no one to help me. It was a life of bitter shame! She is his child—the very image of him. Jack! Jack! How can I love and cherish his child?"

The tears were falling fast now, but he wiped them away with a firm kindly hand. "Would you care to give her away?" he said watching her closely. "Her father's relatives? I have heard several times from the grandfather in England. They want her, and", slowly, "they would perhaps take an interest in her—and love her."

And then he repented at sight of the piteous look in her wide, beautiful eyes. He gathered her into his arms. "Dear, dear heart, forgive me," he said with regret. "I ought never to have spoken so to you. But you are wrong in saying that she is all his. It is because she is yours—a part of you—that I love her.

"Poor child, poor child," he muttered to himself as he ran lightly up the stairs later on that afternoon, and turned into his study, and whether he was thinking of his wife or the child in the nursery across the hall, he hardly knew.

He threw himself into a chair before the fire. "The sins of the fathers," he quoted sadly. "A man's selfishness, a woman's innocence, and a little life unwelcomed and unloved."

His thoughts were interrupted by Fern's voice. The nursery door was ajar, and he could see the child curled up in her favorite place by the window.

"Now tell me all about it, Nursie dear," she was saying. "It's just the night for my own dear story. Please! Please!"

"Well, my dearie," said Nurse indulgently, for when did she ever refuse a favor to her wee nestling? "It happened the summer you were three years old, and as naughty and wilful as could be imagined at straying away. I could not keep you in sight, though I did little else but to mend your torn frocks, and watch that you came to no harm. We were living in the country then, and I was actually afraid you'd be eaten by the bears, you were that venturesome. Many a night's sleep did I lose over it."

"You should have tied me up, Nursie," said Fern wisely. "That's what you should have done."

Well, one day—it was a hot day in July. I mind the day well," went on Nurse, with a far-away look in her kind, old eyes, "you had kept me busy. Five

times that day had you come up missing, and I that tired and hot 'twas all I could do to keep up, when, all of a sudden, your mother sent word for me to bring you to her.

I was that worried —she had just got home on leave, and 'twas never my way to make complaints. Poor soul! She had troubles enough of her own.

I took you to her just as you were trailing out the gate on a sixth excursion, and she talked to you very gently about running away and giving me so much trouble. She told you that you must never go past the gate alone, and then she asked you if you would try to remember. 'Fernie's good girlie, Mover', you said in the most innocent way, and then off you ran to your play with never a serious thought in your baby head

'I suppose I must punish her if she disobeys me,' said your mother to me, as she watched you through the French window which opened into the garden. 'Be sure to tell me, Nurse. I'll not have her wearing you out in this fashion.'

I watched you more closely after that, but, for all my care, 'twas only a few days till you were missing again. We had a great search for you that day which lasted until late in the afternoon, when you were found two miles from home, and sound asleep by the wayside.

Dear knows what might have happened to you that night had we not found you! I had not told your mother at first, but as time went on, and not a sign of you to be seen, I grew that distracted I had to tell her.

She said nothing, but her face turned as white as that snow yonder, and I shall never forget the frightened look in her eyes, as she ran down the road towards the great woods, and I after her.

We had not gone far when we met old John with you in his arms—it was just dusk, and you had never wakened from the sleep he found you in till nearly home. He placed you in your mothers arms, and when I tried to take you from her, she refused to let you go, though she was trembling in every limb.

She carried you to the nursery, and when I went up, in answer to her bell, you were standing by the couch, with your little yellow head buried in the cushions, sobbing as if your heart would break.

'Put her to bed, Nursie,' said your mother, and I picked you up, poor, tired lambie that you were, and your mother looking that sad and white as if every sob went straight to her heart.

I gave you a nice hot bath, and put you to bed, and you soon dropped off to sleep.

But there was company downstairs that night—some town people had motored out for the evening, and your mother was singing to them. For some reason it waked you. Oh! how you cried. I could not quiet you at all. 'Mover! Mover!' you called in the most piteous way, over and over again.

Just as I was in despair, the door opened, and in she came all in her beautiful, evening gown.

You stretched out your arms to her and she took you up. I can see you now," said the old lady with tears in her eyes, for the memory of those days was very bitter to her. "She sang you to sleep, and you never ran away again."

"Did mother never hold me in her arms again?" asked Fern anxiously. "Are you very sure, Nursie? Con't you 'member some other time when she did just for a wee minute?"

There was so much supressed longing in the childish voice, that the listener in the dark across the hall felt a mist gather in his eyes when Nurse answered rather hastily, "No, no dearie, she never did. Mother has been away so much you know."

There was a moment of silence in the room. "Nursie," said Fern suddenly, and had Jack been nearer, he would have seen the child's eyes large with excitement. "Do you s'pose if I were to run away now that mother would—would punish me, and hold me in her arms, and all that?"

"You are too old to think of such a thing," said Nurse, repovingly. And then, with a quick change of tone, for the old lady was quick to notice her child's drooping manner, "It must be tea-time, surely. And you've not told me about those resolutions you and Wolfie made when you were downstairs." And so the kind, old voice rambled on, while Jack, with an uneasy feeling in his mind, stole quietly away to his dressing room.

"She is actually willing to run away and to be punished for it, if, by so doing, she could obtain the privilege of being caressed by her mother," he muttered to himself as he dressed for dinner. And he fell to whistling with a troubled look in his eyes.

Up in the nursery Fern was standing

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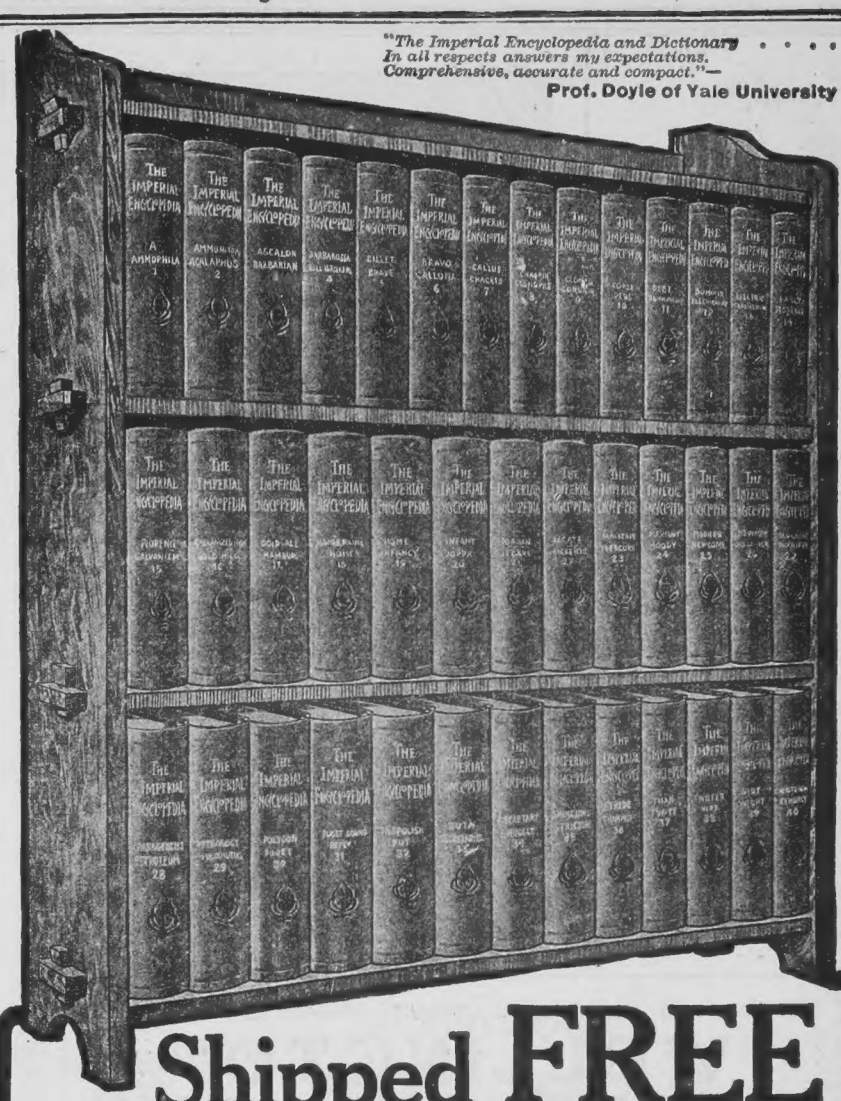

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by the window. It was quite dark outside, and she imagined rather than saw the snowy outlines of the trees against the dark sky.

"I think we had better go, Wolfie," she said presently. Her face wore a resolute look. "But you will take care of me—I'm so 'fraid in the dark! D'you think mother will be vexed? You know, Wolfie, she hasn't held me in her arms since that day—it's so long!" with a sob. "Come on, Wolfie. We must hurry"—the sobs were coming faster now. "I can't go alone."

And from the light and warmth within, the child and dog went silently out into the night.

Jack felt haunted by the child's voice that evening. The dinner seemed interminably long. The sound of the old lady's voice, as it had been when thick with emotion, rang in his ears. "I can see you now," she had said, and the tears had been near his own eyes at the moment. He could not see the sweet face of his wife opposite him for the pictures Fern's "fav'rite story" had conjured up. Always she was running down the grassy lane with that wide, despairing look in her eyes, or, when that fancy faded, there was the young mother "all in her beautiful evening gown" singing her fair-haired baby to sleep.

It was at one of these moments when he was summoned from the dinner table to be told of Fern's disappearance.

Like a flash he remembered her question. "She has run away," he said, and his face paled, as he thought of the possible consequence of her action.

As long as he lived, Jack could never face a blinding snow-storm without a return of the sickening horror he had felt that night, though, not till their efforts were crowned with success, did his resolute courage give way.

It was Wolfie who saved her—Wolfie who held up one poor, frozen paw as a sacrifice to that evening's work.

The hours of the Old Year were numbered before they reached home that night, and Fern's eyes opened first in response to the burning tears which fell upon her face.

"Mother," and the little girl's arms were out-stretched. "Don't cry. I am sorry—so sorry! I will be good."

"Fern, little Fern," said her mother tenderly. "You will never run away again and I will hold you in my arms as often as you wish."

"I will be good," repeated the child.

The sound of the church bells came faintly to their ears. And, with the bells, a woman's voice was heard, as she sang the song she had sung to the baby Fern so long ago.

The tolling ceased on the stroke of twelve. The old year was fairly gone.

Fern was asleep at last, and the mother sank to her knees by the bed-side. "My Father, I thank Thee," she whispered.

The bells were ringing again. The first faint glimmer of the New Year dawned.

The Tale of Two Cottages.

By Charles Dorian (Algoma).

Pinette, the town's candyman, was building for himself. I was not interested in the house until I saw the roof go on—until then it was a nondescript mass of wood. The location was not ideal, being too close to the Italian quarter—but that was where he wanted it to be. I was interested in the building because it was unique—I knew where mine would be.

Algoma was a flourishing mill town long ago and was a point of special interest. When a dam burst and carried the town away in a flood it never survived, except sporadically. Pinette, however, was flourishing in a small way, upon the remains of the once thriving town. Every day his punt put into shore regularly laden with driftwood, the debris of the mill. He had collected a goodly pile of it and then set about to use some of it in a home for himself. It was a curious structure. The length of the boards mattered not, nor did the thickness, but they had to be nearly all the one width. This he accomplished with an axe, paring off those that went over five inches. They were worn smooth with the churning they got in the lake.

Pinette built his house of wood just as one would a house of brick—laid the pieces flat, one on top of the other, nailing each into place, mortising the corners squarely.

He was modestly proud of his work and would say very little when spoken to about it, but his eyes would beam with pleasure when he saw that his originality was noticed. He drew forth three cigar boxes full of rusty nails, most of them with visible signs of having been hammered into shape.

"I had too many," he explained, and added, his eyes a-twinkle, that they had cost him as much as the lumber. I was agape with amazement when he told me that the whole undertaking had cost him only $15.70—and this included windows, roofing paper, lock and knob, and even the stovepipes.

Later I saw him and he had the walls padded with several thicknesses of paper and was patching pieces of soap boxes in a sort of parquetry over it. The floor was inlaid in the same way.

A cosier cabin one could not have; it was strong as a log shanty and a veritable fort against storms. It was the link between the primeval hut and the modern bungalow. It was only about 14 feet by 16 feet and two stories high. One window overlooking the lake lighted the room. The upstairs commanded a grander view, sweeping the wide vista of myriad islands which make this place so beautiful as a summer resort.

Summer resorters have a mania for islands. All the great names on the tourist guides are the names of islands. If one goes to Duluth en route to the Great West one must have a peep at Macinac; if it is an eastward journey which allows one to miss the Thousand Islands one must start over again and "do" it right; northbound to Gowganda and the silver country one hears of the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay and gets mixed up among them. All memory of cobalt boom fades away as one settles down to a season's sound enjoyment isling about within gunshot of Muskoka's charming beach, a willing captive in the snares of the beautiful bays of the Georgian coast.

Algoma was nearly being the greatest summer resort of ...em all—yet Algoma is not an island. The Navigation Company's folders even retain the original name, Algoma Mills.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company keeps a keen eye upon favourable spots for the pleasure of people who every year demand to know where they shall spend the summer vacation.

Some twenty years ago a line was completed from Sudbury, the great nickel centre, to the Soo, and midway between those two points the finest scenery in the Ontario Highlands is spread out. In the heart of it nestled the charming little settlement of Algoma Mills, and thither the powers of the great C.P. gathered.

The water from Crystal Creek was even recommended to supply the dining cars, and the idea grew that water so clear and pure would be of especial benefit to tourists. The location was ideal for a summer hotel: the beauty of the place so alluring and the advantages for rest and recreation so pronounced that the plans for a large summer hotel actually came out. Algoma was the terminal then; the Soo extension did not materialize until ten years later.

Whatever caused the abandonment of the hotel scheme is not generally known, but it is a conservative old concern is the C.P.R., and no doubt the commercial advantages of a coal dock meant more in the long run than the

revenue from a palatial hostelry would. Yet the profligacy exhibited in the standing monument to that intended great enterprise is astounding, and one feels that the story of its desertion should be told in a whisper.

There it stands, an immense foundation of stone, the plan barely outlined, and then forsaken, to be mercifully overgrown by young trees—its gridiron form suggesting the mournful element in the design of the Grand Escurial. Heaps of rocks are piled along the road and at stations in the surrounding bush as far back as a quarter of a mile. The scheme looks stupendous in its boldness. The walls are two feet thick. There are three wings, each forty feet frontage, and the whole outside wall is 753 feet around. Views of the lake might be had on three sides from an upper storey. An avenue 450 feet long approaches the old structure.

My fiancee had never seen it, but the plan to camp there during our honeymoon was received with enthusiasm. "But we must have a house," she wrote. "No canvas camp or smoky cooking for

"That's where Daddy is."

us!" So I set right out and spoke to Pinette.

He entered into the spirit of the proposition right away. I did not say what it was for—I intended that it would be a general surprise. "You build one house," he commented. "Yourself get your own meals and save money. I will build that house for you just like my own." I was satisfied to have it built after the manner of his own but I wanted it all on one storey. "And I will leave the price with you," I added, thinking of the ridiculous sum for which he built his own. "Na! na!" he exclaimed, with characteristic habitat gesticulations. "I want noting for dat job." I could not understand his generosity so I remarked that we would settle that later. "I want NO-ting," he repeated. "You buy the stuff and I build one house for you, that's all." "Well," I told him, "I'm leaving here to-morrow" (my work kept me there only during the summer months) "I will write you to start about a month prior to my return if that will be soon enough." "Plenty soon! plenty soon!" he agreed, one weeks and I have him done. First of April I been all ready for start."

I went away quite satisfied and relieved that there was someone I could depend upon to have this very important job done.

Along in March preparations for the great event were well under way, taking up most of my attention. Inevitable disappointments cropped up to be speedily overcome and I was congratulating myself upon my general good luck.

Somehow I could not keep my mind off Pinette, and when April was drawing near I sent him a note with all the plans (which I enjoined him to keep secret). April the first looked ominous to me for once in my life. What if he should disappoint me? How could I face her with the fact that not as much as a shelter was prepared for her? I was surely unwise to leave so important a task in comparatively strange hands.

There was still an element of roughness in the place where our summers were to be spent, and I would be indeed blameworthy if she were exposed to any of it. The roughness was wearing off from year to year, it is true, still there was little excuse for encroaching upon the hospitality of a public hotel where boorish servility had not yet broadened into manly courtesy.

It was less than a week when Penette's reply came. It was a shock, and to my injured sensibilities, an insult. It read: "A shack of the size you want it built would take me two months of work and I have nothing ready to start with, besides that there is two feet of snow on the ground. I must tell you, too, that building wouldn't cost you less than $100—for the lumber only. I'm sorry, but it's impossilbe for me to do it."

The writing was thin and apparently nervous, and the missive was unsigned. It occurred to me that Pinette could not write—and the plan would no longer be a secret. Of that, however, I did not worry much.

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THE Commissioners wish to announce to the farmers of Manitoba that they have secured permanent offices for the transaction of their business, and all communications should be sent to the Commissioners at the above address. Petition forms and all information needed by farmers in order to secure elevators at their points will be mailed upon application. The Commissioners solicit the co-operation of the farmers of Manitoba in the work of establishing a system of Public owned storage elevators in the Province.

I was now in a dilemma surely. The wedding day was only two weeks off and I had the humiliating confession to make that I had no tiny cottage after all; that our plans were cruelly crushed and our roseate dream snatched away from us. I would have to tell it all, but I could not gather courage to tell of Pinette's perfidy. "The man who promised to build our cottage has flunked," would have looked exceedingly ugly to her who had consented to live with me so close to such characters.

I made it as plain as I could, however, and suggested that we compromise on a tent for awhile. But the answer I received told me more than all else that it was I who had bungled.

A tent—no! Can you not build us a place to live in? We could board while waiting—it should not take you long.

Build a house myself! The thought was indeed ludicrous. But before another day had passed over me I had resolved that there was no other way out of the difficulty and I WOULD build the house—if only to show Pinette that he was not so indispensable.

We found staunch friends in the boarding house where we stayed during the week of the building. Everything in fact, looked so auspicious that I forget all about Pinette and perfidy. There was a pile of cull-boards stored near my place of work and I made arrangements to use what I needed of these. Selecting a clearing at the head of the avenue approaching the Old Foundation I built a platform of the cull-boards by placing the square ends together in the centre, leaving the irregular ends outermost. These boards were of an average length of 6½ feet so that our floor plan was about 13 feet by 20 feet. On this I outlined a frame 12 feet by 18 feet, inside measurement, so as to have three rooms each 6 feet by 12 feet.

The narrowest of the boards were selected for uprights. Other narrow ones were placed across the top of these and still others to bind them, thus making the wall 6 feet 6 inches high.

The ridge-pole of unpeeled spruce running lengthwise of the frame in the centre rested on oak blocks, gouged in the middle so as to keep the pole in place.

The frame was then boarded up on the inside, except the roof, which was, of course, impinged upon the ridge-pole. The line of studs on the outside hold out good possibilities for embellishment—nothing being easier than to cover them with cement, which would give them a columnar appearance. But rough as they are, they look well, and when the vines grow tall they will be completely enveloped in green.

The roof and outside walls are covered with tar-paper of good thickness and held in place with laths so arranged as to give the neatest possible appearance.

Two windows command the avenue while a larger one holds the east view. A little one looks down another path from the west, and the door is hinged alongside.

There are no interior doors—just doorways. A partition dividing the kitchen and living room cuts off within three feet of the centre of the door, allowing only the kitchen to be seen when it is swung half-open and when opened wide the living-room is accessible. Another partition separates the living-room from the bedroom, the entrance to the latter beng diagonal to that from the kitchen.

Chinese matting makes an ideal floor-covering for rough boards when a thick lining of newspapers is first laid. The kitchen floor is covered with oilcloth.

A corner shelf in the kitchen close to the little window before mentioned does special duty. It has a milk-pan fitted into it which serves as a sink. A funnel is fitted into a length of gaspipe and the cup of the funnel soldered to the bottom of the pan. Perforations just over the cup in the bottom of the pan carry the water through the funnel into the gaspipe and away outdoors.

Our cabin is not too small. Indeed, we should deem a larger one a waste of space. There is so much Big Outdoors to roam about in that we feel as if the largest city dwelling would be too small for us. We have just what we want. Pinette has just what he wanted, but his is a house for one and cost $15.70, while we have one for two at a cost of $23.10. Kindly help was volunteered and an expert suggestion here and there overcame some knotty difficulties, for I was the veriest tyro at building.

Poor Pinette became involved in difficulties and he has no longer any will in the matter of building—his letters being dictated for him; the fruit of his work no longer going to enrich himself

"THE RIDERS."

Come ride with me in the flush of the morn,
Come ride with me in the freshning wind,
Come ride to the music of hunter's horn,
Come ride till the city is far behind:
We'll gallop on o'er the prairie wide,
Our ponies, swift, racing side by side,
And our hearts with the sport fast beating.

Come ride with me o'er the winding trails,
Come ride with me towards the breezy West,
Till we reach the sloping foothills and dales,
'Tis then that life is felt at its best;
Galloping swiftly o'er prairie wide,
Reaching the slope of the mountain side,
Our hearts with the sport fast beating.

'Tis joy unsurpassed to gallop along,
To cross the country from side to side,
To raise your voice in a glad, free song,
Oh, there's nothing can equal a glorious ride!
Feeling the wind rust past your face,
Flying along in a mad, wild race,
Your heart with the sport fast beating.

—Norma Luella Hoover.

W. Pett Ridge: The minority who have square chins and big lower jaws say that we of the receding chins have neither will nor strength of character, which is absurd, as anyone may know who remembers that General Wolfe and Mr. Pitt had practically no chins at all, to say nothing of living soldiers and statesmen. To judge a man by his chin is no less foolish than to judge him by the bumps of his skull.

John Burroughs: It is a large love for the earth as a dwelling-place, a large faith in the entire reasonableness of its economy, a large joy in all its manifold life, that moves the nature writer. He finds the earth most marvelously good to live in—himself its very dust; a place beautiful beyond his imagination, and interesting past his power to realize—a mystery every way he turns. He comes into it as a settler into a new land, to clear up so much of the wilderness as he shall need for a home.

The Colonel's Surprise.

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

ALL the way across on the steamer the colonel chuckled to himself to think how surprised Lena and Maudy would be. He had various minor surprises for them in his steamer trunk—a lorgnon for Lena, for whom he coveted above all things that mysterious distinction known to him as "style"; and for his daughter a less adventurous token in the shape of a gold bracelet, selected with trepidation, for Maudy's preferences were yearly a more baffling mystery. But he himself was to be the main surprise.

As he tramped about the deck, his eyes twinkled at the picture he foresaw: Lena and Maudy seated in the cafe of their hotel in Rome, and a tall gentleman of a comfortable stoutness, with small blue eyes set in a dark red face and an abundance of impressive white hair, coming towards them, his air offhand and leisurely. Lena would glance at him, then she'd begin to stare. "I declare, Maudy, how that gentleman does look like your father!" she'd say, and Maudy would turn and—well, no one could ever bet just what Maudy would say; she would keep pretty cool, any way. And then Lena would half get up—still not believing—murmuring, "Well—my—good—gracious—why—it——" And here the colonel would interrupt the picture by his own wheezing laughter, and go below for another look at the lesser surprises.

Maudy would probably declare that she had known all along he was coming; but she would be surprised, all right. There were, occasionally, things even that young person didn't guess—such as, for instance, the inner meaning of her trip to Europe, which put a wide and cool ocean between her and an incipient young man.

The colonel, landing at Naples, found that he had several hours to wait before the train left for Rome.

He wandered about the sun steeped town like a benign giant, hat in hand, occasionally running his fingers through the thick waves of ivory white hair that were his dignity and his distinction. Out of the heat grew a longing for external refreshment that finally tempted him through the wire door of a moderately promising barber shop. The proprietor bowed himself forward with a musical murmur, and then the colonel pointed to his hair and then to the bottles with an explanatory:

"Make him all clean—see?"

The barber beamed his comprehension, and translated the colonel's desires into Italian for him.

"All right, my son, I guess you know," assented the colonel, and to further questions he nodded largely, with a wave towards the apparatus, and offered his white crown with placid faith. Under the pleasant manipulation his eyes drooped and closed.

A pleased murmur in Italian finally roused him. The barber was standing off regarding his finished work with eloquent eyes and bows of congratulation. The colonel was accustomed to admiration of his ivory mane, and turned complacently to the mirror.

Then he started, and glanced quickly over his shoulder to find the stranger who faced him from the glass. But the room was empty of all but the Italian and himself.

He turned back, dazed and muttering, to the image confronting him—the oblong red face and small blue eyes, surmounted by a petrified mass of glaring black hair. He lifted his hand to his own hair, still not believing; the coarse looking brute in the mirror raised his hand at the same moment and——

When the colonel's fingers, in search of his venerable fleece, touched the hard, slippery surface of the barber's creation, his groping mind at the same instant reached the hideous truth. He whirled on the Italian, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Why, you—you—you——!' he sputtered. "What the devil do you mean by dyeing my hair? I'll have you arrested! Why, I—you——!" Words suddenly failed him, and he sat gasping and blinking at his reflection. The barber smiled with modest deprecation, and offered a hand glass for an all round view. The colonel dashed it away with a cry of rage.

"You almighty little fool of a Lugo, I asked you for a shampoo—sham-poo! I've a mind to break your——" His eyes again caught the mirror, and he stopped abruptly. His wrath melted like starch under rain, and he sank back cowed, humiliated, his gaze clinging helplessly to the spectacle of his dishonored head.

That this inky haired brute of an Eighth Ward heeler should be—himself! That he, colonel of militia, pillar of the First Congregational church, householder in a select and decorous suburb, stalwart figurehead who took the street with some pride in his physical advantages, could by a mere change of tint be shown a hard boiled tough such as he would hesitate to employ to run his lawn mower—— He glanced about furtively then beckoned the barber nearer, his eyes still on the glass.

"Say," he pleaded, "undo him—take um black off—make all white again—savey? Go on!"

The barber listened intently, flashed his sudden and perfect comprehension, and, selecting an ominous bottle, squirted a few drops over the anthracite mass of his achieving. An odor intended to suggest roses followed.

The colonel sniffed and groaned. His rage was beginning to stir again when the striking of a clock reminded him of his train. He stood hesitating. Vengeance was tempting; but wisdom counseled that he catch his train to Rome and there find a white man to get him out of this fix. It wrenched him fiercely to pay the still smiling and congratulatory barber, but if his train was to be caught——

II.

FIFTEEN minutes later he was getting his breath, in a corner of a second class carriage, fanning himself with an Italian newspaper. He could still hardly accept the dreadful truth. Heretofore, similar embarrassments, when he had confronted the public with some mortifying eccentricity of costume, had always turned out to be dreams. But the window beside him was mirror enough to confirm the horror. He pulled his hat over his eyes, hunched up his shoulders, and prayed that no one else would get into the compartment.

"They won't if they get their noses in first," he thought wretchedly, as a nervous movement brought an acuter sense of the barber's finishing touch. "Lord, if those two ever find it out!" He did not know which he most dreaded, Maudy's sense of humor or Lena's lack of one.

The engine drew breath, preparatory to starting. At the same instant the door opened and excited passengers bombarded the compartment with wraps and bags, stumbling in as the train started. The two women fell upon the unoccupied window seats at the other end, while the man stowed the baggage in the racks. As the colonel's eyes fell on this last he had the second shock of the morning; for it was unmistakably the incipient young man whom he and Lena had agreed, four months earlier, to separate from their daughter by the width of the Atlantic Ocean. Shocks three and four were ready for him, and he dimly knew it as he turned to look at the two feminine profiles on the other side—Lena and Maudy.

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Pay 25c or 50c for soap if you will, but you will get no more soap merit and purity than are found in FAIRY SOAP.

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They are immensely superior to cotton shirts.

The man who has worn JAEGER NEGLIGE SHIRTS would not think of going back to cotton shirts with their doubtful fit, lack of distinction, frequent laundering and limited life.

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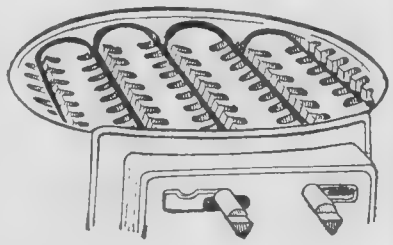
Each grate bar has three sides-long wear

When only *one* side of a grate bar is continually next to the fire all the wear is *concentrated* on that one side. The life of the grate bar is thus naturally just *one-third* as long as when the wear is *distributed* on *three* sides.

That explains why Sunshine grates have *three lives*. Each of the four grate bars has *three* sides. Each time the ashes are "rocked down" (no shaking with Sunshine) the side next to the fire can be changed. Thus the life of the grates is greatly prolonged.

When desired, the heavy bull dog teeth on the grates will seize hold of clinkers, grind them up, and drop the particles into the ash-pan.



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McClary's Sunshine Furnace

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

He crouched down deeper in the corner and lifted the Italian newspaper till only a rim of villainous black hair was visible. There was no room in his mind for anything but mortification and terror. He was no longer husband or father or discourager of over young and frivolous suitors; he was only a pilloried being bent on escape.

The others spread themselves comfortably over the compartment, with little concern for the passenger dozing so persistently behind an Italian newspaper. This was evidently no chance meeting with the proscribed young man. They spoke of Capri and Pompeii as common reminiscences, and the perfidious Lena called him "Will" without turning a hair.

"What is that horrible odor?" Maudy demanded suddenly, after moving to a seat opposite her unhappy father. Will laughed.

"But I don't know anything but non capisco," Will objected. "I couldn't wake him up to say that at him."

"No, I suppose not," Lena assented. "We ought to have kept the phrase lock out."

The colonel drew a deep breath of relief, and heard them laugh a little at this sign of life. They turned to gather up their things, and he ventured to lift the newspaper away from his purple face for a few inches, though he dropped it hastily back when he realized that Will was towering over him, standing on the seat to get down the bags. It seemed to the nervous colonel that he stayed up there an unnecessarily long time.

He was relieved when his daughter's "Will, what are you doing up there?" brought him down with a laugh.

At last the journey ended and he was released. As his family disappeared, he stretched wearily and mopped his face—

One of the young man's eyelids drooped, slowly and intentionally. It was not a jovial wink; a grave and disapproving sign of recognition.

"I fancy our Italian friend has just come from the barber," he commented, and the colonel set his teeth and vowed a quick finish to any hopes that young man might treasure. "Did you ever see any one sleep so?" he went on cheerfully.

"Think of missing all this for mere sleep," said Maudy with scorn; "physical comfort above these heavenly mountains!"

"Maudy, the gentleman might understand English," warned her mother. The colonel, sweltering behind the newspaper, snorted to himself. Physical comfort!

The hours dragged by in grim endurance. The sun blazed on the colonel's shoulder, but he did not dare stir. When they were nearing Rome Maudy checked his circulation by saying coolly:

"I think our Italian friend is dead, myself."

"Oh, Maudy!" protested her mother nervously. "Don't say such things Would you dare speak to him, Will?"

then hastily backed away from the door as he realized that Will, stooping over a strap, had not kept up with the others. A moment later he had hurried off, apparently without a glance into the compartment, and the colonel, getting down his bag, was free to seek an obscure lodging, not starred by Baedeker.

A kind little landlady who understod English brought a glimmer of comfort. The colonel opened his heart to her, and was grateful to tears that she did not find the situation ludicrous. She was all pity and sympathy and plump little upraised hands. To be sure she did not quite see why the colonel did not find the black hair very beautiful; but since he did not care for it, she would go with him herself the first thing in the morning to a very elegant barber, her own second cousin, and make the explanations so that there should be no mistake. The pretty dark eyes caressed and mothered him as they did the brown baby on the floor.

"I thank you for your kindness, ma'am," said the colonel humbly, and went to bed sad but hopeful.

III.

In the brilliance of the morning he followed her shrinkingly down narrow side streets into broader thoroughfares. She paused to point out to him various famous sights, and he was too courteous to show the anguished impatience that racked him. Then a sudden turn brought his heart and his feet to a standstill.

Straight towards them on the narrow sidewalk came Lena with a guide book. Maudy with a parasol—and Will. The cheerful little Italian led on with her encouraging chatter, and he went forward to meet what must happen, numb and helpless. When they were almost abreast Lena closed her guide book and lifted her eyes, and the colonel braced himself for the scene to come.

"Oh, look, you can see St. Peter's from here," Will suddenly exclaimed, and the two women turned to look back.

"That isn't St. Peter's, silly," said Maudy, and while they argued a tall and cowering man and an unconscious contadina went by unnoticed.

When they were safe the colonel could not resist a glance back—and his gaze fell squarely into two articulate gray eyes. Before he could drag it away or make sign or move of any kind, one of the young man's eyelids drooped, slowly and intentionally. It was not a jovial wink; rather a grave and disapproving signal of recognition. An instant later he had turned and followed his companions, and the colonel stumbled blindly on, trying to think he had imagined the incident. But the quiet gesture haunted and enraged him.

"Confound him—how dare he!" stormed the colonel under his breath, the more angry for the consciousness of a craven gratitude, a relief in escape at any cost.

IV.

The second cousin did his best. By noon the colonel's hair was a pink drab, shading to mauve, and his make-up had changed from Eighth Ward heeler to dissolute and ghastly rake. He sneaked home and spent a desperate afternoon. Three times he rose to go straight to Lena with the whole truth; three times the mirror sent him back cowering under his heliotrope locks. His little blue eyes grew pitiful and haggard with mortification and loneliness.

"Pretty rough, when a man hasn't seen his own wife for four months," he muttered, staring down through the blinds into the drowsy white street below. Tourists came and went at the cafe opposite eating ices under its broad awnings.

At dinner time the landlady, poignantly sympathetic, brought him his meal with her own hands. She insisted that he must see something of her beautiful city. She would herself guide him to the Pantheon as soon as the moon was right. All Americans loved the Pantheon when the moon was over the opening at the top.

The colonel assented gladly, and at nine they set out, he almost gay in the consciousness that the moonlight tempered his pink aureole to modest gray. What the Pantheon stood for was vague to him, but its cavernous shadows and the white shaft of moonlight impressed him deeply.

"My!" he breathed. "If that don't beat the Dutch!" She led him into the patch of moonlight with a plump hand on his arm, and they were standing so, looking up in silent awe, when a masculine voice from the entrance jarred the colonel back to dismal consciousness of his plight. As he started back into the shadow, the words came to him clearly:

"There seem to be people here. Shan't we come back later, Maud?"

"But we'll miss the moon; it's perfect now," he heard his daughter protest, and then three dim figures came forward.

"Say—suppose we go," stammered the colonel, sliding rapidly back towards the wall, where the shadows were deepest. "I—I've seen enough, I guess."

His unconscious guide led boldly to the entrance while he fearfully skirted the wall, passing so close behind his wife that he could have touched her dress; and his heart was wrung by her words:

"Dear me, Maudy, I wish your father could see this!"

"It is a pity he's missing it"; Will's voice had a dryness only one person present understood.

Once outside, the colonel wiped his forehead, and ran his forefinger round inside his collar.

An abrupt "Say, Colonel!" checked his steps with an unpleasant shock. He smiled nervously and put out his hand as Will came up, but the young man ignored the movement.

"I am not going to meddle with your business," the youth began curtly, "but while we are in Rome couldn't you—amuse yourself somewhere else? These meetings are bound to happen, and sooner or later they will—you can realize that it won't be pleasant!" And he shot a quick glance at the little landlady waiting demurely at a distance.

The colonel's jaw slowly dropped. It was not until that moment that the full blasting significance of the look he had caught that morning dawned on him, and he was too stunned to speak. He, churchgoer, tax payer, loyal American husband and father—and the dyed hair, and the pretty Italian—oh, merciful Lord!

"I simply wish to spare them," went on the severe young voice. "And if you have any sense of fitness left you will do the same. You shouldn't travel with your full name on your bag," he added as he turned away.

"Say—wait! You're all balled up. It's a mistake," stammered the colonel, coming a step after him. The young man shrugged and disappeared.

V.

The next morning, after several laborious attempts at a written explanation, the colonel sent off a note asking the young man to come to his lodgings. The messenger brought back a curt refusal. Will considered that while he was in the position of protector to the two women loyalty forbade that he should know any more than he could avoid about the colonel's—he implied escapades.

The colonel looked in the glass, then went to the barber with tears of entreaty in his eyes. As a result, intervals of saffron and orange appeared in the mauve pink. The colonel now looked like nothing but a bad dream. The barber suggested shaving; but total baldness would be as disconcerting as these rainbow effects, and might take longer to overcome. One lock of dim whiteness gave him a glimmer of encouragement as he sat behind his blinds that afternoon, watching the loiterers at the cafe opposite.

Towards five a little group of three, with guide book and parasol, brought his face close to the dusty paint of the shutters. They had been sightseeing, evidently, and dropped down at a table with a pantomime of weariness. The colonel watched them with a beating heart. How pale and tired Lena looked—keeping up with those two, of course, and never a word about herself. She wasn't eating her ice, and she put her hand to her head occasionally with a familiar little gesture that set the colonel breathing hard. One of her blind headaches, poor little soul—and those selfish young folks too absorbed in each other to discover it. She'd go till she dropped, without him to—— Two tears ran down the colonel's cheeks, and he clenched his hands.

Now, Will and Maud were getting up, evidently with a new purpose, and Lena was saying that she would wait there till they came back. They had no business to leave her alone, white as that!

Then they were gone, and the poor thing relaxed and dropped her smile and leaned her head on her hand. Presently she lifted her head and look about in a way that frightened him. Then she rose, putting her hand out in front of her, and turned an appealing white face up to the very blind that sheltered her husband.

Before the public had had time to realize that some one had fainted, a tall and strange looking man had dashed out of a door opposite, whirled aside a couple of waiters, gathered the inert form in his arms, and gone striding

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back like a vision of the Sabine rape, with an air so masterful that no one interposed or questioned.

The colonel knew exactly what to do when he had laid his wife on his sofa; and in a few minutes she raised vague eyes.

"Well, Lena," he said huskily. She stared at him, then closed her eyes again with a little moan.

"Oh, my brain—my brain!" he heard her mutter.

"Lena! Lena, old girl! It's me," he cried, gripping her hands. She stared at him wildly, from the wet, beaming blue eyes to the fantastic hair above.

"Well, for—the—land's—sake!" came slowly from her pale lips. "Where did you come from? And what on earth have you done to yourself?"

Then the colonel sat down beside her on the sofa and told her the whole story. "I just couldn't have you see me like that, Lena. I was afraid you'd want to back out of your bargain," he explained. humbly, at her protests. "I meant to surprise you, but not just this way!"

Her eyes traveled from his face to the weird nimbus of hair without a glimmer of amusement.

"Well, I guess if you can stand me in curl papers——!" she exclaimed. "As if I cared how you looked!"

When he came to Will's part in the affair her eyes snapped and she sat up with a tightened mouth.

"That just settles him," she declared. "He turned up quite by accident—at least, Maudy seemed surprised. Of course, I wasn't going to countenance anything till I heard from you; but I was getting real favorable. And then for him to turn around and treat you like that! It was too bad!"

"Well—but—Lena," said the colonel slowly—"things looked pretty bad for me. I guess any man would have thought like he did. And when I saw it made him mad and disgusted—hang it if I didn't begin to like the fellow! It's principles we want for Maudy, Lena."

She shook her head decidedly.

"He hadn't any business to think such things of you," she reiterated. "I'll never give my consent, and I don't think you ought to give yours."

"I won't do anything you don't like," conceded the colonel.

An hour later two figures, guilty and breathless, came hurrying down the street. The colonel, who was at the window, glanced at his wife, but made no sign. The two looked into the cafe, then laughed in evident relief.

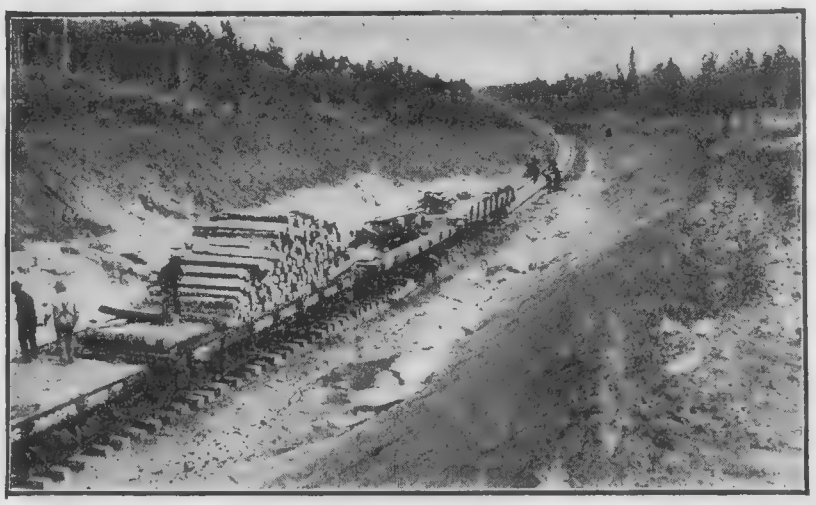
"Of course she went home. I might have known she would," he heard Maudy say.

"We ought not to have forgotten her," said Will. "But how could we help it—this once?" He held out his hand to her, and she placed hers in it, and they stood so in the deserted street, looking into each other's eyes. Then they walked slowly off together.

The colonel went over and stood by his wife.

"Say, Lena, I guess we better give our consent," he said. "You know—well—Maudy!"

And Lena for the first time smiled upon him.



Track laying on Transcontinental Railway. East of Winnipeg.

The Story of the Crimson Pearls

By Virgina Leigh.

Half a dozen of us were seated in the smoking car while the snow plows were working away with might and main to release us from the drift, we of the West bound express.

Under our circumstances people became acquainted without formality; we had been exchanging experiences, when a call was made upon the traveller for a story, as neither he nor the captain had yet entertained. He sat for a few minutes in deep thought, then gave a short laugh. "I don't suppose you fellows will believe my story, but at any rate I shall give it to you as it was told to me in France.

"Many years ago there lived in Brittany a nobleman named Count Paul Varglamie. He had a noble estate, and accordingly many friends; he was a wild young blade, though a kind hearted one; if anything could take his attention from his own pleasure, it was his love for antiquities; it might have been called his redeeming trait had not one of his tours turned out so badly.

"He was collecting relics of the European Moors, when one day he chanced to form the acquaintance of a Spanish girl called Zepha. I do not recollect her family name, but as it has no connection with my story I shall pass on.

"Count Paul was as handsome and dashing a fellow as could be found among all the French nobles, who prided themselves upon their fine, courtly manners. He flirted desperately with the Donna Zepha, who was by no means his inferior in degree, although her family had become impoverished in the wars.

"She was an orphan, whose sole companion was a faithful old servant, who had taken her when a babe from her dying mother's arms.

"One day, as the two happy lovers walked through the wood, they stopped by a spring which bubbled from beneath a giant tree.

"'Does Senor know the story of the fire well?' she asked, looking into the spring. He answered in the negative.

"'Tradition says that when fire was first stolen from Heaven for man, Zeus was so angry that he first shot a dart at the offender, and seeing that it did not kill, but took root and grew, he caused this spring to burst forth in a vain endeavour to quench the stolen fire; the tree there is the dart shot by Zeus; one of my ancestors threw herself into this well and was drowned because she found she did not possess her husband's love; it is said that whoever sees his own reflection in there at midnight on Good Friday need never fear either fire or water.'

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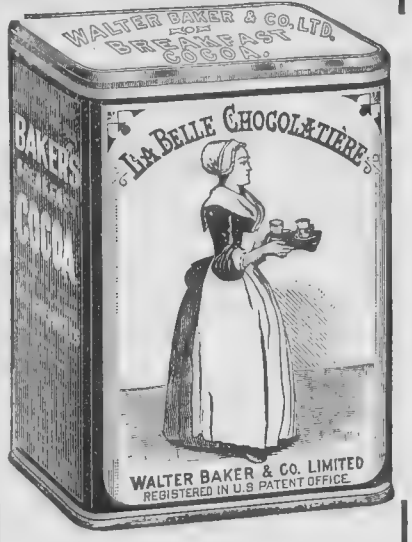

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WRITE FOR CALENDAR AND PARTICULARS.

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"'Have you ever tried the experiment?' asked her companion.

"'Yes,' she answered with a little shudder, 'and although the night was bright and clear, the spring was black as ink. I have tried twice; once more I shall come, and if I see it not, I shall know my death is to be by fire or water.'

"'Tomorrow is Good Friday, let us both come to see our fate; what say you, my Donna Zepha?'

"She blushed and hesitated, but finally consented.

"The following night was bright and clear; the full moon shone with unusual brightness overhead, as the two slowly bent their steps toward the fire well.

"'We shall see our faces in the water to-night, Zepha; it is as bright as day,' said the count as they neared the spring.

"'She stepped forward and looked down; then started back with a cry of horror.

"'By fire or water; it is my fate,' she declared, but the count laughed lightly at her fears, and stepped forward. The moon and stars were reflected in the clear water, but turn which way he would, he could see no shadow of himself. With a blank look upon his handsome face he turned to his companion. 'I do not see myself there either, Zepha; is there anything in fate?' But youth and love do not long dwell upon the unpleasant things that fate may have in store for them.

"Count Paul drew the beautiful girl nearer to him and said: 'Zepha, I did not care for the fire well, except that I might here give you the sign of my pledge to you; in half a year I shall return and make you the Countess Zepha Varglamie; until that time wear this necklace; these rubies show my warm, deep love for you; the pearls are emblems of your own pure, white soul.'

"He clasped the rich ornament about her soft neck, then they walked slowly homeward; the next day he departed for his Northern home.

"How the months dragged to the girl as she lingered long by the well, where he had first told her of his love, and afterward given her that cherished necklace.

"Half a year passed, then a year, and the beautiful dark eyes held a look of longing.

"Good Friday was at hand once more, but under what different circumstances; A great stir at the village was occasioned by the arrival of a party of distinguished strangers.

"On Friday afternoon the Donna Zepha walked to the fire well, as was her daily habit, and stood gazing into the sparkling waters.

"She heard voices, but moved not till she heard and recognized the voice which had made her life complete with happiness, and which was soon to speak her death sentence.

"'My dear Lizette,' he was saying, 'to-night I shall bring you to this spring; a year ago to-night I looked into it, but could not see my face. My companion, a little Spanish girl, told me I should die by fire or water,'

"'A merry, ringing laugh greeted his words; they neared the spring, and a flush of annoyance overspread the face of the count.

"'Ah, Zepha, how happy I am to see you once more! This is my wife, the Countess Varglamie; Lizette, this is the young lady who told me the story of the well.'

He stopped, for the simple reason that he could find nothing more to say. Zepha's black eyes dilated as she looked at his flushed, abashed face; the fair young countess gazed first at her husband, then at the lovely stranger, with a look of sorrow upon her gentle face.

"Zepha raised her hands to her neck with the slow, graceful movement that seemed so vitally a part of her personality, and unclasped the necklace which she had worn for a year. She touched the shimmering pearls, and bright, sparkling rubies with a caressing hand, then extended them toward the count.

"'Count Paul, I return you your betrothal gift, and may my misery follow you throughout eternity; may your spirit dwell in your posterity and through them suffer many deaths; these pearls are no longer an emblem, as you said, of my pure white soul, for that soul is crimson now with revenge; take them, ere the blood runs out upon my hands, and taints the fire well. By fire or water you are to die, and may your destiny be also that of your children.'

"She threw the gems at his feet, and turned away, without having so much as glanced at the countess.

"Some impulse impelled him to stoop and pick them up; the pearls were a deep crimson.

"The countess looked at him with unutterable scorn expressed in her noble face.

"The fire well had no visitors that night, but a few days later the body of Zepha was found in the crystal waters.

"Years passed. Two children were born to the count.

"His daughter while on a visit to Paris, was burned to death.

"The count turned deadly pale when the news was brought him, but the poor mother raved incessantly.

"She was kept confined in her room, but one night she eluded the vigilance of the servants and disappeared.

"The count was called ,and soon found her struggling beside a capsized boat, in a small lake not far from the mansion. He swam to her rescue, but with a drowning person's unreasonableness, she clung about his neck, and together they perished.

"The son, when a middle-aged man, was drowned while bathing in the Seine. The succeeding generations perished either by fire or water; one was shot in a duel; one went down with a sailing vessel. The last Count of Varglamie, anxious to tear from his name the cloud enveloping it, came to America a few years ago; he brought the crimson pearls and the curse of the Spanish girl with him.

My story ends here, and I have no proof that one word I have told you is true, but it is a strange story, and I should like to look upon the face of the doomed Count of Varglamie."

"The crimson pearls would be a novelty," observed the commercial man. The captain had shown intense interest in the narrative; he thought a moment, then drew from his pocket a small packet, and held up for our inspection a string of gleaming jewels.

"Here are the crimson pearls," he said. "The Spaniard's curse has expired. Count Jean Varglamie died in my arms on the field of El Caney. He was a brave man, but he told me long ago that he should never marry, and that his life was worthless. He had started many a time to tell me of his family tragedies, but somehow we were always interrupted; when dying he gave me these jewels. His remaining possessions had all been bestowed upon various needy institutions and individuals; I think he knew he was to die by the fire of the Spaniards; poor fellow! He seemed nearly wild sometimes, when he recounted some awful story of his ancestor's fate. I shall always keep these," continued the captain, "in memory of the truest friend a man ever had, and whether the story be true or only a myth, I shall always look with respectful awe upon these crimson pearls."

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I dug, and then I said "If only more merchants would blow their whistles more people would be 'digging up' for them."

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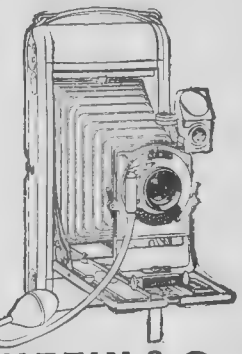

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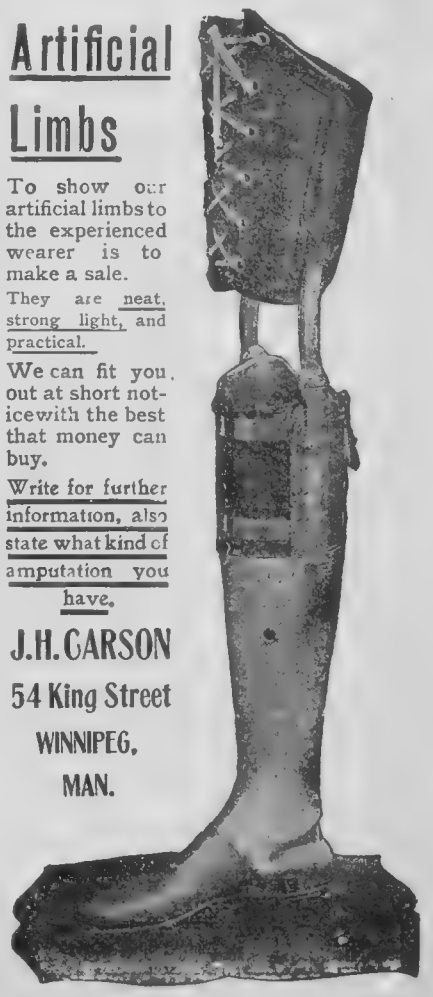

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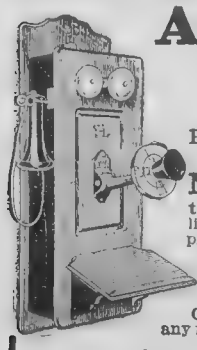

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The Exile of Drusilla.

By Chris. Sewell

IT was the doctor who finally banished Drusilla.

"No excitements—no late hours—absolute rest and plain living for three weeks," he commanded. There was savage satisfaction in his tone.

Drusilla threw her large blue baby-eyes reproachfully at him and pouted her cherry lips rebelliously.

"Nothing but sheep, swallows, and stagnation?" she wailed. "I shall die, doctor! I wasn't built rural—cream makes me sick and country walks make me feel suicidal. Mayn't I—" "No, you may not," chipped in the doctor. He was fifty-five, and possessed a susceptible son. He disapproved strongly of Drusilla. "Lonecombe stands high—the air is excellent; you won't know yourself in a week."

He took up his hat. Drusilla looked to her adoring mother for support; but her adoring mother developed an unexpected firmness, and went over to the opposition, lock, stock and barrel.

"Clive can go with you," she said. (Clive was her own maid.) "You know, Dru, darling, you didn't look at your breakfast this morning, and your father says——"

Drusilla moaned; her father was the only person on earth for whom she entertained any feelings of awe.

She went to her boudoir, banged the door, and contemplated exile in a very naughty frame of mind indeed.

They had rooms in a cottage (quite the orthodox cottage, with creepers and roses about the door, and a thatched roof, which Drusilla disrespectfully called its toupee), and everything en suite.

Clive did the cooking, and a woman who smelt of sawdust (her husband was a carpenter) came in from the village to clean.

A week passed, and Drusilla had not been seen to smile.

The contemplation of a perfect army of masculine photographs with which she had redecorated the little parlor did not afford her even the second-hand consolation she had hoped.

On the second day of the second week Drusilla spent the morning with a novel on the river bank, and came back to dinner late for the first time. Furthermore, when the sawdust lady sat down by accident on an omelette she positively laughed.

That afternoon she wrote home for her two most becoming Summer muslins and the new Romney hat, "which ought to have come from Violetta's by now, mother, dear. This place is getting so unbearably hot."

Her mother was only too thankful that the "poor, dear child" took enough interest in life to ask for anything; but her father was a trifle suspicious. However, pending the opportunity to investigate, the garments were despatched.

The little river gurgled between them—laughing it may be! He was decidedly good to look at—tall, broad, and well put together. But he wasn't impressionable—all the better! A conquest that is too easy is apt (if we may use a mixed metaphor) to taste flat.

Drusilla had dropped two handkerchiefs (new ones) into the stream which flowed between them. She had slipped on an imaginary stone, been badly stung by a fictitious bee, and all to no effect.

Certainly there was no bridge, but the originals of the photographs would have made nothing of a trifling drawback like that.

She became seriously annoyed. It was too detestable of him to sit there day by day under the great tree with what looked like his sketch-book across his knees, apparently working as if youth and beauty weren't calling him from the opposite bank. But for an appeasing idea that he had more than once sketched her, Drusilla would have been tempted to aim a stone at his head with a view to waking him up. In turn she tried every device in her repertoire with no effect. Then she became serious. Somehow she had never craved anything in all her life as she did this man's admiration. He should admire her—he must lose his head and go mad about her, like other people—he must throw his stupid sketch-book aside and——

Here Drusilla's thoughts careered off with her.

His arms were strong, his chest broad; his Norfolk suit and worsted stockings exactly suited him. He made Drusilla feel humble; usually she felt domineering.

For the next week she worked hard. Perhaps he disapproved of novels and smart gowns.

She sent to her dressmaker's for a simple blue zephyr (the simplicity came expensive, as simplicity generally does), and entirely (to use Clive's own expression) flabbergasted that respectable soul by insisting on acquiring the art of knitting.

Progress continued slow, however. Occasionally the dark eyes of her vis-a-vis flashed a look in her direction—only for a moment; then they bent down over the everlasting sketch-book. It was shyness, Drusilla decided—appalling shyness—he was unused to women—she had met

Transcontinental Tunnel near Canyon, Lake Manitoba.

such cases before; even stronger encouragement was what he wanted.

She had waited until the last day, for with all her daring she somehow quailed a little before the inconceivable calm of this man; and then she played her trump card.

She was looking her best—draggled hair and clinging garments could not spoil that.

A flower grew on a tuft of grass jutting over the stream. She reached for it, singing softly to herself—overbalanced—ah!—a pregnant instant passed and then a Romney hat floated up the stream and a pair of blue zephyred arms beat the water wildly.

It was deeper than she had bargained for. Two haymakers, busy in the adjoining field, eventually fished Drusilla out gasping, cold, and furiously irate. Underneath the tree the man in the Norfolk suit still bent over his sketch-book.

Drusilla was crying with rage. Perhaps some indefinite words, coupled with the scathing looks she cast at the opposite bank, penetrated to the recess where one of the haymakers kept his sense of humor. At any rate he spoke.

"Unlucky for 'ee, miss, as 'ee fell in with on'y pore Muster Cowell by. His wife do bring him out of a marnin' to read his queer books and get the air. He's blind, miss—'e thought you was a dog belike."

"'E thought you was a dog belike!"

The little river gurgled on, unmistakably laughing now.

The next day Drusilla went home.

Mary Rutherford's Understanding.

By Marion Dallas, Ottawa.

Just thirty years ago tonight me and Josh was married, and barring the money question, we couldn't have been happier. Josh was good to me, he was. (God forbid I should say anything bad about him now he's dead), but he did think women folk shouldn't handle money. "What's a husband for," he'd say to me, "if it ain't to keep you women folk from worryin' about money?" A heap he knew about women when we was worryin' cause we didn't have the handling of the money; leastwise, some of it.

Some time ago I read a piece in the paper written about "A Wife's Allowance," and I said to myself, "I wonder did the writer know my Josh?" but, goodness knows, my Josh isn't the only one 'round our corners what thought they was a savin' their women worry by not giving them a cent. There's heaps of women die awaiting and a hoping to get some money all their own for some cherished wish. Why, right on the next farm was John Livingston. Everybody knew Livingstone, and how his wife, Eliza, had scraped and scrimped for years tryin' to get enough money to buy a carpet for the front room. She'd been having the butter and milk from a Jersey cow she'd raised, but when feed was scarce John sold her cow, unknown to her, and took her little saving to buy a new plow. The disappointment of not having that new carpet helped kill Eliza, I know it did, for she told me on her deathbed, "if I just knew that there was a new carpet on that front floor, I'd die happy." Thank goodness the wife he took soon after Eliza was gone was none of your weak women, and she soon put a new carpet down an' got new plush chairs, too.

But I must tell you how me and Josh come to have an understanding. When I married Josh I had a little bit of money of my own. So the first few years after we were married I had plenty to buy the little things I wanted, but I was working hard gathering eggs, raising chickens and making butter between times, trying to make our farm clean and cheerful likes inside and out. After my wee girlie came I could not leave her much, for she was delicate like, so Josh, of course, did all the trading. Many times when he had been to market he'd say, "Well, Mary, I had some mighty fine sales today," but never a cent would he give to me as my part of the sales. Till at last my little pile of money was all gone, and I wanted some specially pretty things for baby. I waited and kept awaiting, and I guess I'd have been waiting still, for Josh to offer me some money or ask me if I needed anything. But no, he'd never thought of such a thing as that. I suppose he was athinking how he was saving me worry. At last I up and asked him, with trembling in my soul. How my pride rebelled, and poor Josh was unconscious of all my independent longings. "How much," said he, "do you want." I named the lowest amount possible, and without so much as a word he laid down the sum. For a long time I did without any little things I wanted.

Well, to make a long story short, years rolled by and three dear little children came to bless our home. Fortunately, our farm was a good one, and we were very comfortable. Josh was always a kind, loving husband and father. Every time he'd go to market on business or away on a visit he'd always bring us something. Once when he brought me a green plush album, and me having two already, I told him I'd rather have the money. "Why," said he, quite hurtlike, "I thought you'd like that." Someway he was blind to my longing for independence, but our children were growing.

Once when I had a little party, and the women folks was talking about "suffragettes." Josh turned and looked fondly at me, and he meant it too. and said he, "Mary and me never worry over the women's rights, do we? She has all I make; I give her all she wants." And I, fearing to tell our family secrets, said, "Indeed, Josh is a pretty good husband."

Our girl could see how things were shaping. She had the woman's instinct and felt for me. It was drawing nigh to the time when she would be starting a home of her own. One day we were all sitting down and talking about her wedding, and innocent like her father asked how she and James were getting on. Well, if you will believe me, she up and gave her pa an answer and wakened him out of his peaceful delusion. I fairly trembled. "I just tell you, this father, we will settle our money matters and right at first. I'll never be like my mother, afraid to ask for every cent I need. I have watched you and mother and I made up my mind that if any man asked me to marry him and be his partner in life, I'd say I wanted to be his partner in every way. If I help him earn his money, part of it 's mine to do as I please with, and if he really loves me he will be willing. I'm going to combine business with sentiment, and we will be happier. James has promised to do that way, for his father did, and see what a happy home they have. I know you love mother, but you keep the money in the bank, and mother has missed much happiness out of her life because she couldn't be the least bit independent.

Now, I thought the roof would fall on us, but it didn't. Jessie had her say out and just went and left us. I felt mighty humbled, but poor Josh! For a long time neither of us spoke. At last Josh said, "Mary," and his voice had a far away sound, "did Jessie speak the truth? Have you been breaking your heart all these years and me thinking I was saving you care and worry?" I foolishly-like answered, "O Josh, it isn't so bad as she says." But I saw that he was feeling real bad, and I waited.

He said no more, but just came over and kissed me, saying in his loveliest and humbliest tones, "I've been a brute, Mary. I see it all now, but thank God I've my eyes opened before it's too late. You'll never be humbled in our children's eyes again."

From that day until the day he died, every week he'd bring me the price of all my sales, and if there was no trip to market, he'd just put down what he thought was the right sum sheepishly on my stand and I always understood and was happy.

Josh has been dead for five long years. If we had only known one another well enough when we were first married, to plan our money matters, what a home we would have had, for Josh loved me. And, well, did I love Josh? I just guess I did, money or no money.

Strength Sufficient.

Oh, by every tear which God hath wiped from your eyes by every anxiety which he hath soothed, by every fear which he has dispelled, by every want which he has supplied, by every mercy which he has bestowed, strengthen yourselves for all that awaits you through the remainder of your pilgrimage; look upwards, if it must be so, to new trials, to increased perplexities, yea, even to death itself; but look on what is past, as well as what is to come, and you will be enabled to say of Him in whose hand art your times, His future dealings will be what His former have been —fulfillments of the promise: "As thy days, so shall they strength be."

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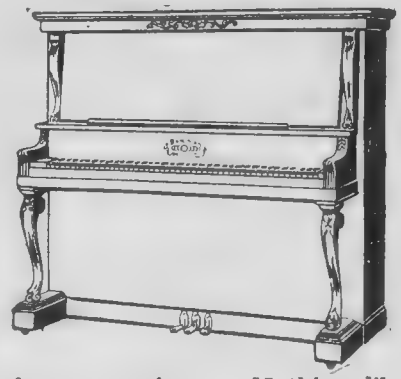

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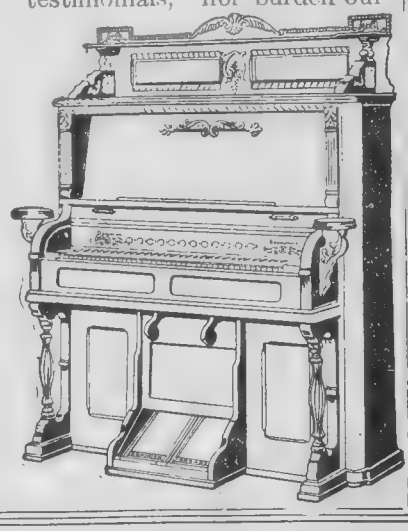

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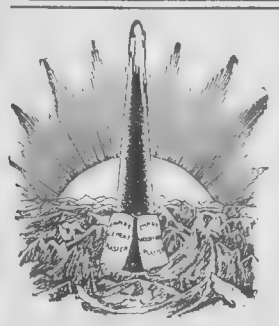

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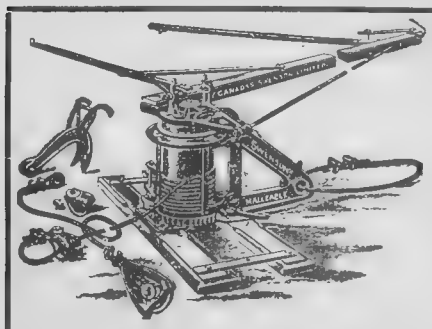

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In the Heart of a Rose.

By Mrs. R. W. Lacy, Tyvan, Sask.

A great vase of red roses stood on the table near her. The woman threw out her arms and, with one impulsive movement, drew them to her. She buried her face in their fragrant depths and breathed in intoxicating draughts of their odor. She was thirsty for the scent of the roses. Presently, she raised her head and settled back into her chair with a sigh. She was tired—oh, so tired.

Before her lay the scattered pages of a manuscript; and her books—well, they were everywhere. She did not go on with her work. The spell of the roses was on her, and she yielded herself to the witchery of the hour.

Outside, in the hushed twilight of an early winter evening, the first snowflakes of the season were drifting silently down. The air was bitingly cold. Shoppers, merchants and laborers were already by their own firesides and the streets were almost deserted.

Inside the woman's cozy sitting-room, a bright fire danced and sang in the grate. There was warmth and cheerfulness everywhere. Love of the beautiful and exquisite taste was reflected in everything about her—expensive simplicity.

Clare St. Claire was one of the few women the world calls successful. Money and fame had come to her. Yet in the woman's soul there was still a strange longing that kept her from happiness and, at times, made her almost miserable. To-night she was living over again those happy poverty-stricken days of her struggle for a place in the world. And how far back in the dreamy past seemed her girlhood days.

And there was Jack—ah, yes, there was Jack. To her he was inseparable from the scent of the roses. Her girlhood days had begun and ended with Jack. She was only in her early teens when he came to her. How sweet was her life during that long bright summer. Each day had been a perfect gem linked to her chain of happiness by love and pleasure. And then, she remembered with the same vexing hurt that Jack had never spoken the few words she had so longed to hear.

"Well, it was I, not Jack that cared," she said to herself, as she gathered up the scattered leaves of her manuscript and placed them together. Mechanically, she closed her ink well, and arranged the books on her desk. Then she left the room for a moment. When she returned, she drew her chair nearer the fire and shivered as if she were very cold. In her hand, she held a pretty little gold casket. She touched the case with loving fingers, here and there, and murmured softly to herself, "The resting place of a dead love."

Should she open it? She held it to her heart and hesitated. Within it was all that was left to her of the cruel past she had tried so relentlessly to shut out of her thoughts. Long years full of bitter struggles and privations had gone since she put it there.

What effect could it have on her now? Had she not changed too?

Tenderly, she lifted the lid and gazed down upon a withered rose and a card on which were the lines she knew so well:

"Sweet mysteries of't repose
Deep in the heart of a rose.—Jack."

For the hundredth time she puzzled over these words. Yet, in her mind there was no more of a solution than on the day when she held the lovely half blown beauty for the first time. Strange, she had thought then, that Jack should send only his one red rose, but, hers was not the nature that delves in mysteries. How could she dream that her happiness rested upon so frail a thing as a rose?

Over the sun of her young life a cloud had drifted. Jack ceased to be her lover. Broken-hearted and miserable, yet, brave and proud, she turned her face away from her girlhood home with its painful associations to follow ambition through the intricate maze of a great city. With the memory of it all tears gathered in the woman's eyes, and scarcely conscious of the act, she lifted the rose from its resting place. The dry, brown petals fell in a shower at her feet, leaving only the withered stem in her hand.

With a little cry of surprise, she slipped down upon the rug. As she did so, she noticed a tiny bit of folded yellow paper. She picked it up and unfolded it carefully, and holding it to the light read:

"Dear Clare, may I come to-night? I have something I must tell you.—Jack."

The paper dropped from her trembling hands, and she sat gazing at the fire, tense and silent, with a queer ache in her heart. The mystery of the rose was solved. Its withered heart had opened to the touch of time. Love had been dull and blind. She could see it all clearly now. Of course, it was just like Jack to do this, for, she remembered him as shy and bashful and full of poetic sentiment. Naturally, she fell to wondering what had become of him, and if he were not already married and happy. Then suddenly, a feeling of disgust for her life and her work surged over her. What did her career amount to, after all?

She must always be lonely. Her arms must always ache from their very emptiness. She had lost her crown of womanhood.

A gentle tap at the door aroused her from her reverie.

"Well?" she asked, with just a trace of impatience in her tone.

"A gentleman to see you, madam," announced the maid.

"Very well. Say I'll be down in a short time."

"A gentleman!" she repeated to herself, "What can be his errand to have brought him out in such weather?"

She bathed her face and then let down the rich coils of brown hair. Something prompted her to arrange it low upon her neck in the old girlish way and to slip on one of her simplest dresses. The passing years had been kind to Clare St. Claire. They had scarcely left a trace upon her pretty face. She was turning into her thirtieth year, yet, few younger women could boast of a fairer face or of a better form than hers.

When Jack Lyon's eyes (for it was Jack that waited for her) fell upon her as she entered the door, the years slipped away and he saw only his sweetheart of old and sprang to meet her with a glad light in his eyes. We shall not stop to describe their meeting farther, only to say we are sure the misunderstandings were explained, for after a time Clare led him into her sitting room up to the rug before the fire and pointed to the little crumpled note lying among the withered rose petals.

With the light of understanding, the man reached out his strong arms and drew the woman to him and whispered tenderly. "The heart of my rose was false but the heart of my Clare was true. Is it not so, dearest?"

The folk of Forbar are at least musical! On a recent evening this spring, no fewer than seven distinct companies left the town for places around to entertain the people there.

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea;
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain Countree!

Robert Gilfillan.

Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible, and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a post-card. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Problems in Behaviour.

The problem for this month is a very practical one. It is proposed by Mrs. Matheson, of Port Morien, Cape Breton. Who will give the best answer?

Mr. Norman deals for a number of years with a certain merchant. In times of trade depression and poor work this merchant gives him credit and does not press him for payment, as Mr. Norman is hardworking and honest and pays his bills whenever he can. Lately a new store started on a strictly cash system, but with much cheaper prices for goods. Mr. Norman has money to spend when times are good, and would like to get as much for his earnings as possible. Still, he is afraid that if he buys at the new shop the old merchant will refuse him credit when he is unable to pay. What should he do to be fair to himself, his family and his old merchant?

There are two answers to Problem in Behaviour this month.

The May Problem.

Mr. Astor is a pronounced Liberal. His friend James Larmont approaches him about a month previous to election and solicits his vote, which is unhesitatingly promised, as Mr. Larmont has always been a good Liberal, and a close personal friend with good reputation. However, two days later the party leaders select Arthur Pigott, also a good friend of Mr. Astor, and a gentleman of good repute. Now, Mr. Astor has particular reasons for standing in with his party and if he remains loyal to Mr. Larmont he will be in the bad graces of the Liberal leaders. How should he act under the circumstances?

The prize goes to Mrs. J. F. Chisholm, 18 Plover Street, Halifax, for the following:—

There is only one course for Mr. Astor viz., to abide by his promise and vote for James Larmont. An explanation to the party leaders of the good and sufficient reasons compelling this course would place him higher in their estimation than any other the existing circumstances would permit. If not, the fault is theirs, and, win or lose, Mr. Astor would still rejoice in the triumph of an approving conscience.

Another good answer is this:—

Is this supposed to be a problem? If so, it is extremely easy to solve. If Mr. ways feels faint in a close carriage, and it would be exceedingly awkward to faint on such circumstances, as the train does not stop for hours. What should Mrs. Long do?

The prize goes to Miss Isabel E. Clark, Uxbridge, Ont., for the following:—

I am sorry to hear that you are subject to asthma, but as I am feeling faint from riding in a close carriage, if you will excuse me, I will take another seat so I may be able to open a window without the air affecting you.

I am sorry to hear of your trouble, but as a close carriage makes me feel faint I will willingly take another car or change my seat in this car so I may have fresh air and you will not feel the effect of the air from my window.

The June Problem.

Mrs. Long and Mrs. Short find themselves alone together in a second-class carriage of an express train running from London to Newcastle. Mrs. Long opens the window. Mrs. Short says, "Excuse me, but I must tell you I am subject to asthma, and an open window always gives me cold." Mrs. Long al-

Haying-time.

The Sex of Eggs.

On page 22 of your issue of June, under section 6, "The Sex of Eggs," wherein a Mr. Reed gives a reply, I cannot let it go without nailing that—well, I won't write it—"but" idea to the mast. It is an old gag I have heard for years, and have also tried it and proved it to be a fallacy. I don't think the air space has any more to do with sex than a pointed egg versus a rounded one. There are supposed to be ways to determine

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sex, but I don't think any one has found a workable one. If there is I would like to buy or learn it.—Yours respectfully, Ed. Brown, Boissevain.

Planting a School Ground.

A correspondent wishes help in decorating his school ground. He should send to Mr. Kern, Supt. of Schools, Winnebago County, Illinois, and get a copy of his annual report. The following is a suggestion:—

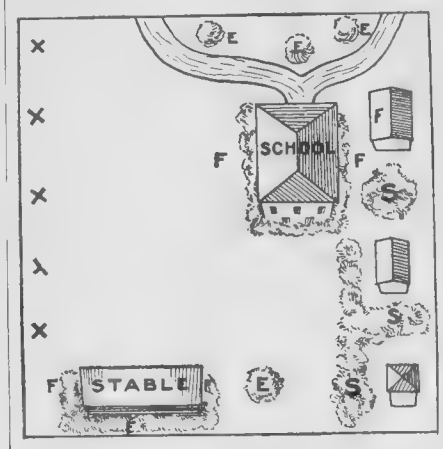
E. Evergreens—spruce if possible.

F. Flowers planted by pupils, This might include vegetables in garden near stable.

S. Shrubbery—wild rose, caragana, dogwood.

X. Hardy trees—maple, elm, ash, cut leaved birch.

Stock may be obtained at Experimental Farm. It would be well to add



another acre to the school ground, as there is not room for gardening and play.

The Department of Education in Winnipeg publishes pamphlets dealing with school architecture and decoration of grounds. The names of suitable trees and shrubs are given and instructions given as to where they may be obtained. These pamphlets may be had on application.

Blackheads.

I have been terribly troubled with blackheads and pimples for about six years, my age now being twenty. I have tried remedies on the face, but no medicine inwardly, still to no effect. I am mostly all the time bothered with costiveness, which I have also tried to cure, but cannot keep regular. Could you help me any? Is my blood the cause of them? I feel quite healthy and strong otherwise.—Country Girl.

Your trouble is with your digestion. Eat slowly and masticate thoroughly. Eat all the fruit you can. Drink plenty of water, but not at meal times. Use a mild aperient whenever necessary. Fruit salts in the evening, Seidlitz powder in the morning. Avoid face washes. They do not get at source of trouble.

The Rainbow.

What causes or gives the rainbow its shape?—A. E., Rosewort.

When white light shines through a prism it is broken into seven distinct colors. A raindrop acts as a prism, and all rays entering it are broken up into the rainbow colors. Now, on entering a raindrop the rays are bent out of their course or refracted. Each substance has its own angle of refraction. That refraction of water drops is such that the rays of the sun, instead of falling on the dark clouds directly, are bent out of their course, and split up into the seven colors.

The Telephone.

What causes a telephone wire to hum when it is perfectly calm?—Inquirer, Rosewort.

All humming is due to vibration. Electrical vibrations and vibrations causing light are not appreciable by the ear. It is horizontal or lateral vibration that strikes the ear. Even on a very calm day there is some such vibration in a long wire. It not only vibrates as a whole, but in segments, and the vibration between one set of poles may be transmitted for a great distance. Next time the wire vibrates throw a weight over it and note the effect.

Address Wanted.

Give the address of W. C. A. of Winnipeg.

The building is on Elice Avenue, just west of Vaughan Street, and one block north of Portage Avenue.

Introductions.

How should a girl acknowledge an introduction to a young man?

Shake hands, smile, then talk as if at home. Make no attempt to be otherwise than you are naturally or by education.

Cure for Pimples.

Can you tell me of a sure cure for pimples. I can clear my face by taking salts, but they are so disagreeable to take? What can I do for sore and tender feet? My feet get so tender I can scarcely wear a dress shoe.

The cause is probably the same in both troubles. The cure is in attention to digestion. Eat very slowly and sparingly, and only such things as agree with you. If in a month you are not better consult a physician.

Illinois Versus Missouri.

A Missourian informed a traveler, who had inquired about corn, that "each stalk had nine ears on it and was fifteen feet high."

"That's nothing compared to our corn," replied the other quickly. "Up in Illinois, where I came from, we always had nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel; but we never could raise any field beans with it."

"Why?" asked the Missourian.

"Because," nodded the other, "the corn grew so fast that it pulled the beans up."

Said a friend to Pat one day—"Did you ever make money backin' horses, Mulligan?"

"I made forty quid wance," replied Mulligan.

"How did you do ut?"

"I backed him down a pub cellar, an' sued the publican for leaving the flap open!"

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We want you to slip your feet into a pair of Steel Shoes—to **feel** and **see** and **know** how much **lighter, neater, stronger, more comfortable** they are than any other work shoes in existence. Hence we are making this special **Free Examination Offer,** merely asking a deposit of the price, while you are "sizing up" the shoes. If they fail to convince you **immediately** you can notify us to send for them at our expense and we will refund your money.

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We ask no favors for Steel Shoes. Compare them with the best all-leather work shoes you can find.
Give them the most rigid inspection inside and out.
Let them tell their own story. It's no sale unless, of your own accord, you decide that you must have them.

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Steel Shoes are the strongest and easiest working shoes made.
There's more good wear in **one pair** of Steel Shoes than in **three to six pairs** of the best all-leather work shoes. The leather is waterproof. The Steel Soles are **wear-proof and rust-resisting.**
They are lighter than all-leather work shoes.
Need no breaking in. Comfortable from the first moment you put them on.
Impossible to get out of shape. They keep the feet dry. They retain their flexibility in spite of mud, slush or water. They cure corns and bunions, prevent colds and rheumatism—save doctors' bills and medicines.

Thousands of Farmers Shout Their Praises

The enthusiasm of users knows no bounds. People can't say enough for their comfort, economy, lightness and astonishing durability. The introduction of Steel Shoes in a neighborhood always arouses such interest that an avalanche of orders follows.
Here is the way Steel Shoes are made: The uppers are made of a superior quality of leather, as **waterproof as leather can be tanned.** Wonderfully soft and pliable—**never gets stiff!** The soles and sides are made out of one piece of special light, thin, springy, rust-resisting Steel. Soles and heels are studded with adjustable Steel Rivets, which prevent the bottoms from wearing out. Rivets easily replaced when partly worn. 50 extra rivets cost only 30 cents and should keep the shoes in good repair for at least two years! No other repairs ever needed! The uppers are tightly joined to the steel by small rivets of rust-resisting metal, so that no water can get between.
The soles are lined with soft, springy, comfortable Hair Cushions, which absorb perspiration and odors and add to ease of walking. (44)

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These shoes are better for the feet, better for the health, better for the pocketbook than heavy work shoes or rubber boots.

You Actually Save $5 to $10 a Year

by wearing Steel Shoes. Figure it out for yourself. One pair will outlast 3 to 6 pairs of ordinary work shoes. They save all repair bills and keep your feet in perfect condition.

Free Examination

And Your Money Back Promptly if It Looks Better Than the Shoes!

You owe it to yourself to investigate. Get a pair of Steel Shoes for Free Examination by sending the price, which will be returned if you and your own feet are not convinced of their merits.

Why Wait? Send Now!

No risk! No bother! No obligation! Don't hesitate! Act while this offer is open! Simply state size of shoe you wear, enclose the price and get the shoes for Free Examination.
For general field work we strongly recommend our 6-inch high Steel Shoes at $3.50 per pair or the 9-inch at $5.00 per pair. For all classes of use requiring high-cut shoes our 12 or 16-inch high Steel Shoes are absolutely indispensable. Shoes can be returned at once if not O. K. and the money will be refunded.

Sizes 5 to 12. Black or Tan Color. 6, 9, 12 and 16 Inches High

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, $2.50 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, better grade of leather, $3.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $3.50 per pair.
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Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $5.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, $5.00 per pair.
Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $6.00 per pair.
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N. M. Ruthstein Sec. and Treas. **STEEL SHOE CO., Dept. 432 Toronto, Can.**
Main Factory, Racine, Wis., U. S. A. Great Britain Factory, Northampton, England

Beautify the Towns.

The Winnipeg Public Parks Board has just issued its annual report for 1909—the most elaborate report sent out by this progressive body. It certainly is a credit to the Board and should be an exceedingly good advertisement for the Metropolis of the West.

We are indebted to the Parks Board for the use of a number of cuts from the report.

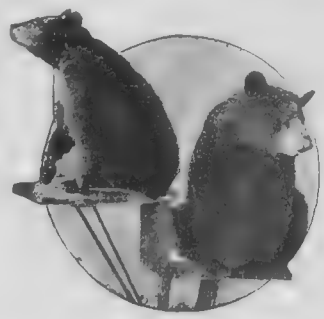
Two of the cuts in the report are worthy of special mention, as showing what can be done on an open bit of land. One gives a five acre section of bare prairie at the southwest corner of Assiniboine Park. It depicts men breaking the ground and getting it in shape for beds, etc. The second cut shows the same section in the fall of 1909 planted out and the various plants in blossom. No planting was done in 1908—the walks and beds being laid out that year. In 1909 grass seed was sown and the shrubs, roots, etc., planted. The illustration gives the result in August of 1909. We cannot do better than quote from the annual report in regard to the charming spot:

"It was as Kingsley said 'A garden, sir, wherein all rainbow flowers were heaped together.' Yet the flowers were not heaped together; they were in good order. They might well be termed 'rainbow' flowers, as the colors and shades were numerous, and they were in great profusion. Great credit for this display, and for other work is due to Supt. Champion, for he was handicapped at the opening of the season. Though the flower garden was taken in hand late in the spring it was a feature of the park system of Winnipeg which proved decidedly attractive. A section of ground of about five acres laid out in beds of various kinds was a beauty spot and called forth great admiration from visitors as well as from residents of the city.

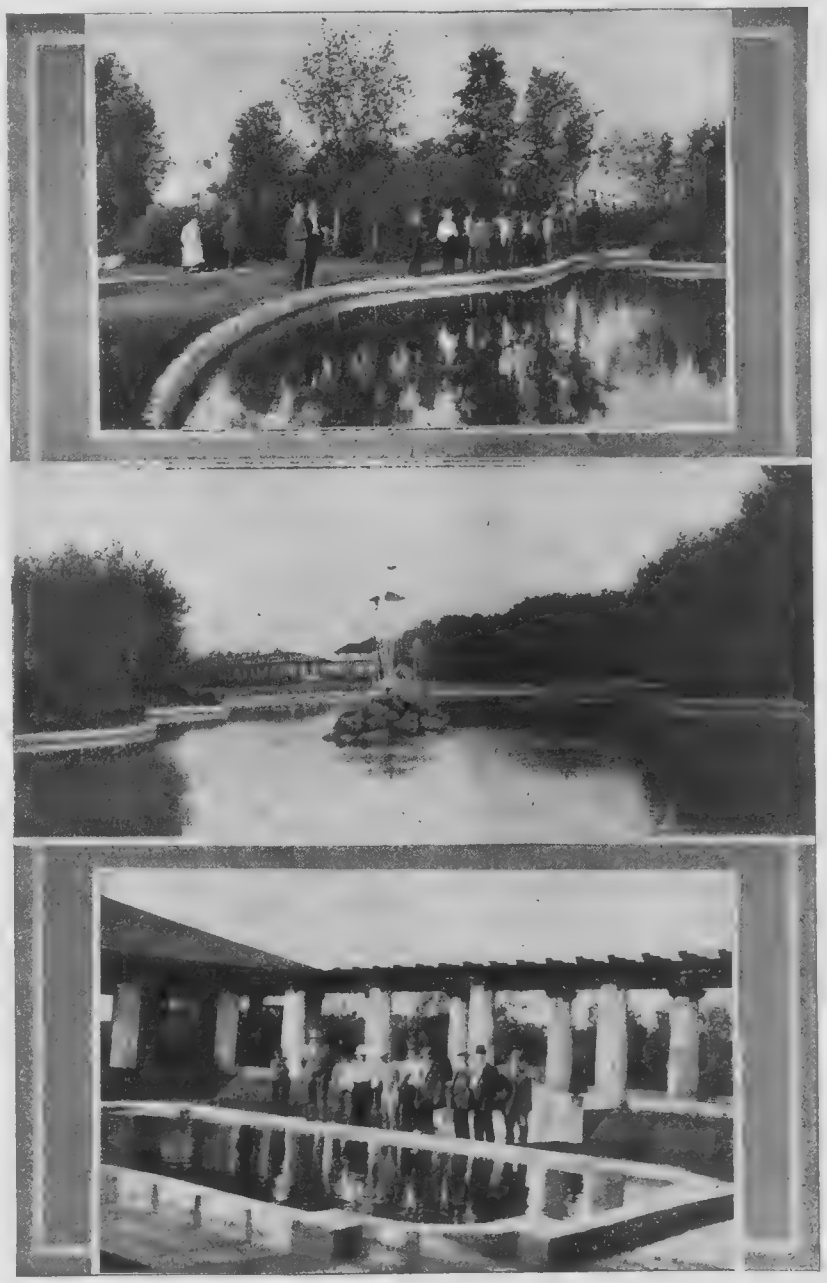
"Work on the flower garden near the southeast entrance was commenced on May 29th. The lawn was sown with a special mixture of seed; the beds were planted with 1972 shrubs and 1920 perennials. Large patches in the beds were sown with annuals, and in June 9,600 plants of asters, stocks, etc., were planted. In spite of the fact that no water was at that time available, and that no rain fell until July 1[illegible], the growth made by everything was marvellous, the lawns and beds in August being a picture of robust beauty. The area of the flower garden is 5 acres and there are 4,000 square yards of beds."

We call especial attention to this improvement in the hope that other places may be spurred to similar action. It does not follow that each town or village in the West should carry out designs as elaborate as has Winnipeg, but there is nothing to prevent each place taking in hand a piece of ground and turning it into an attractive spot in a short time and at moderate cost. Winnipeg has laid hold of the parks work in good fashion and numbers of eyesores have been improved until they are now attractions. So other places can do, and the general attractiveness of the country would be greatly enhanced.

Should any of the western towns desire to move along this line and wish some advice we are given to understand that the Parks Board of Winnipeg would be pleased to render assistance.



A Couple of the Bears.



AT ASSINIBOINE PARK.—Combination of plant and human life. Swan pool showing Fountain and Pavilion. Lily Pond, and west side of Pergola.

IN ST. JOHN'S PARK

In Lovers' Walk.

M. R. Blake, M.D.

M.R.C.S. (Eng.,) L.R.C.P. (Lond.)

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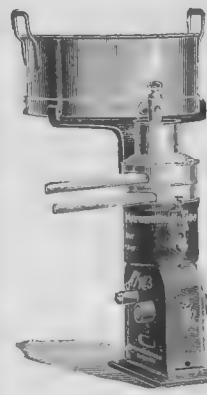

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In Fort Rouge Park, Winnipeg.

Good Roads the Way to Progress.

By Logan Waller Page.

On top of a hill on the lower Brownsville road, running out of Jackson, Tenn., there was, a few years ago, a big farm which had come into the possession of a bank as satisfaction for a debt. It could not be sold and it was rapidly falling into neglect. Only a part of it was rented, and that for only $100 a year. Suddenly all this was changed. A real estate dealer purchased the tract, at a good price, divided it into three farms, and immediately sold it again. Houses were built, fruit trees were planted, and thrift and industry prevailed where indolence and improvidence had existed but a short time before. The reason for all this was that the lower Brownsville road had been changed from a long streak of mud to an improved highway.

The building of the road had come about in this way. The levee roads leading into Jackson had been corduroyed to allow travel over them in winter. Mr. Sam. C. Lancaster persuaded the county officials that macadamizing these roads would be a cheaper and more lasting improvement, and so it proved to be. Then came a good roads convention, and the building of a 1,000-foot, object-lesson road. It aroused a good deal of enthusiasm, but no definite steps were taken. Then came the "winter of great mud" in 1902-3. The roads were impassable; it required two strong mules to draw a milk wagon with two milk cans, and all day was consumed in going a few miles. For more than six weeks this condition prevailed. No one attempted to pass over these roads except in case of dire necessity. The farmers were locked in and all trade was stopped. The opportune moment had arrived. A mass-meeting of the citizens was called and all those who could get to it came. In the midst of the debate about the necessary bond issue, a farmer arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, I am just a plain farmer and have no business trying to talk at this meeting. I am all covered with mud; there is mud on my boots and all over my clothes, and my hat is all spattered up, too. I walked to this meeting because my horse couldn't travel the roads. I've got a little farm and sawmill out on the Poplar Corner road, just a little over two miles from town, and, if I could climb up on a hard road with my truck and what lumber I've saved, I could clear enough in one day to pay my tax on that road; but I haven't got it.

"I bought some groceries from you (turning to a merchant) this month; yes, $5 worth, for I carried them out on my back; but, if I had a good road it would have been $25, I am sure."

The bonds were issued. As soon as the construction of the roads began, the land values in the country began to go up—in some cases from 20 to 100 per cent. There are no houses "to rent" in Jackson; builders are busy, numbers of new real-estate offices have been opened, large tracts of farm land are being subdivided, and prices are being paid which astonish the most far-seeing champion of this now popular movement.

New families from adjoining counties and states are constantly coming in, some to make their homes in the city and others wanting farms on the "good roads." Still others, looking ahead and anticipating profits, have made purchases five and six miles back from these roads, paying largely increased prices. So much for the influence of good roads upon a single farm, and upon a community. On the nation the effect would be the same, only infinitely multiplied.

A team of horses, struggling along a mud road in the endeavor to draw half a load, affords a striking object-lesson when compared to a team drawing a heavily loaded wagon at a comfortable trot along a stone-surfaced road. This isolat ed example must be multiplied by three million in order to obtain the cumulative effect of bad roads upon traffic in the United States. Not less than $250,000,000 is the useless tribute annually levied upon the people of the United States by its bad roads. In 1896, a widespread inquiry made by the Office of Public Roads indicated that the average cost of hauling on roads in the United States was twenty-five cents per ton per mile. In 1906, just ten years later, the Bureau of Statistics ascertained from their 2,800 county correspondents that the average cost per ton per mile was about twenty-three cents and the average length of haul 9.4 miles. This rate is exceedingly conservative, and can be safely accepted as a basis of calculation.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ended June 30, 1906, shows that the railroads handled more than 820 million tons of freight originating on their respective lines. Of this amount, agricultural, forest, and miscellaneous products constituted about 32 per cent,, or approximately 265 million tons. If we assume that 200 million tons, or less than 80 per cent. of this total, was hauled over the country roads, the cost at twenty-three cents on an average haul of 9.4 miles would be $432,400,000. To this must be added the enormous tonnage hauled from farms to canals, wharves, and docks for shipment by water. If the cost of this hauling is placed at only $67,500,000, the total would reach the startling sum of half a billion dollars annually, and this does not include the products hauled back and forth between farms and mills. To meet the possible contention that 80 per cent. is a high estimate of the agricultural, forest, and miscellaneous products hauled by wagon, attention is called to the fact that many million tons of mining products are hauled by wagon, and these are not considered in this estimate.

Is this cost necessary and legitimate? The experience of France, England, and Germany affords the answer to this query. In those three countries, the average cost of hauling is reported by our consuls to be about ten cents per ton per mile. Leading writers on highway engineering state that the cost of hauling on broken stone roads, dry and in good order, should be eight cents per ton per mile. When it is considered that the roads of England, France, and Germany are, to a large extent, surfaced with broken stone, the consular reports seem to be in entire agreement with the engineers. If the cost of hauling can be reduced in the United States to one-half the present average, or 11½ cents a ton, the resultant saving would be $250,000,000 a year. And, if wise and equitable road laws and good business management are substituted for the present antiquated and wasteful systems, an additional direct saving of $40,000,000 in the administration of the roads will result; so that, by the simplest possible process of reasoning it is apparent that the people of this country have it within their power to save themselves $290,000,000 a year in the two items of hauling and road administration.

Railroad rates were 7⅓ cents per ton per mile in 1837. Sixty-eight years of progress has resulted in bringing the cost of hauling by rail to 7.8 mills in 1905, or about one-ninth the original rate. Seventy years ago, the charge for hauling on the old Cumberland Pike was seventeen cents per ton per mile, and this allowed a profit. Our railroad and steamship rates have gone down and our common road rates have gone up, until it now costs the farmer 1.6 cents more to haul a bushel of wheat 9.4 miles from his farm to a neighboring railroad station than it does to haul it from New York to Liverpool, a distance of 3,100 miles. These are conditions which should hasten the era of road building.

The high cost of hauling is not the only burden which the American people are carrying by reason of their bad roads. In traversing a region of country isolated from markets by reason of bad roads, one is struck by the wastes of untilled land and by the lack of variety in the products. This is a condition more frequently due to lack of adequate transportation facilities than to lack of industry and intelligence of the inhabitants. The point may be illustrated by assuming a series of concentric circles to be drawn about a market town or railroad station, constituting zones of production in all of which the roads are uniformly bad.

Within the first zone, all products can be delivered to market at a profit. Within the second zone, certain products must be eliminated because of the length of haul. Milk, small fruits, and certain kinds of vegetables requiring quick delivery and careful transportation might be cited as examples. In the third zone, still other products must be eliminated because of the prohibitive cost of hauling. The fourth zone will include only those products which can be held until the roads are passable and then hauled long distances and sold at a profit. Beyond this zone, the land must be left unproductive or utilized for grazing and timber.

Every improvement in the roads leading from this market widens these zones, makes unproductive land productive, and enables the farmer to exercise a wider discretion in determining the character of his crops. The prosperity of the individual farmer becomes far greater, the traffic of the railroad increases, the consumer receives better supplies at lower prices, and thus the beneficial effects continue in an ever-widening circle, like the ripple produced by a stone cast into the water.

On June 1, 1900, there were nearly 425 million acres of uncultivated land in the United States. That improved roads will prove an important factor in developing this great domain cannot be questioned. The golden possibilities which are opening up to the tiller of the soil as soon as he is brought in touch with the markets and can successfully practice intensive farming are foreshadowed by the insignificant statement in the census reports to the effect that the average value per acre of vegetables produced in the United States in 1899 was $42, and of small fruits $80.80; while the average for corn was only $8.72, wheat $7.03, and oats $7.34. The meaning of these facts is being grasped by the intelligent farmers throughout the length and breadth of the land, and it is only a step further in the logic of the situation for them to perceive that improved roads are a necessity in the working out of the problem. When the great, silent, farmer class is won over,

all opposition to a progressive policy will disappear.

That the proper improvement of the **public roads does not necessarily involve** in all cases the building of expensive stone roads is well illustrated by the result of an experimental sand-clay road built at Dodge City, Kansas, in the fall of 1908, under the direction of the United States Office of Public Roads. A report made by a resident of Dodge City in April, 1909, contains the following paragraph:

"A colony of Germans, settled on the finest kind of wheat land, were going to leave on account of the inconvenience of travel in marketing their wheat, but now they have a road smooth enough for a race track. It has increased the value of their land at least 25 per cent. and they were well pleased to remain."

In reporting upon the road system of France, Consul Francis P. Loomis, in 1891, said,

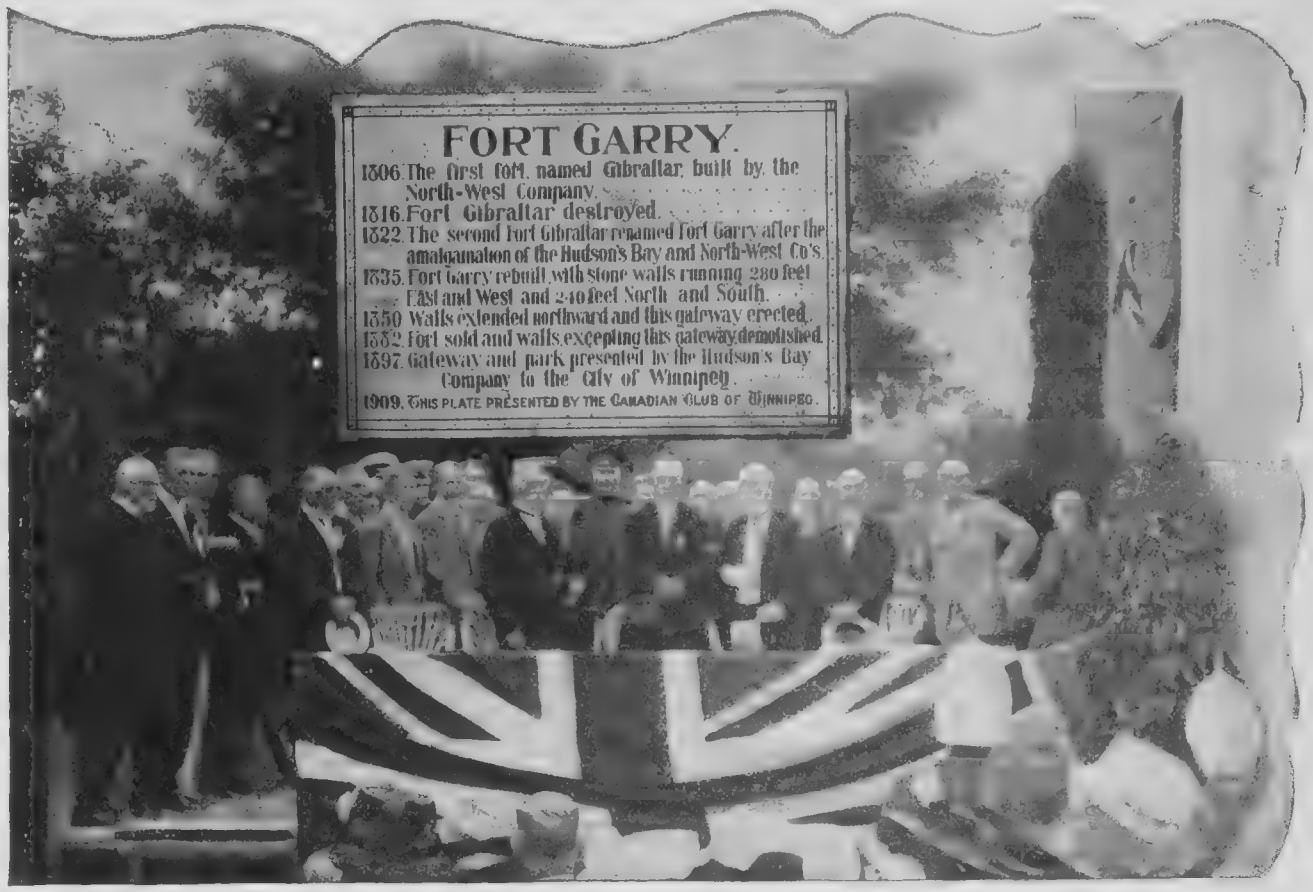
"The road system of France has been of far greater value to the conntry as a means of raising the value of land and of putting the small peasant proprietors in easy communication with the markets than have the railroads."

While it is impossible to assign an arbitrary per cent. or amount to represent the increase in land values by reason of road improvement, it is generally believed that the average increase per acre within the zone of influence of an improved road would be from two to nine dollars per acre. As there are about 850 million acres of farm lands improved and unimproved in the United States, the possibilities of aggregate increase in value are enormous.

In the crop-moving season, the railroads which traverse the great agricultural sections are taxed far beyond their equipment. For many months, while the country roads are impassable, much of this equipment is idle, and thus the railroads suffer a double loss. This cannot fail to affect dividends of stockholders and salaries of employees. With an adequate improvement of the common roads, the development of agricultural resources would be so great as to increase in a marked degree the annual tonnage of the railroads, while the means of access to the railroad stations would be so uniform throughout the year that the delivery of freight would be reasonably constant instead of spasmodic. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that the industrial departments of great railroad systems are co-operating to the fullest extent with all the other factors in bringing about the era of road building.

These figures constitute conclusive evidence of the immensity of traffic on the common roads. They do more; they give food for reflection as to where the cumulative losses in wear and tear of wagons, harness, and teams, due to poor roads will land us on the debit side. Nobody can even appoximately estimate this drain, but everybody must know it is in terms of millions.

The Schools Cadets' Bands, Winnipeg.



LORD STRATHCONA ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS.—This cut gives view of Lieut. Governor McMillan and others on the platform prior to Lord Strathcona unveiling the Tablet at Fort Garry Gateway park, August 1909.

The loss in dollars is serious enough for grave concern; but, when the additional charge is made that bad roads are a menace to our institutions, our health, and our educational development it constitutes an indictment of such gravity as to demand paramount consideration.

The rapid trend of population from country to city has been frequently commented upon as grave cause for concern. In 1790, only 3.4 per cent. of our population dwelt in cities; in 1850, 12.5 per cent.; while, in 1900, the percentage was 31.1 This explains why hundreds of millions of fertile acres remain untilled, while the unsanitary and unwholesome city tenements are crowded with human beings whose standard of living must result in their mental, moral, and physical decay. Man is a social animal and prefers misery and want rather than isolation, and the tenement dwellers will not go to the country, if by so doing they isolate themselves from their fellow men.

That the common road vitally affects this phase of American life must be apparent to even the casual observer. An examination of the statistics of population in counties possessing first-class roads will reveal the fact that in almost every case the population has increased, while the sections of country which have lost in population are conspicuous for impassable roads. In corroboration of this statement, a comparison of the reports of the Office of Public Roads with the reports of the United States Census for 1900 reveals the significant fact that, in 25 counties selected at random, possessing an average of only 1.5 per cent. improved roads in 1904, the decrease in population averaged 3,112 for each county for the ten-year period between 1890 and 1900. Contrasted with this showing, the records in 25 counties which possessed an average of 40 per cent. improved roads revealed an increase averaging 31,095 to the county.

Whether good roads cause good schools or vice versa, it is true that they exist together and that one of the most important reasons for good roads is their effect on school attendance in the country. If the country schools are to have a maximum efficiency in training and instruction, the children must be afforded facilities for reaching the schools with dry feet at all seasons of the year. Then the graded school can replace the little, one-room, one-teacher schools so prevalent in many sections of country. The possibilities of a region of improved roads are made apparent by the many examples of school wagons regularly gathering up the pupils and hauling them to and from school. When the roads are placed in such condition as to make this practice general, a tremendous impetus will have been given to education in the United States.

In the five states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio and Indiana, in which 34.92 per cent. of the roads are improved, 77 of each 100 pupils enrolled regularly attend the public schools. In the five states of Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Georgia, and South Dakota having only 1.5 per cent of improved roads, only 59 out of each 100 pupils enrolled regularly attend the public schools. Less directly attributable to, but equally noticeable in its common occurrence with, bad roads is the prevalence of illiteracy. Data obtained from the twelfth census of the United States and from investigations of the Office of Public Roads show that in four states with a population of over seven million people and having conspicuously bad roads, there were in 1900 about three hundred and seventy-five thousand white illiterates born of native parents; whereas in four states conspicuous for their good roads and having a population of more than six million, there were only twenty thousand illiterates. It would certainly seem that good transportation facilities are concomitant with good education. This is realized by prominent educators, and a rather general movement is under way among the engineering schools and colleges to devote more attention to the study of highway engineering, while in several of the states the question of teaching elementary road building in the public schools is being seriously agitated. In a few more years, the educators of the land may be making common cause with the farmers, the railroad companies, the automobilists, and the enlightened elements of our population generally, in the movement for better roads.

It is not generally realized that our 2,155,000 miles of road constitute a great source of disease. By means of dust, disease germs enter the human system. This is particularly true of tuberculosis germs. Roads of the future in great centres of population will be practically dustless, and the bituminous and other binders which will be used

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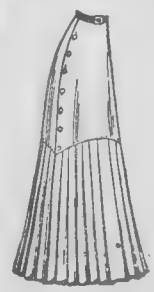

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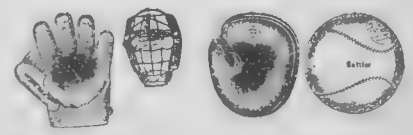

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A Rich 1909 Wheatfield near Calgary

in the construction of such roads will not only minimize the danger of disease by reducing the dust nuisance, but they are in a measure possessed of antiseptic properties. That this statement is not based on mere theoretical conclusions but is substantiated by actual proof is indicated by the following extract from a recent report of the medical officer of health for Southall-Horwood, England:

"I believe if the roads throughout the district were so treated it would minimize the incidence of certain ill nesses in the summer. Those competent to speak on the matter assert that a large part of the diarrhoea and sore-throat illness during the summer is due to microbial infection conveyed from dusty roads. In one or two towns the experiment has been made of treating the road surfaces, with some dust-laying substance, of certain streets in which the incidence of these complaints had been greatest, and the result was a marked decline in the sickness rates of these complaints in the particular area so treated, compared with those not treated."

There is no phase of life in the country, social or economic, which is not affected by good roads. There is a direct relation between improved highways and the vaule of land, the attendance of children at school, the health of the community, and everything else that tends to make life in the country efficient. And this, in turn, affects the people in the cities who live on the country products. It is a task—the maintenance of good roads—which affects every person in the country, no matter where he lives or what his profession.

The first requisite is a sufficient revenue. In order that America may set the world an unprecedented example of road building and maintenance, certain essential features must be provided. The first of these is an ample cash revenue. The total expenditure in money and labor in 1904 was about $80,000,000. This may appear to be a large sum, but, when divided among the 2,155,000 miles, it means an average per mile of only about $37. As only $60,000,000 of the total revenue was cash, it follows that the expenditure in cash per mile was only $28. England, with only 150,000 miles of road, spent last year more than $89,000,000, or an average of $593 per mile. Even though we substitute the cash tax for the $20,000,000, now being paid in labor and substitute good management for bad management, $80,000,000, is far from sufficient.

The present system of taxation, tried upon an unfair basis, cannot be expected to produce the best results. It is essential that the methods which are adopted for obtaining road revenues shall so distribute the burden that all parties and interests benefited shall contribute in proportion to their means and the advantages to be obtained. This will necessitate a general revision of road laws so as to provide for state appropriations to supplement county and township funds and an adjustment of taxation so that the cities, the great corporations, and the owners of automobiles will bear a considerable portion of the cost.

From time immemorial, localization has proven a totally inadequate policy in the administration of public roads. The interests of most of the counties and townships are too small, and the available revenues too meagre to admit of the continuous employment of skilled engineers and road builders to direct this kind of internal improvement. On the other hand, a centralization of authority and supervision in a state official is feasible and economical because the state can, for the benefit of counties, maintain a corps of competent highway engineers who will systematize and properly direct the work in each county, the total cost of this state department being so widely distributed as to rest lightly upon the individual counties. Centralization must, therefore, be a prominent factor in solving our road problems.

The first work to be done on the roads themselves is their classification.

Opposition on the part of ultra-conservatives to a general improvement of the public roads is frequently based upon the belief that the advocates of road improvement contemplate the surfacing with hard material of the entire 2,155,000 miles of road in the United States. They point to the fact that to macadamize two million miles at $5,000 a mile would cost ten billion dollars. That this is a mistaken view of the subject will be easily demonstrated when all of the country roads are classified according to traffic requirements. This classification, which is a prominent feature in all of the leading countries of Europe, contemplates the character and extent of improvement exactly adapted to the needs of traffic on each road. This classification will result in the elimination of many thousand miles of totally unnecessary roads and of many more thousand miles by relocation, straightening of curves, and various other expedients. It will demonstrate that inexpensive forms of construction are in many cases entirely adequate, and, in short, will enable the great work of building and maintaining the public roads to be carried forward rapidly, intelligently, and systematically.

Once classified, the proper kinds of roads can be built, but in the future they must be built by trained men.

Road building is an art based upon a science. In this age of specialists, it almost surpasses belief that the American people, so practical in all other lines of endeavor, should permit their golden millions to be frittered away by men who for the most part know little or nothing about either the science or the art of road building. There are to-day more than one hundred thousand petty road officials in the United States, each and all receiving compensation. Very few of these men devote more than a fraction of their time to road work, because their interests lie elsewhere and their daily compensation is too small to enable them to devote their entire time to the work. It is not surprising that a century and a quarter of this kind of supervision has resulted in the present chaotic condition of our public roads. The reforms that should take place will provide a comparatively small body of trained competent road builders devoting their entire time to continuous road work.

Not only must the roads be built by trained men, but they must be kept in repair.

It has been the universal practice in America to repair the roads at such times as will interfere least with individual duties, and this has cystallized into working the roads once or twice a year. So hard and fast has this custom become in many states that, even if costly macadamized roads are constructed at great expense, they are allowed to go to ruin because minor defects are permitted to go unrepaired until they result in practical destruction of the road.

No more admirable system of maintenance could be devised than that which is followed in France. Every mile of road is inspected daily, and the slightest defect repaired at its inspection. The maintenance of way departments of our great railroad systems do not provide a more thorough inspection of railroad tracks than do the French for their public roads. The changes which should come in the American system will mean the adoption of a continuous system of repair and a methodical inspection of all roads.

And the road building era has already begun; already great strides have been made in recent years toward bringing about these needed reforms in the road laws and administration, in providing more adequate revenues, and in devising methods of construction and maintenance adapted to the requirements of modern traffic.

In 1891, New Jersey adopted what is generally known as the state-aid plan by appropriating funds directly from the state treasury in aid of road building throughout the state, and of establishing a state highway department. Other states have followed the example of New Jersey, until at the present time every state north of Mason and Dixon's line (with the exception of Indiana), and in addition to these, the states of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, California, and Washington have adopted the principle of state aid; while the states of Oklahoma, Kansas, South Dakota, and Utah have taken steps in this direction. Every change that has been made by the legislatures in the states granting state-aid has been toward increases in the state appropriations and a broadening of the scope of the state highway departments. Thus we are heading rapidly toward the centralization so necessary to the accomplishment of this great work.

In the matter of providing sufficient cash revenues and eliminating the labor tax, great progress is now being made and still greater will come within the next few years. New York has made a total appropriation of more than fourteen million dollars; Massachusetts, nine; Pennsylvania, eight; Connecticut, six; Maryland, five; New Jersey, two; and Rhode Island's in nearly two million. In the last annual appropriation, Connecticut leads with nearly five millions; New York, three; Pennsylvania, one and a half; Maryland, one.

Virginia, Georgia, Illinois, and California are affording notable examples of the possibilities in the use of convict labor. Georgia, at the last session of its legislature, abolished the objectionable lease system and enacted new legislation, which, on April 1st, placed more than four thousand convicts at work throughout the state. Virginia is using state and county convict labor in improving the roads and has supplemented this aid by a state appropriation of $250,000. Illinois and California are successfully employing the convicts in the preparation of road material, which in Illinois is furnished the various localities upon payment of cost of tranceporation, while in California it is sold at a nominal figure.

The demand for competent supervision of road work is assuming concrete shape, probably the most striking example being that New York has provided for a civil-service examination to test the qualifications of candidates for the positions of highway engineer and supertendinent of road construction.

The National Government, through the Office of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture, is, by means of a great educational propaganda and scientific research and experiment, aiding materially in carrying forward this all-important work, and the service of its corps of engineers and experts are given free to the people of the United States.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

The Peterborough Lift Lock.

The next time you step into the druggist's take a good look at his scale as he weighs you out your three ounces of pickling spice. You will then have a pretty good idea of the working of the huge Peterborough Lift Lock—the big feature of the Trent Canal which is to cut 500 miles off the grain route between Port Arthur and Montreal.

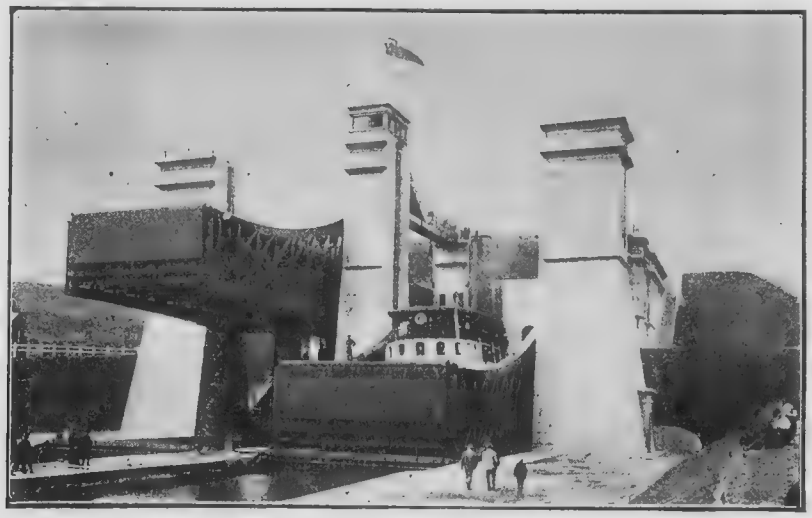
Imagine each one of the scale pans magnified to an enormous rectangle 140 feet long, 33 feet wide and 9 feet 10 inches deep—each resting on a cast iron cam—hollow but with a solid bottom—7½ feet in diameter. When the extra weight forces one side down—as the druggist's placing of the three ounce weight does—this ram plunges 65 feet into an iron press sunk 75 feet into the solid rock. Both rams and presses are built of cast iron a little over three inches thick, made and erected in sections. The presses are just enough larger than the rams to allow a space all around between the two of 1½ inches. This space when the ram is inside the press is filled with water which furnishes all the motive power for the lock.

In place of the long bar connecting the bases on which our small model pans rest there is in the lift lock a 12-inch iron pipe connecting the two presses. In the centre of the pipe is a valve which when closed makes each side entirely separate and this valve is controlled by a lever in the tower built high over the lock.

The pans of this scale being so enormous and unwieldy it was necessary to have some scheme to make them run straight when they make their 65-foot journey into the air. So they go up each between two towers—the middle one doing duty for both sides so that there are but three towers. On the top of the middle tower is built a glass enclosed room in which are all the levers which control the mechanism at once so powerful and so simple.

To understand the lock in operation, one must imagine a stretch of canal terminating abruptly at the big concrete embankment of another stretch which comes to this embankment 65 feet above the first and from the opposite direction. On a level with the lower stretch rests one of the big iron chambers or pontoons with the southern gate open to admit a boat coming toward it up the canal. High in the air, just the width of the tower, to one side, is the other pontoon—its iron support in full view but resting only on the water in its press. The northern gates of this pontoon are slowly dropped under the water and a boat coming down the canal sails over them into it.

Both boats are then made fast to the sides of the pontoons with ropes so that there shall be no moving in the pontoon.



Peterborough Lift Locks.
Showing boat lifted from lower to upper level.

All that keeps the waters of the upper reaches of the canal from making a picturesque but death dealing descent to the lower stretches—or the big boats from making a similar drop—are the gates at the exposed end and no chances are ever taken on the boats knocking those gates out. There are also elaborate devices for making the gates themselves secure and water tight.

The upper pontoon is always placed at such a level that the water in it is ten inches deeper than it is in the lower one. This is enough to play the part on a large scale of that three ounce weight. Everything is then ready for the man in the tower. He opens the valve in the cross pipe before described. There is then a passage for the water from one press to the other. The heavier pontoon now presses so heavily upon the water under it that that water is forced to do something. The only thing it can do is rush over into the other press where there is less pressure. The pressure of the water under the other pontoon becomes heavier than the pressure on it and in consequence the water forces the other pontoon up. So you have the whole secret.

The pontoons move so easily that unless one is watching one may easily go all the way up without being aware of any movement. They work rapidly, too—the whole process from the time a boat comes to the pontoon till it is safely out being about seven minutes.

Of course, there are many interesting details and devices for controlling the gates and the various valves and for generating the power to operate them. These one may see by a damp, dark journey into the bowels of the concrete structure which forms the basis of this lock. In the Peterborough lock, which is much the largest in the world, all the work is of concrete. But at Kirkfield, where there is the second one on this canal—having only a 48 foot lift as against 65 at Peterborough—the works are all of steel though the principle by which it works is precisely the same.

Of course the great value of such a lock as this is as a time saving device. Under the ordinary system of locks it would take at least four locks to replace this one and the best a boat could hope to do would be to spend an hour getting through them. Further the lift lock takes a boat up and down at the same time which the other locks cannot do. So that it can do two hours' work in seven minutes.

It cost about half a million dollars to build this lock but in accordance with the government's general policy for its canals there are no tolls whatever.

Peterborough Lift Locks.
Showing boat lowered from upper to lower level.

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Stop a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug.

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Browning and His Servants.

On a certain day Browning met one of his servants, whose joy it was to wait upon him, carrying a rather heavy basket of grapes and other fruits on her arm.

"Oh, Giuseppina," he cried, "Let me help you!"—and seized the basket suddenly from her hand.

The woman, overwhelmed by such condescension, protested. "Troppo onore, signore."

"Nonsense!" said the poet. "You are always helping me; won't you allow me for once to help you?"

Still the woman resisted, saying—"It is not for such as you, O signore!"

This was more than he could bear.

"We are all made of the same clay, Giuseppina"—and, gaining his point—for who could withstand his will?—he held one handle of the basket until they reached the palace door.

This same worthy woman is fond of relating a story of her master which illustrates another side of his character. He had paid her weekly account, and there remained one centesimo as change. The woman showed the little coin, saying shyly—"I cannot offer this trifle to the signore."

"Yes, my good Giuseppina," he said, taking it from her hand; "it is one thing to be just and another to be generous; you do right to return it.

"And not long after this," continues the woman, "he made me such a grand present."

Had a Trouserless Home.

An old woman from the country bought three boxes of matches from her grocer in town. It rained when she was going home, and the matches became so damp that not one of them would strike. On the following Saturday she took the matches back to the grocer, and upbraided him for selling such useless stuff. The grocer took out one or two, and struck them quite easily on the leg of his trousers, for by this time the matches had become perfectly dry. But the old woman did not think of this explanation, and exclaimed: "Tut tut, that's not good enough for me. I can't tramp six miles to your trousers every time I want to strike a match. Give me three boxes of a kind that I can light at home."

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50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet send 50c. and we will mail them. 34

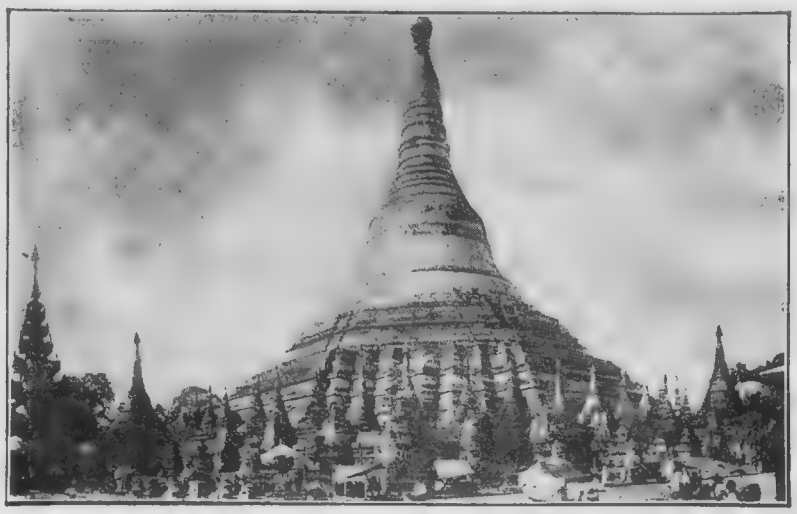
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, - - - - Montreal.

Pictures of the Empire--India.

By Herbert Dunk, Winnipeg.

In these days of wars and rumors of wars in the far East it is possibly not amiss to give some information and perhaps enlightenment to those whose eyes are directed towards that triangular piece of land set in the Indian Ocean and whose thoughts lead them through a maze of speculation as to its future.

Naturally enough these articles would be very differently written if coming from the pen of a native of India or from that object of Kipling's scorn—the Globe-Trotter—but they are by neither of these and will deal with India as viewed through that caricatured appurtenance of nationality—the eyeglass of a long-resident Englishman.



The Shive Dagon Pag da—Rangoon.

To thoroughly appreciate the present situation and make it clearer one is forced to go somewhat into what is generally considered as mere "dry as dust." Facts of geography and history and finance and commercial relations do not appeal to the majority of people but are as necessary in a subject like the present one as slices of lemon to hot whiskey toddies—you cannot understand either without them.

At the census of 1901, on which the writer was very actively engaged, there were 292 millions of people recorded as resident in British India and when these are split up into groups differing entirely from each other by reason of caste, or language, it can hardly be imagined what a surprising result would be obtained. It cannot be said that the various nations have mixed to any extent and to-day the Hindus—who numbered over 200 millions and are partly of Aryan or Indo—European stock—certainly Aryans by language—are as distinct from the Mahommedans who only totalled about 62½ millions as, say the French are from the Germans. Apart from these two great divisions there are in addition the followers of Gautama Buddha of whom the last census showed nearly 10 million adherents and the Parsees (or Zoroastrians) numbered about 100,000 and about 2½ millions of Sikhs (pronounced Seeks not Sykes). Amongst the tremendous number who know not God there were only about three millions of Christians—including, of course, people of every colour. The remainder of the Indian population is composed of small tribes and sects, such for instance as the Todras in the Neilgherry Hills.

It would be well possibly to break off here from dry statistics to give a very brief idea of the forms of the various Indian religions themselves. Taking Hinduism first therefore as the most important. The fount, one might say of this religion is composed of a triad of gods, the first of which is Brahma,—regarded as the creator of all things and the amoeba, one might say, from whom the whole universe has sprung. Brahma is not actually perhaps worshipped but viewed by his devotees as the subject of meditation.

The entrance to the Shive Dagon Pagoda—Rangoon.

Then the second of the triad is Vishnu—the Preserver—who passed a succession of incarnations the best known of which was that of Rama (of whom a most wonderful epic poem called the Ramayana has been written) and Krishna which was Vishnu's eighth and final incarnation and—speaking theosophically—his Mahatimna. This second deity is as it were the opposite of the last of the trinity, Shiva. The former being thought of as death from life and the latter as life from death. Shiva is the destroyer—the one who kills in order that he may make alive. This idea is represented in Psalm XC and at the third verse and the god's symbol is either the pistil of a flower or a cylindrical stone—emblematical of the source of all power in nature. The whole religion is to a large extent meditative and it is surprising to learn how the various deities are regarded in anything but an abstract or spiritual form, but are looked upon with an intensely personal view.

After dealing so briefly with Hinduism and, concerning which, volumes might be written, there next follows for treatment the subject of Mohammedanism. As every one knows Mohamet, who was born in A.D. 571 and died in

A.D. 631, was the founder and originator of this religion. During the first years of his life when no one but his wife, Kadijah, had any faith in his preachings, Mohamet only made thirteen converts in three years, and after offending all the rich people of his land in order to escape being murdered he fled to Medina when over fifty, and there organized an army to combat with those who were against him. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" is worth referring to on this subject, and he there regards Mohammedanism as a bastard Christanity, but Islamism, originating perhaps with the old banner of Mohammed's army on which was designed the words, "God is Great," is now professed by over two hundred millions of the human race. The memory of Mohammed's flight in A.D. 622, has been kept alive ever since Caliph Omar based that date as the beginning of the Mohammedan Calandar, and to-day pilgrimages are made to Mecca by good Mohammedans who then become entitled to prefix the title "Haji" to their names.

Very little more can be said in this article about this religion except briefly that it is largely derived from the old Judaism and certain Christian ideas have also been incorporated with it. It would doubtless surprise many of our most earnest Christians to see every Mohammedan wash and pray five times a day no matter where he may be—by the roadside or the verandah of your house, he will produce his strip of carpet and turn his face towards where the small black stone—probably a meteorite—lies in the Caaba in Mecca, and then on his knees perform his devotions, first bending his head this way and then that and then forwards so that his forehead touches the ground.

We now have to consider Buddhism which numbers in the whole of the East, it is estimated about three hundred and fifty millions of adherents. Sakya—Muni or Gautama Buddha was a Hindu born about the 5th Cent. B. C.,—the son of a King and the founder of what was undoubtedly originally a true and beautiful form of ethics. Buddha, we understand, was a man of high and lofty ideals and one who set his mind in contemplation of the vanity of existence and in considering the future of man's soul. Despite many temptations set to lure him away from these paths of thought he worked out under the Bo-tree, after he had set himself apart from the world, a code of morals which had as their object the salvation of mankind. Briefly, Buddism as practised at the present day relieves the mind of speculation regarding God and the end in view is the ultimate merging, by a series of transmigrations of the soul of man in the unity of the Being. And the doctrines of the religion teach that the trend of the soul must be ever upward and onward or else destruction will follow. The final home of the individual spirit is Nirvana to which no one can hope to attain until every passion and desire have been mortified, but sadly to relate these beautiful beliefs have to a large extent become mere formalities and much has grown up within the religion itself which might very well be extirpated. Without question those who have learnt anything of the religion itself will know that these more modern cancerous growths may be laid at the door of zealots who introduced many obnoxious things into the religion long after the death of Buddha, and of course, when the evil had once crept in, it required another Buddha to remove them. It is known that Buddha himself composed no sacred writings, but three centuries after his death his teachings were compiled in three canonical books called the Tripitaka and made up of the Sutras on discipline—the Vinaya on doctrine and the Abidharma on Metaphysics. These books are written—at least so far as Burmah is concerned—not in the ordinary Burmese but—imagine it—in a special sacred language called Pali. It is hoped that in another article a few interesting details may be given concerning this religion and certain forms and ceremonies of worship and doctrinal principles.

Merely a handful, compared with the other religions, of the followers of Zoroaster are to be found in India and indeed they are confined mainly to the Bombay Presidency—a Presidency corresponding somewhat to our Canadian Province. Generally speaking, the Parsees (which is a corruption of the word Persia where the founder of the religion lived) are a wealthy community and may be easily distinguished by their style of dress—the men especially wearing a peculiar headgear looking somewhat like our own silk hats for height but bent down at the back towards the centre of the head, and made of some shiney material very much like American cloth.

Zoroaster (although he is also referred to by other names) it is known was born in Bactria but the details—even as to the date when he flourished are very meagre. It is thought, however that he lived about 800 B. C. and then established a purely Monotheistic religion though some believe his beliefs were Manechaestic in nature—that is a dualistic doctrine having for its foundation the idea that the universe was made of two antagonistic principles, the one good as God and the Light—the other evil—as the devil and darkness. But be that as it may the majority of people believe that this dualism was a mere corruption of the Zoroastrian principles and not those of the founder himself. The religion of the Parsees as it exists to-day is undoubtedly deistic having the sun as its centre and fire as emblematical of it. It is an interesting sight to see the male Parsees in Bombay walk up and down on the sea shore and pay their homage and carry out their dovotions to the rising and to the setting sun. Most people have heard of the Towers of Silence in which the Parsees throw their dead until their bones are picked clean by the swarms of vultures which are for ever ready—although far beyond the sight of mortal eye—to come down from the blueness in clouds to carry out this gruesome work thus left to them. It is true that when nothing but the skeleton of the departed is left the bones are removed and buried in some subterranean cavern but those who have seen the Towers of Silence and the great red-headed cruel-looking vultures must always remember the sight and recall the Biblical reference of "where the body is there will be eagles be gathered together."

And, lastly, there are the Sikhs, who are essentially a military people as well as a religious people. They were founded by Baber Narak in the Fifteenth Century and the beliefs they adopted were those of the Hindus but a purified form of the older religion and one in which the existing superstitions and grosser practices were eradicated. The Sikhs have always been England's most faithful allies and the history of the Indian Mutiny shows how well they stood for us against their own colour.

It will be seen from the above very brief outlines of the most prominent of the Indian religions the tremendous differences of thought and the relationship in which each division regards itself to the unseen world. It will scarcely need pointing out that the diversities of belief are as wide apart as the poles and this is a most important factor to take into consideration when reviewing the Government of India. It possibly has occurred to but few people that the ruling of three hundred millions of people has only been at all possible by the knowledge that an insurrection of the devotees of one religion would immediately set those of another against them. Most people are aware that the recent troubles in India were brought about in the first instance by the partition of Bengal, but further reference to this subject will have to be made at some other time. As a conclusion to this article one would desire to give an example of what the Indian poetry is like. An anthem which was resurrected— it might be said—at the time of the trouble and which was on the lips of perhaps millions of Bengalis—"Bande Mataram" or "Hail Motherland" has been translated by a member of the India Civil Service and runs as follows:—

"My motherland I sing
Her splendid streams, her glorious trees,
The zephyr from far off Vindyan heights
Her fields of waving corn,
The rapturous radiance of her moonlit nights,
The trees in flower that flame afar,
The smiling days that sweetly vocal are,
The happy, blessed, motherland.
Her will by seventy million throats extolled
Her power twice seventy million arms unhold,
Her strength let no man scorn.
Thou art my head, thou art my heart,
My life and soul art thou,
My song, my worship and my art,
Before thy feet I bow,
As Durga, scourge of all thy foes
As Lakshmi, bowered in the flower,
That in the water grows,
As Bani, wisdom, power;
The source of all our might,
Our every temple doth thy form uphold.
Unequalled, tender, happy, pure,
Of splendid streams, of glorious trees,
My motherland I sing,
The stainless charms that oer endure
And verdant banks and wholesome breeze,
That with her praises sing.

And after reading this, believe me, to thoroughly appreciate its beauty one must hear it in the stirring grandeur of the original language in which it is written.

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The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

LIFE IS NOT A JOKE.

Life is not a joke—not even a practical joke. We admire the man who has an element of saving humor in his make-up, but heaven save us from the joking man—the joking preacher, the joking lawyer and the joking insurance agent. Life is not a joke The most dignified thing in the universe is an earnest man. Certainly a preacher can afford to be in earnest. Listen to the words of an American divine: "It is solemn business, this preaching and singing to those, grave-bound, judgment-day-going, who must "forever live in rapture or in woe." I stood one day in an operating room when one of the distinguished surgeons of the land was to cut into the body of a young woman, cut right near the heart, in order to remove a particle of diseased tissue. I, too, was required to carefully wash my hands and face and don, like all the others in attendance, a white robe and cap and stand motionless as possible. There was no comment, no laughing, no, not even smiling; not a word was spoken, scarcely a whisper. All were profoundly serious and intent on saving the life of that woman."

THE DIVINE PLAN.

The divine plan?—What do you know about the divine plan?—nothing! But it is because I know so little about it that I have such a profound respect for it. I am sure that God must have a plan. I cannot preside over the affairs of a small church successfully without a plan. The master genius of the universe must have a plan, and I, though the most insignificant individual on the planet, must have a place in the divine plan. Look for the plan of Jehovah and try and take your place in it even though the road is rough. I quote: After the battle of Worth, 1773, Frederick III. said to Freytag, with deep feeling: "I abhor this butchery; I have never striven for a soldier's honors; I should have left military glory to another without any feeling of envy. Yet it has been my fate to pass from one war to another, and from one battlefield to another, and to wade through human blood before I mount the throne of my ancestors."

AN INSTINCT.

Love for beauty belongs to the eye—it will last until the last living eye has been plucked from the human physiogonomy. Love for music belongs to the ear—it will last until the last earthy sound has broken upon the framework of the human ear. Love for love and desire for affection belongs to the heart and it will last until the last human heart has ceased to beat forever. The desire for immortality belongs to the soul and it will endure until the spirit of the last man stands naked and alone in the presence of the infinite. I ask for no argument for immortality—my soul tells me that I shall live forever. From an open book on my lap I quote the words: "Dr. Paulus, a professor at Heidelberg, was an atheist who denied immortality and the supernatural. When his final illness began he said he was about to die, and that that would be the end of him. For hours he lay in coma—no word, no look, no sign. It was supposed he would never rouse from that stupor. All at once his eyes opened and gazed at the ceiling as if he saw something those about him could not see; raising his head, he said distinctly, "There is another life"; in a moment he was gone."

WRATH.

Wrath is a cruel thing. It blinds the soul. Wrath looks through blood-shot eyes and everything in the world seems as red as its own anger and as crimson as its own flaming indignation. Uncontrollable wrath is the nearest sane approach to insanity which is possible on the safe side of an unbalanced mentality. An English periodical remarks: "There are moments when anger surges in men and they see red. Then the slightest touch may liberate the madness that wrecks the labor of a lifetime. Europe has not forgotten the circumstances attending the resignation of M. Clemenceau last July, when in a fierce personal encounter with M. Delcasse he alienated his supporters and encountered defeat. Many a man saw in the incident an image of some event in his own life, when his career was permanently crippled. Rather than deny himself the gratification of his pride or anger, he has injured and disfigured life for himself and others."

YOUTH AND AGE.

Health means a perfect balance between mind and body. Too much muscle means heart failure; too much nerve means brain failure; a perfect balance between brain and body means well nigh perfect health. Dr. Osler has become famous for his suggestion concerning the usefulness of a man after he has passed the dead line of forty; but his own life contradicts the theory. A writer in the Wide Wide World remarks: "It has been his fate to give the most striking possible refutation of his own theory of old age, a theory, by the way, which merely sprang from an ebullition of post-prandial jocosity. At sixty-one he is a marvel of youthful vitality and elasticity. He brings with him into the musty lecture-room and pedantic common-rooms of Oxford a fresh breeze of virility and optimism and large humanity. He has shaken our old men, and sounded the charge to our young men, in the army of medicine, and, by the charm of his personality, he has wrought new links to bind together the old world and the new.

IRON CLAD.

The soul is an ironclad. No cyclone can reach it, no tornado can touch it, no catastrophe can harm it, no accident can hurt it, and no incident can effect it. Even though we go down at last in an earthly defeat, the soul shall survive in glorious victory. This paragraph comes to me with the power of an inspiration: "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me." I do not know by whom the poem "Invictus" was written, nor out of what blackness of suffering and struggle its sturdy challenge came, but I know that it is a true battle cry from the indomitable heart of courage of the ever undefeated man.

"Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms up the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid."

"TOOK IN" BOARDERS.

The Bible of Human Biography is the biggest bible in the world. Read Biography! Read autobiography! So commands Thomas Carlyle. Read the biographies of the great and you will learn to respect the struggles of the poor and the patience of the humble. Did you know that the mother of Ralph Waldo Emerson took in boarders? By the following quotation I affirm it: "The parsonage where Emerson spent his early years had an orchard of some two or three acres. After his father's death, his mother moved to another street and kept boarders. The house was but a short distance from the common, and thither Waldo and his brother drove their mother's cow to pasture. At the age of eight, Waldo entered the public grammar school, and soon afterward the Latin school, where, at the age of eleven, he turned Virgil into readable English, loved the study of Greek, was fond of reading history and frequently wrote verses.

THE KEY-HOLE TEST.

A certain writer has well said that character is, "in the dark." What a man is "when nobody is looking" is the real man. What does the preacher do on his vacation? What does the student do when away from home? What does the merchant do when in New York? Can you stand "the Key-Hole test" which was applied to Oliver Cromwell? The Expositor has something to the point: "Oliver Cromwell was once lodging in Knaresborough. A young maiden of the house was ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed. When she went out she stopped and peeped through the keyhole, having a natural curiosity to see what so great a man would do. She saw him rise from his seat, advance towards the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude he remained some time. After a while she went away, but again returned, finding him in the same position. How many of us could stand the keyhole test?"

END OF CHAPTER.

The sad thing about a fast young man is the fact that he gets to the end of himself so quick. All things have an end. The end of the sensualist is moving just as rapidly toward him as he is moving toward it. When the end comes, it comes suddenly. Everybody expects it except the man himself. Nobody is surprised except the man himself. Early in life he sold himself and when Nature says: "Deliver the goods!" He stands aghast. And yet the goods are delivered and the result is unchangeable—as unchangeable as character, fate and destiny. From a readable book I cull the following prose and poetry: "According to the legend, Faust engaged to surrender his soul to the Evil One if he would spare him for twenty-four years to live in all voluptuousness, give him whatever he might ask, slay all his enemies, and aid all his friends. Such was the compact, signed with Faust's life-blood—a soul for twenty-four years of pleasure and unbridled license. The twenty-four years soon sped, and then he confessed he had made a miserable bargain and wasted his life. Alas, that so many still recklessly sign the devil's bond!

"Lo, one stands yonder waiting with the bill:
'Master, thy soul!—mine by indenture clear.

"Rejoice, O young man! give thy heart its lust
Of cates and delicates; yea, wreathe the bowl,
And bid thy laughing lady kiss thee fond:
Take thy good year: the fiend denies not trust:
Only remember that thou hast sign'd the bond,
Nor in due season grudge to pay thy soul."

FACE IT.

Are you looking for ideal conditions; then you are looking for something which is hard to find. The only man who is blessed with ideal conditions, nine times out of ten, is the man who has created them for himself. The ideal must be carved out of the real and the real, to begin with, is never ideal. An English writer in dealing with this thought says: "If," says Thomas a Kempis, "you throw away one cross, you will beyond doubt find another, and perhaps a heavier." It is wonderful to me how many of the best things in my life have grown out of quiet acceptance of untoward and unpleasant circumstances.

WHEN TIME HANGS HEAVY.

When time hangs heavy we immediately prepare for its execution. We read a novel to "kill" time. We arrange an outing to kill time. We provide a program for the evening to "kill" time. We meditate upon the arrangement of some social affair to "kill" time. Novels are good, social gatherings furnish an opportunity for relaxation, and evening parties afford an opportunity to keep in touch with the world but a mental indifference to the value of time is an insult to Eternity.

There will come a time in the experience of your soul when the only treasure you will covet will be Time. The youth of twenty may fritter away his hours but the man of forty begins to realize that the highest measure of value is not expressed in gold or radium but in—Time. In Cowley's essay, "The Danger of Procrastination," we find these words: "There is no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty."

BUILDING MATERIAL.

These are the days of steel construction and reinforced cement. Edifices can be constructed which even an earthquake cannot move, and foundations can be laid which only dynamite can disturb, but let us remember that society must be built on character and the only material out of which it can be constructed is genuine manhood. The Boston Congregationalist in an article on "Foundation Men" remarks: "The fathers had ways of doing things that to-day seem quaint and even queer, but that suggest some useful lessons for us more modern moderns. In the records of Westfield, Mass., it is narrated, under the date of 1579, that one day in June "the church was organized and Mr. Taylor ordained. Seven men were selected to be formed into a church called foundation men." It is also incidentally remarked that one Thomas Green was chosen, but declined. He was afterwards admitted to the church without narrating his experience, because he was so "decayed by age that it was hard to gather it." Every church must have its "foundation men."

CHURCH MATTERS.

If you cannot find your way clear to join a church see to it that you help to support one. Your life is safer, your property more valuable and the influences thrown about your family, better and higher, because there is a church in your neighborhood. Church support will afford you splendid moral insurance at an exceedingly low rate. An exchange remarks, concerning Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Dr. Holmes was fond of church-going; he found, he said, that there was in the corner of his heart a plant called reverence, which wanted to be watered once a week. "I am a regular church-goer. I should go for various reasons, if I did not love it; but I am happy enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept all their creeds or not." His Sunday home for half a century was King's Chapel, at the corner of Tremont Street, in Boston. There he was married, there all his children were christened, and from that church his wife was buried, and he himself was carried through its door to his last resting-place."

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Official Opening of St. Andrew's Locks.

The Western Provinces are, at the present, honored by a visit from The Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's Prime Minister, and irrespective of party, all Westerners will join in giving a warm welcome to Canada's first citizen.

The Premier addressing the Assembly.

Sir Wilfrid entered the public life of the country some 40 years ago and for 14 years has guided the destiny of its government. After these years of service and strenuous activity the Premier manifested wonderful virility in every movement, and has addressed great gatherings along the route with all his old time vigor and graces. It is the universal wish that for many years longer he may be spared to continue his services to his country.

The Premier is accompanied on his trip by two important members of his Cabinet, the Hon. Dr. Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, and Hon. Geo. P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals.

Among the many important functions in which the Premier took part since coming West, was the formal opening of St. Andrew's Locks on July 14th. The formal act was performed by Hon. Dr. Pugsley. Mr. F. W. Drewry, President of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, was also a speaker, and emphasized the importance of the undertaking to Winnipeg and Western Canada. Much of the credit for what had been accomplished was due, he declared, to the present Minister of Public Works, and the gratitude of the people of this country was due to that honorable gentleman, who had taken charge of a project that had waited for years and rushed it through to a successful completion.

In his address, Sir Wilfrid said: "I think I shall meet the wishes of those who are before me if I first congratulate my friend and colleague, Dr. Pugsley, the Minister of Public Works, upon the efficient and remarkable manner in which he has finished this structure. I have the testimony of engineers that this is one of the finest works of its character to be found on the American Continent, not to speak of the Old World. I also offer my congratulation to the city of Winnipeg that at last a long felt want has been fulfilled. The province of Manitoba has been represented in the House of Commons for more than 40 years; I have been there myself for 36 years, and during those 36 years not one session has passed but I have heard of the lock to be built at the St. Andrew's rapids of the Red River. It has taken a long time to come, but it has come, and it is perhaps a pardonable pride for me to say that it has come under the Laurier government. (Cheers.)

"As we were passing down this stream, as we came past the church of St. Andrew's, famous in the annals of this territory of the past, as we passed by the still more famous church of Kildonan, I asked myself what would be the astonishment and wonder of the old fur traders of the past, McTavish, Alexander McKenzie, and the last of them all, Lord Strathcona, if they were to come here and see this wonderful achievement.

Their days were the days of primitive navigation. When they came to this rapid they had to unload their canoes, put the canoe on their heads and take it over to the other side of the rapids to get clear water, but today you can take your boats with a draught of nine feet of water and a clear space of navigation of 300 miles before you This is some achievement. It is something of which we have reason to be proud. But sir, it is not all. It is only the beginning of what is to be done. It is only the commencement of what is before us. We have opened the Red River up to Lake Winnipeg, and it now remains for my friend, Dr. Pugsley, to open the Saskatchewan river from Edmonton to Winnipeg. (Cheers.) I am glad to say that already my friend, the minister of public works, is already at this work. He has engineers in the field, already surveying the Saskatchewan river, and before many years are over I hold that we shall witness such a thing as has been witnessed to-day—that is to say the opening to navigation of the Saskatchewan river up to the city of Winnipeg, and if God spares me and if the grace of God and the will of the people keeps me where I am, I am sure I shall see the day when a barge laden with coal at Edmonton, nay, at the very foot of the Rocky Mountains, will be unloaded at Winnipeg without breaking bulk on the way.

"Do not tell me that this is impossible. It is not impossible. One day the great Napoleon gave an order to his general, and the general answered: 'Sir, I cannot do that, it is impossible.' 'Impossible,' said the great Napoleon, 'the word impossible is not to be found in the French Dictionary.' And I say," continued Sir Wilfrid, "the word impossible is not to be found in the language of the West. (Cheers.) Therefore we shall accomplish this. Sir, we do not know the possibilities of our country. We do not know yet what we shall accomplish in the future, When French Canada was discovered by the French adventurers in the 16th century, the French crown did not believe that it was worth spending any time and blood to retain the country to the French crown, and when it was lost by the French to the English crown, notwithstanding the fight of her gallant generals, one of the chief officials of that day said, 'Oh, France has only lost a few acres of snow.'

"We have since found out that those few acres of snow made one of the most fertile countries under the sun. (Cheers). When Sir John A. Macdonald acquired these North West Territories from the Hudson Bay, many croakers told us that never a bushel of wheat would be grown in the valley of the Red River and the valley of the Saskatchewan. Last year the export of wheat from the valleys of the two rivers was 75,000,000 bushels, and only the other day a member of my cabinet, speaking in London, stated that within a few years these western provinces will produce no less than one billion bushels of wheat. I concur with that view. This will give the outside world an idea of the possibilities before the West. At the present we are only on the fringe of it. A motto we have in the East is 'Hope on, hope ever?' I bring it to you, although I know that it is in you more than it is in myself." (Loud Cheers.)

The Hon. W. Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, also spoke. He said that Sir Wilfrid was not speaking without proper foundation when he spoke so highly of the scheme of getting a waterway between Edmonton and Winnipeg. The hope that there

RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER, G.C.M.G.
Prime Minister of Canada.

would be one time, and in a few years too, a waterway from the foot of the Rocky mountains to Winnipeg was a good one.

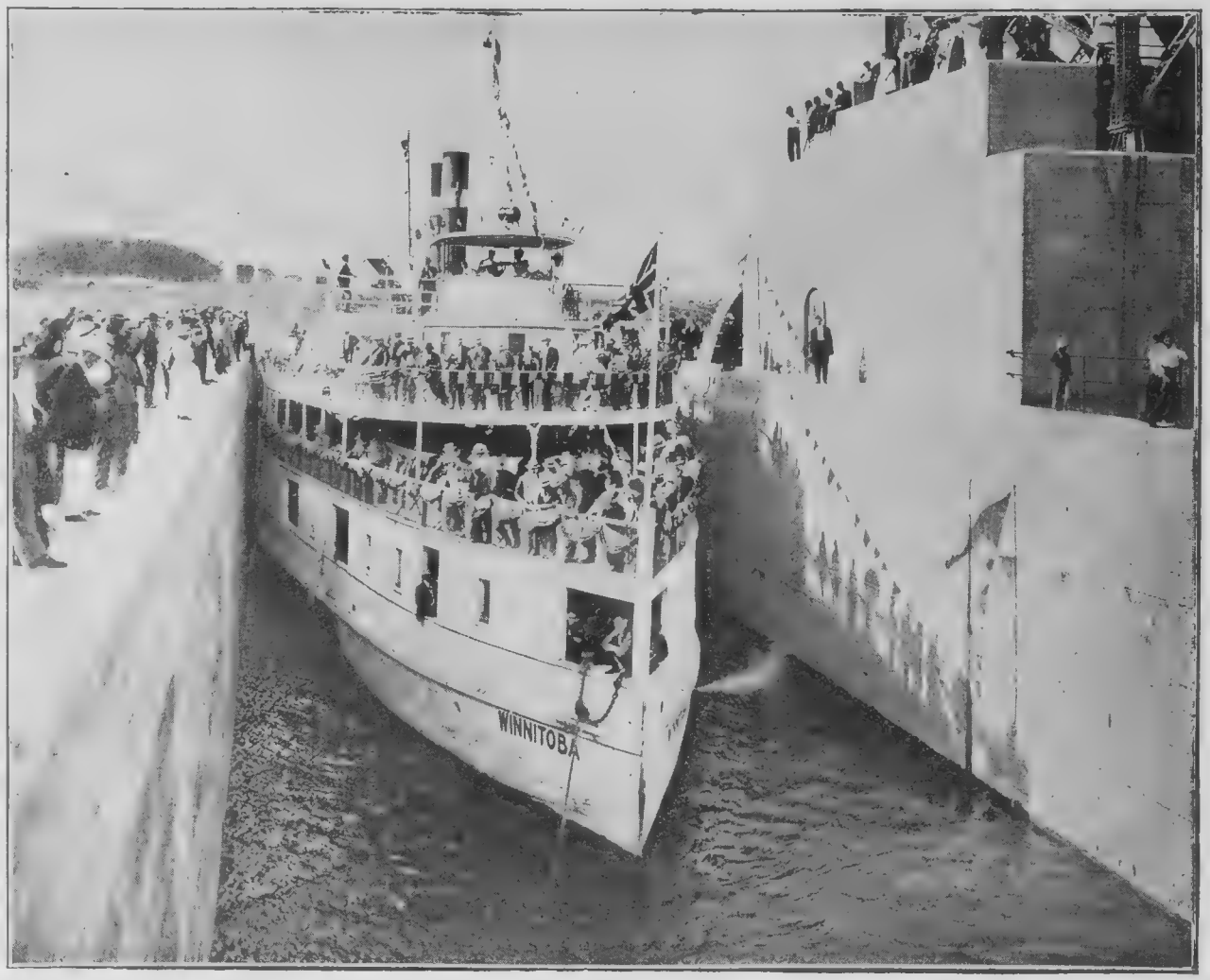
"I believe the scheme is practicable," he said; "what is more, I do not think it is going to cost a great deal of money. I want to say also that where the Saskatchewan river joins Lake Winnipeg there is a magnificent waterway —one of the greatest in the world." In conclusion Mr. Pugsley said he thought the present structure was one of the best pieces of engineering work on the American continent. He formally declared the locks open amidst great applause.

When Mr. Conmee introduced his famous Bill into the House of Commons, he contemplated nothing less than handing over to a private company the control of a system of lakes and rivers, which might with little trouble be so connected as to form a waterway from Lake Superior to Edmonton. There was included also as part of the system a route from Brandon to Lake Winnipeg to connect with the main route. It is fortunate for Canada that the Conservation Commission exerted its influence just in time. There is no reason why any private company should own, control or limit in any way the trade over such a route. If such a route is possible, it should be constructed, operated and controlled by the people.

Mr. Conmee's Bill, however, called attention to a great possibility. No doubt in the course of time this possibility will become a reality. There are parts of the system which in our own day we can hope to see in operation. One of these is a water route from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

The first step in the construction of this route has just been completed. St. Andrew's Locks on the Red River were officially opened this month, and with similar works on the Saskatchewan, and some dredging and clearing of passages, boats of no small tonnage can go from the capital city of Alberta to the capital city of Manitoba.

Apart altogether from this, the value of St. Andrew's Lock to the city of Winnipeg can scarcely be estimated. To have Lake Winnipeg with all its connecting waters within easy reach will mean a saving in fuel alone of hundreds of thousands of dollars each year. Unsettled districts along the lakes and rivers will now open up since it is possible for settlers to secure the supplies that are necessary for the pioneer. When a route is for the advantage of both city and country there are few who will not recommend such construction as will render it workable. Up to the present the northern section of Manitoba has not been open to settlement, although there are thousands of acres of valuable land.



The Winnitoba in the Lock.

The Government Steamship Lady of the Lake leaving locks with Cabinet Ministers after Ceremony.

Fair Play.

A group of drummers were trading yarns on the subject of hospitality, says "Lippincott's Magazine," when one of them took up his parable thus:

"I was down in Louisiana last month travelin' cross country when we kinder got lost in a lonesome sort of road just about dark, and when we saw a light ahead I tell you it looked first rate. We drove up to the light, findin' 'twas a house, and when I hollered the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard, then said, 'Wall, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.'

"So we unhitched, went in, and found 'twas only a two-room shanty and just swarmin' with children. He had six from four to 'leven years old, and as there didn't seem to be but one bed, me an' Stony was wonderin' what in thunder would become of us.

"They gave us supper, and then the old woman put the two youngest kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took those out, laid them over in the corner, put the next two to bed, and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor the old folks went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted to, and, bein' powerful tired out, we did.

"Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we was lying over in the corner with the kids and the old man and the old woman had the bed!"

There are mair foxes than there are holes for.

"Soor Plums!" quo the toad, when he couldna climb the tree.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.— When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE LEADING INDUSTRY OF CANADA.

A bulletin recently issued by the Census Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture places the number of people in Canada between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five at 3,213,663, of whom 1,652,990 are males and 1,560,673 are females. The bulletin deals with the occupations of 1,615,521 males and 250,698 females, or 1,866,129 persons, and shows the total number engaged in agriculture to be 716,937. Of these, 707,997 are males, only 72,696 of whom are working for wages. The great majority of the remainder, 635,301, own their farms as well as work them. The percentage of females in agricultural pursuits who are in receipt of wages is very small, only 92, out of a total of 8,940 being so classified. The average yearly wage of farm help, according to this bulletin, is a little more than $206, but in the majority of cases the farm hand is employed only a portion of the year. The total annual amount of wages paid is placed at $15,101,976. In the mechanical and manufacturing industries of the Dominion 389,873 persons are engaged, being half as many as are engaged in agriculture. The earnings of these 389,873 persons last year totalled $100,708,217. Only 275,663 are described as earners, so that the yearly annual wage, taking men, women and children together, is a little more than $365.

PROVIDING FOR A REGENCY.

King George is a robust and healthy man, still on the sunny side of middle age, and it may seem strange that the British Parliament should be exercising itself over a Regency Bill. Yet one of the serious duties of Parliament at the commencement of a new reign is to make provision for a regency, to the end that there shall be no confusion in the realm in the event of the monarch dying suddenly with no successor of the age to take up the responsibilities of the Crown. The Bill to make Queen Mary the Regent during the minority of the heir apparent, in the event of the King's death, has been submitted to Parliament by the Ministers and is another manifestation of the preponderance of Parliament in the realm and of the fact that the title to the Crown is a Parliamentary title. If, as happily there is no reason to fear, King George should die before the Prince of Wales became of age, Queen Mary, as Regent and Guardian of the Prince, who is now under eighteen years of age, would be called upon to do most of the things a reigning monarch of Great Britain does, but not all. She would be forbidden, for example, to give the Royal Assent to any Bill for repealing, changing or in any way varying the order or course of succession to the Crown, as established by the Act of Settlement in 1688. There is no danger of Parliament enacting, or Queen Mary approving, any legislation invalidating the title of the House of Hanover to the British Crown. Nevertheless, the idea is to leave nothing to chance. It is stipulated in the Regency Bill that the Regent shall have no power whatever to repeal the fundamental laws of Great Britain, including the securing to Scotland of the Presbyterian religion. The Bill further declares that if Queen Mary, during her Regency, should marry a Roman Catholic, or be reconciled to, or hold communion with, the See or Church of Rome, her power and authority as Regent shall then and there cease. Everything is settled on the principle that the title of the reigning dynasty to the Crown is absolutely the creation of Parliament, and that what Parliament has created it is the right and duty of Parliament to regulate.

CANADIAN CATTLE AND THE BRITISH MARKET.

The rising prices of meat have revived the agitation in Great Britain for the lifting of the embargo on Canadian live cattle. Mr. Walter Long said in 1896, as President of the British Board of Agriculture—or, as we should say, Minister of Agriculture—that "if the British stock breeders were given security against disease, the supply of 'store' cattle would very soon meet the demand." But, as a matter of fact, the prohibition of the importation of live cattle into Great Britain, on the ground that such importation is necessary in order to protect British herds from diseases, has not stimulated cattle raising in Great Britain, as predicted by Mr. Long. The number of cattle in Great Britain in 1891 was 6,852,821; in 1909 it was 7,921,153, an increase of only 168,332 in fifteen years. Under the existing law, Great Britain depends for its supply of "store" cattle upon Ireland alone. In a single year Ireland sends about 800,000 cattle across St. George's Channel. The total number of cattle in Ireland in 1908, the latest year for which the official statistics are available, was 4,792,000. But can Ireland be depended upon for a permanent supply. A writer in the London Daily News thinks not. There is at present a movement in Ireland in favor of fattening the cattle now sent over to Great Britain as "stores," and with that end in view the extension of tillage is being encouraged. When Ireland takes to fattening its cattle on anything like an extensive scale, it will also do the killing, in order to profit by the valuable by-products of the abattoir. From 1880 to 1890 cattle to the number of 1,300,000 were landed in Great Britain from Canada. From 1890 to 1892, when live cattle, no matter where they came from, were barred out from Great Britain, as they still are, the number of Canadian cattle landed in British ports was 200,000. Cattle from the United States, except for slaughter at the port of landing, have been excluded from Great Britain since 1809, and Argentine cattle have never been admitted, except for slaughter. There are strong arguments for the relaxation of the embargo against Canada, at least. Our dead meat trade with Great Britain has not grown as rapidly as that of the United States or of Argentina, and the admission of Canadian live cattle into Great Britain would confer an immediate benefit on the farmers of Canada; and the consumers in Great Britain would also benefit.

REMOVING AN AMERICAN MISCONCEPTION.

Whether or not the hundred years of peace between the two great branches of the English-speaking family will be celebrated in a formal manner in 1914, there will assuredly, by that date, be a still better understanding prevailing between the people of the British Empire and the people of the United States. The entrance of the United States into world politics, which happened about the same time as the waking up of the people of the United States to the fact that another great nation on the same continent is progressing with giant strides, has effected a great amount of educational progress, and the interchange of travel has further softened the asperities that used to some extent mar Anglo-Saxon relations. One of the most abiding of American misconceptions seems now to be in the way of disappearing. That misconception has been in connection with British rule in India. Only a couple of months ago it was in evidence, when the Gaekwar of Baroda, when he was in New York, after his trip through Canada, was pictured as an example of the vast possibilities of free, active, self-rule in India, and was at the same time assured by some of the newspapers in the United States that British rule in India was near its end. In the current North American Review, there appears the first of a series of articles upon the British in India, from no less authoritative a hand than that of Lord Curzon, the Ex-Viceroy. It has the place of honor in the Review, is prefaced by a strongly complimentary notice by the Editor, and is written by a man whose personality is peculiarly calculated to attract American sympathy. Significant, too, is the fact that these articles follow close upon several important pronouncements by Mr. Roosevelt in endorsation of British administrative methods towards the races in tutelage. Lord Curzon makes it plain that his purpose in writing is to clear the minds of Americans of a number of misconceptions, and his first article is certainly a very enlightening one. With the Irish question in sight of settlement and the legend of barbarity in India and Egypt effectively disposed of by the testimony of such men as Lord Curzon and Ex-President Roosevelt, the people of the United States will soon be drifting peacefully into the belief that perhaps the British Empire is not such bad affair after all.

TO GIVE EVERY PERSON A NUMBER.

Every now and then some unrecognized genius introduces in the Chamber of Deputies, which is the House of Commons of the Parliament of France, some legislative proposal which has the quality of originality, even though it lacks sense. The latest of these highly original legislative projects is that of Henri Durand, deputy from Angeles, who wants to have the people of France known by numbers instead of names. The working of the system, according to Henri, would be simplicity itself. Every child, at birth, instead of being given a name by its parents, would have a number bestowed upon it by the local mayor, as is done with automobiles. The simplicity of the system is set forth eloquently by Henri. He points out that one of its chief merits would be that it would do away with the confusion, trouble and annoyance resulting from similarity of names. With deep logic, he points out that the system works admirably in penitentiaries. The "sentimental objection" that people are attached to their family names he disposes of by declaring that such attachment is founded in "base and paltry pride." His system, he proclaims, would "drive out of France the last remnants of the aristocratic system." The Frenchmen at present styling themselves counts, marquises or dukes would have to live under numbers. A man unwilling to be known by his number is of no use to the state, says Deputy Durand summarily; but if he is a man of integrity and ability, he will be proud of his number, live up to it, and even be ready to die for it! Sad to relate, the Chamber of Deputies has refused to regard the Durand proposal seriously. It is impossible to regard seriously such a project, under which the account of a wedding, for example, would read to the effect that Mr. 126,783 was married to Miss 183,442 by the Rev. Mr. 113,529, the bridesmaid being Miss 179,610, the best man Mr. 127,227, and among those present being Mr. 137,641, Mrs. 165,401, Miss 192,823, and so on. The imagination staggers at the thought of such a thing.

CANADA'S WHEAT POSSIBILITIES.

There has been some discussion as to how long it will be before Western Canada will produce sufficient supplies to furnish all the wheat and flour needed by Great Britain, which, estimated in wheat, runs from 200,000,000 to 250,000,000 bushels per annum. Dr. William Saunders, Director of Dominion Experimental Farms, stated recently that at the present rate of progress which is being made in this country, ten years more ought to see the surplus wheat for export equal to Great Britain's present consumption. It is of interest to note that while the average yield of wheat for the whole Dominion is 21.39 bushels per acre, the average of the field crops of wheat at the several Experimental Farms rises to 36.59 bushels. The United States, taking the whole of that country, gives an average of but 13.43 bushels, while the yield in Great Britain is 31.14 bushels. France gives an average for the past ten years of 19.57 bushels, so that Canada is ahead of that country in this particular. In Argentina, which is one of this country's close competitors, in its total of wheat production, the yield is only 14.76 bushels. Germany, with an average of 28.25 bushels, comes closest to Great Britain, while Russia ranks lowest in average wheat production, with 9.05 bushels to the acre.

THE DANGER INSTINCT

Many of the creatures of the wilds sleep "with one eye open." The snapping of a twig arouses them. In the daylight they walk circumspectly, for their foes are ever near. Few of them die natural deaths. Savage races of mankind have always been found to possess, like the animals they hunted, senses of the greatest keenness and something of that indefinable instinct which warns the birds and the beasts of approaching danger. With the advancement of man in civilization, however, that keenness of eye and ear and of that danger instinct became blunted. It would seem that the time is at hand when, at any rate for dwellers in great cities, that instinct must be re-developed. The traffic of a great city is a constant menace to people who are not wide-awake and alert. And to these perils that move upon the ground level must now be added the perils of the air, the wrench or bottle carelessly dropped from a passing airship, or it may be the airship hurling itself with its human freight to destruction.

THE STARVATION CURE.

If Mark Twain were still living he would have read with pleasure and interest the account of the almost miraculous escape from death by starvation in the forest of the veteran mining engineer, Captain Roland, of Port Arthur. The story of his being found, after thirty-four days of wandering, was one of the most remarkable pieces of news which the papers had to print during the past month. Captain Roland's experience is a notable testimony to the efficacy, in his case, of the starvation cure. He is a man who is close upon three score and ten. He suffered greatly from rheumatism, which, we are told, has been cured by his terrible experience of living for nearly five weeks on bark and leaves—there were not even berries, and as he was unarmed when he became separated from his party and lost his way, he could not kill any game. Mark Twain was a great advocate of the starvation cure for many ailments, and he would have rejoiced in Captain Roland's case. Fasting is an excellent thing for a number of the ills that flesh is heir to, but it is a dangerous thing to carry to extreme lengths. Sufferers from rheumatism who think of trying Captain Roland's cure had best do so under the eye of a physician.

The Truth about the Common Black Bears of British Columbia.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by the Author,

No doubt my boy readers would like to have a full accounting of all the bears we have met in our four years' field work along this sea-indented Pacific coast.

In the first place I want you to try and forget all the bear stories that you have read that were written by men whose only hunt was a hunt for the pen to tell the story with. My dear boys, I grew up on a hearty fare of wild adventure stories in which bears were most desperate animals. All my boyhood and young manhood I believed these rashly written tales. In my manhood's years I decided to study the fauna of the Pacific Coast. How should The man that packs a gun does it sweatlessly down the page of some vagrant magazine.

Well, the good-natured boy and I have trod many shores since that April morning four years ago. A-foot by many a devious trail through the great fire forests, by canoe up and down swift rivers, by big Indian war canoes where we were too light to push our own, by fishing boat and cargo tramp and passenger steamer the way has led. Whales and sharks and sea lions, seals and dog fish and rat fish, eagles and hawks and owls, bear and deer we have seen, some we have handled, some we have dissected. None of them have harmed nor alarmed

Fritz and the bear that ate the grass.

Fritz, my boyish assistant, and I arm ourselves against the dread monsters we were bound to encounter? How would a heavy caliber repeating rifle, a ten bore double barrel shot gun, an automatic revolver and a big bowie knife each do? The more Fritz and I read of the bears and mountain lions and wolves the more defence we seemed to need. A dynamite gun seemed to fill the bill until the lad drew out the plans of an armoured car and gatlings.

Behold us, four years ago, just setting forth on our first day's field study.

"Are you all loaded up," I asked the bright-eyed lad.

"Yes sir, I have a twelve roll in" and he held up the box camera. "Lunch box and water bottle full, too," he shouted as he started ahead.

I bore all the spare amunition—two rolls of films. My biggest weapon was my big naturalist's camera. I had my pocket knife to aid dissection. We had wisely decided that the animals of the coast could not differ from those we had met all over mid-continent. And I had met hundreds of men on the lonely trails that lead to gloomy valley or snow-clad mountain heights and, save the hunters and trappers and a rare tenderfoot, I have seen no "suspicious bulge" on the hip. Axes many of them carried, timber cruisers and the like. us. Wolves we have seen and heard but have not yet had a specimen—as we never kill anything ourselves save for food for the camp kettle, and then it is usually a quail or a pheasant or a ruffed grouse, or a toothsome trout from the swift cold waters. (In our semi-permanent camps, of course, we have our rods and a shot gun during the open season.)

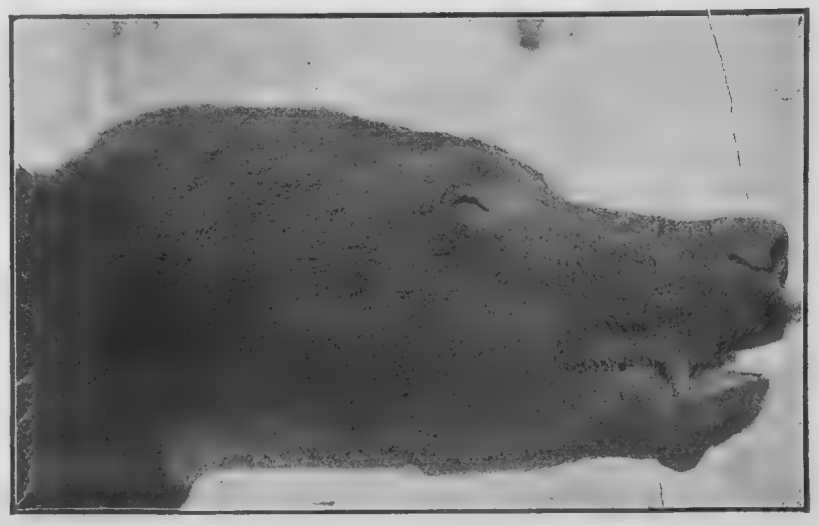
Now for a few authenticated tales of men meeting bears. Twice my western friend, a man that has lived here twenty-five years, has met a mother bear and cubs. Both times the female scuttled off into the scrub grunting; and let the young take care of themselves.

I do not think I would be stretching a point when I say that during the fruit season, when the salmon berries, the sallal berries, the raspberries and blackberries are ripening, twenty-five men, women or children meet or see a bear daily along this great wild fruit producing Pacific coast—and I never hear of the bear attacking.

There was an odd black bear and boy fight on the mainland last winter. A Swedish hired man and the rancher's boy started to skate along the river edge. A loosening strap caused the boy to swerve towards a log and drop theron to tighten up the rattling skate, raising one foot in the air to bring it within reach of both hands caused him to loose his balance—back he fell right on top of a bear that was crouched behind the log. Well, if you had been a bear and a boy flopped on you in that manner, no doubt you would have grabbed him just as this bear did. A few startled yells from the youngster brought the Swede on ringing skates and a few blows with a stick sent the big black wood pig grunting off into the forest.

But to return to our far-flung trail. The fourth year of our most enjoyable studies led us along the western shores of mighty Vancouver Island. Out on the high rolling straits of Juan de Facua, where huge sea animals plunge and spout we travelled. All along these rude coasts, where reef and submerged rock, tide rip and great surf all are waiting for the mariner that makes an error. All the rugged shores are clothed with spruce and helmlock. The hills bear the giant red firs and the mountains the hard yellow cedar. "Here is the forest primeval." Here the elk and the black-tailed deer, the wolf, the panther and the bear hold high carnival. Here is where we should need our arsenal if anywhere.

Among the most interesting animals along this coast we found the native man to be worthy of deepest study. He too hunts the common black bear, (Ursus americanus). But he does not fear it, as do a lot of my white friends in the east. No, he makes a family spirit of it. These tribes have no Manitous. In ancient winter ceremon-



See the long, strong teeth. Man eaters these, no grass eaters.

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Indians and bear on the ice

ies the bear men, men with faces painted as a bear, with bear's claws upon their hands, took the places of executioners among these then savage tribes. At other times they climbed to the roof of the Potlatch house and growled to frighten away bad spirits. Later they came into the ceremonial ring all dressed in bears skins and heads.

I am able, through the kindness of the resident doctor to show you how the natives gather for the great gift feast, or Potlatch, when every man returns his neighbors' loans and kindnesses a hundred fold, very often most completely ruining himself during the great three day feast. In the illustrations all the visiting Indians are in their canoes upon the beach. In the big Potlatch house the welcoming fire is sending its smoke out of the smoke hole in the roof. Here will be performed the monotonous dances of the tribe. Here three days of feasting will ensue, then the giver of the Potlatch will present to his visitors everything he owns. I know one man very well that drew out of the bank four thousand and odd dollars he had saved up. All of this he gave away, as well as his cattle, canoes, guns, dishes—his all, save the clothes he stood in. All that he might be called a great man among his people. He was more short-sighted than we white men, as, being a half breed from a distant tribe, he had no people, so his Potlatch was not an investment bringing in the great returns it should. I personally saw an invalid klootchman (woman) a widow (she had lost her husband in a sealer that turned turtle and drowned all its crew,) raise herself upon her elbow. With a weird shout "Sola's qastaya" (you friend) she waved a roll of greasy bills in the air and gave, with much shouting, ten dollars to each man of the visiting tribe that passed before her. I also saw a boy at this Potlatch walk out into the centre of the circle of howling Indians. He stood with eyes downcast before them. Then, drawing a great handful of silver from his pocket, he handed it to the chief and hiding his face on his coat sleeve bursts out crying. Willing and happy to give his all but ashamed of the act—these are the men that go bear hunting on this high flung mass of hills and valleys we call Vancouver Island.

Now get ready to tremble for we are going right into the presence of a great big black bear.

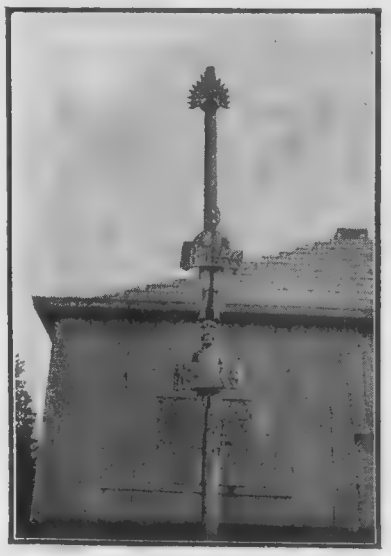
There is one little sandy beach, far back in an inlet, a little beach where the silt from the hills has formed a bit of black soil outside the forest line that creeps almost down to the shore. Here a great big black bear had come every morning this last spring. What did the savage monster do there on the shore. Ate grass. Alas! that I should have to tell it, this falsely dreaded animal as greedily munched the succulent green grass as any cow would.

He found our guides gathering sea eggs (sea urchins.)

Behold Fritz and I in the canoe you see before you, only the bow man was faced the other way and we sat amid canoe. I busy with my note book and Fritz, as usual, making a totem pole out of a piece of dry cedar, said totem's face bearing a close resemblance to the squat stolid bowman.

Mile after mile the short, sharp pointed paddles speeded us along. Not a bird did we see. No quail are here, no pheasant as in the lower portion of the island. A grouse at times whirred from the cedars, a steelhead trout leaped upright from the water and entered it again head first, the true trout dive. A salmon falls back any way, side or breast or belly. Fritz had nearly popped his eyes out discovering black bears that turned on closer approach into black stumps. Finally the boy, tired by wind and sun slept—audibly. I, not to shame him on his lack of appreciation of these too familiar wild beauties of mountain and inlet, nodded also, you could not call it slumber. Any way I was rudely awakened some few minutes later. "Bang" sang an automatic from the bowman's shoulder. Up jumped Fritz. Alas! and alas! the hunt was all over—before it had commenced for us. The silently paddling Indian had rounded the point where fed the bovine-like bear. It was most busily engaged on cutting off the short, tender grass. Its head was turned away from the silently advancing canoe and it was ignobly shot in the side and killed with never a chance to fight or to run. I blamed the Indian harshly for his waste of cartridges. Why did he not step nimbly ashore and kill this near cow with the axe and save the five cents wrapped up in that cartridge. Oh! the wastefulness of these Indians and the savageness of these bears.

Just about a mile from where I write this, on the Sooke River, lives a family of half breeds. One of the sons, a wee lad of ten years of age, was spearing dog salmon one day last fall. These big, soft, pink salmon crowd the pools of the Sooke in the spawning months. Small though this brown-faced lad was he was able to throw a spear accurately and I have seen him with numbers of dead dog salmon beside him on the bank. I have watched him struggling with one that



Totem pole at our guide's village.

was fully as long as he was, finally the scarred, fungus covered fish, as all Pacific salmon die at spawning time, was dragged ashore. Once, just near nightfall of a dull, dark day, the boy saw a black looking object on the opposite bank of the river, a short fifty yards away. He had enough white man's blood in him to have a dread for the big salmon-catching bears so he ran swiftly up the river's bank to his home where his grandame waited. Breathlessly he told her of the bear below on the river's bank. She, with her generations of Kwakiult hunters behind her, pressed the rifle into the little brown hand of the shrinking boy and bade him go and kill the bear. Down the steep bank the little fellow crept. Out to the edge of the grass he went. On a little further to the sands. There he paused. On the darkening opposite shore the big bear still fed on the toothsome salmon. Up went the rifle until it found the shoulder hold from whence it had lodged many a bullet in bear or deer. One sharp report echoed along the dark banks of the Sooke. The boy, staring into the shadows saw the big black form of the bear plunge up the opposite bank and disappear into the cedars. Of course, the wee hunter did not follow, but when the men folks did they found the bear dead within a hundred yards. So when we hunt cow-like bear while asleep, and, a wee tot no longer than his rifle kills them with one shot, you have no reason to dread this harmless big bear of our western woods. I can find no record on all this long coast of any panther, bear or wolf attacking man unprovoked. There is no animal, reptile nor plant deadly to man on the Northern Pacific Coast, nothing that he may dread save a falling tree.

We found our guides gathering sea eggs.

The Song of the Ranch.

Just some little words to any one who reads them—
Just a little group of fond illusions lost,
If you e'er by any chance
Go to live upon a ranch
Then understand, you have got to pay the cost.

In the summer time no fairer place was ever,
When the fields roll on in green unbroken course,
And it makes your pulses quiver
When the ducks quack on the river,
Or you race across the prairie on your horse.

But in the winter, all is grey and frozen,
And perhaps the kitchen chimney wont draw well,
You are getting short of coal—
And you never see a soul—
Then I tell you what, this ranching life is hell.

Oh! He came here in the spring with fond illusions,
Dreams of fortune made by pig and horse and cow.
Be it wild or be it tame,
He was bound to play the game,
And no breath of discontent would he allow.

By a hole dug in the river now he is standing
As he waters each big solemn, sober cow,
And his feet are full of straw—
In the hope his feet will thaw,
Ah! you'd never guess he'd worn a dress suit now!

Or he's down in the corral beside the barnyard,
And he's trying to milk his third refractory cow—
His poor finger tips are blue,
He is chilled right through and through,
And he's not so bloomin' struck on ranching now.

When the winter wind comes whistling o'er the prairie
And the coyotes cry around with lothsome din—
And you feel, as loud they roar,
While you bar the bunkhouse door,
That you're mighty far away from all your kin.

Then the nights when you lie tossing on your pillow,
And the thoughts will race unbidden through your head
Thoughts of friends, of joy, of mirth,
All the naughty things of earth
And you think too, of how soon you will be dead.

No! In summertime it does not seem to matter.
You are young, the free lone life you rather like.
Then comes winter, bleak and cold,
And you feel you're getting old—
And you want to pack your traps and hit the pike.

And you wonder what they're doing in the City,
And somehow, you keep wishing you were back
To its jingle and its jamb,
To where no one cares a damn.
As long as you've got glad rags on your back.

You may talk about the freshness of the country,
Of a life most unconventional and free,
But oh! the cold, the snow,
And the twenty-four below—
Then the city lights look good enough for me.

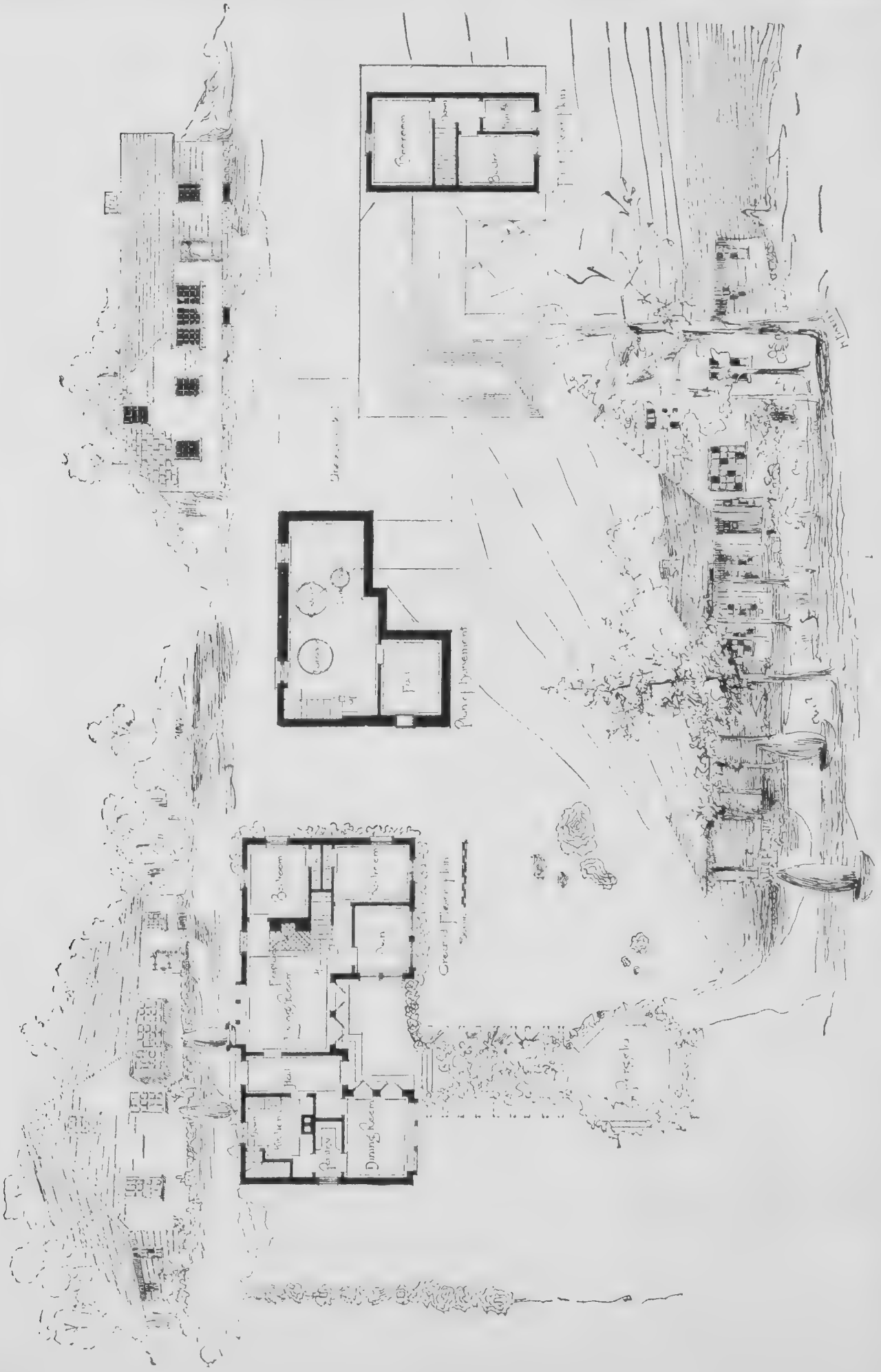
F. B. W.

Worms feed upon the vitality of chi'dren and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Original Plans.

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood Architect. Winnipeg.

This is a cottage that could be easily built, as it is only one storey, with a couple of bedrooms over one side. The basement could be under the kitchen and living-room portion, and the house heated with hot air furnace, the basement being built of concrete, the walls of 2 x 4 studs covered with shiplap and heavy building paper. Then the whole outside covered with shingles, dipped with a brown stain. The rooms are laid out so that light and air are in every portion. The living-room is especially attractive with its entrance to the garden and large fireplace. There is a suggestion to the garden with pergola and covered walk, the roof rafters of 2 x 4, and all partitions 2 x 4, and joist 2 x 8, floors edge grain fir, all finish fir stained on a flat grain.



Children Often Need a laxative—but you cannot be too careful what you give them. Harsh purgatives injure the bowels and pave the way for life-long troubles. The new evacuant in

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

does the work most effectively without irritating the bowels or causing any discomfort. The children like them for they taste like candy. One of the most popular of the NA-DRU-CO preparations. **25c. a box.** If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 20
National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, • • Montreal.

Exhibition Award.

In the Taxidermy exhibits at the Winnipeg Exhibition just closed, Mr. John Ambrose, 179 Fort, was awarded the highest prizes and medals. This is Mr. Ambrose's second year of success. He has been heartily congratulated by many taxidermy authorities on his excellent display.

Moose Jaw.

There is no doubt whatever that Moose Jaw is to be the most important industrial centre west of Winnipeg.

The population is now 15,000 which will double itself inside of three years. The improvements of 1909 amountd to $2,000,000 and will amount to at least $5,000,000 for 1910. There is more solid growth and building in Moose Jaw than in any other city west of Winnipeg. It is not the result of a sudden boom, but is the outcome of years of quiet growth augmented by the impetus received on account of increased railway facilities and the tremendous influx of settlers to the surrounding district.

The city will soon have the advantages of a street car service, the company now being engaged in laying the line from the C.P.R. station to the Exhibition Grounds, going through the business section of the city and the best residential district, their contract calling for three miles to be completed by the end of 1910.

Taking into consideration the solid growth of the city, its exceptional advantages as a manufacturing and distributing centre, and the prospective improvements, land can be purchased at an exceptionally low figure, and offers a safer investment, in the opinion of those best capable of judging, than any other city west of Winnipeg. The city seems thus far to have escaped the attentions of the boomers and boosters and receiving instead important concessions by railways and large industrial concerns, which there is now no doubt whatever will make a considerable increase in the value of property during the next twelve months.

Sherwin and Vincent, whose advertisement appears on another page of this issue, are specialists in Moose Jaw property. A post card will elicit a lot of useful information about this growing western centre.

He Believed in Dreams.

An Irishman and a Jew went hunting one day, and the only game they succeeded in getting was one small duck. They cooked the duck, and after same was cooked, the Jew suggested that they should go to sleep, and the one that had the nicest dream, should have the whole duck, as he thought it was not large enough to divide.

After an hour or so, the Jew awoke.

"Well," said Pat, "what did you dream?"

"Oh! I dreamed dot I was dead, und I vent to heaven, und St. Peter let me through der golden gates, und I saw nice angels, und I was very happy, und it was the nicest dream I ever had. Now, what did you dream Pat?"

"Sure, I dreamed the same thing about you, and begorra, I didn't think you were ever coming back, so I got up and ate the duck."

What the World is Saying.

A PLEASING NEWS ITEM.

Young prairie chickens are quite numerous.—Brandon Sun.

THE OTHER BIRDS HAVE THE LAUGH.

So long as the man-bird needs gasoline the other birds have the laugh.—New York World.

A TRUE WORD FROM AN EMPEROR.

The Emperor of Austria has called Canada a "blessed country." The crowned heads are gathering knowledge.—Toronto News.

HIS NAME LIKEWISE.

Skrzypzzynski, who was later taken into custody by the police, gave evidence of having been roughly handled.—Duluth Herald.

JUST A LITTLE ROCK WITH THE GOLD.

It is not all gold around Stewart. There is a little country rock mixed in with the yellow metal in order to hold it together properly.—Greenwood (B.C.) Ledger.

CANADA'S PROGRESS.

Twenty years ago the country saw itself described with absolute accuracy by a man who said we wanted "men, women and markets." To-day we are getting all three in measure undreamed of then.—Montreal Herald.

OUR "UNCIRCUMSCRIBED POTENTIALITIES."

A Canadian newspaper speaks of "grasping the uncircumscribed potentialities of the Dominion." Evidently Canada has reached the spread-eagle stage of her development.—Buffalo Courier.

A PRINCE ALBERT PROSE POEM.

The sun, setting like a cresset behind mountain peaks afire, looks over a portly earth covered with wheat. All Canada stands on tip-toe, for a good crop means so much.—Prince Albert Herald.

DOUKS CROSSING THE ROCKIES.

A party of Doukhobors have started out from Saskatchewan to British Columbia. When they reach the high and breezy altitude of the Rockies their low-level raiment will hardly meet the climatic requirements of this invigorating latitude.—Vancouver Province.

TIDES OF HUMANITY.

Immigration to the United States for the past fiscal year totalled 1,035.500, or about 1.15 per cent. of the population. Immigration to Canada totalled 209,000, or 2.92 per cent. The eyes of all peoples are upon Canada.—Brantford Expositor.

ADVICE TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

If the Kaiser is to take King Edward's place as a custodian of the world's peace, he must trim down his fierce mustaches, discard his flashy uniforms and try to look a little less like a counterfeit presentment of the god of war.—Chicago Tribune.

AN OLD LOCAL OPTION RHYME.

The progress of local option has closed 250 bars in Ontario. This is another move toward a realization of the truth in the old English couplet: "There is a little public-house that any man may close. That public-house is situated underneath his nose."—Toronto Star.

SO EVERLASTINGLY RICH.

It is said that the newly discovered gold region in northern British Columbia is another Klondike, without the weather. It is wise to discount first rumors, but this country is so everlastingly rich that we are prepared to believe anything about it.—Calgary Herald.

VANCOUVER'S CHINESE CONSTITUENCY.

A peculiar provision of the proposed Chinese constitutional government is that delegates may be elected from places outside of the Chinese Empire containing a large Chinese population. Vancouver would be entitled to send a representative to Pekin.—Vancouver World-Advertiser.

AS TO A CANADIAN "ARISTOCRACY."

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer says "Canada already has a considerable titled aristocracy." Our contemporary is mistaken. Canada has a number of gentlemen who have titles, but they do not constitute an aristocracy any more than all the "colonels" in the United States constitute an army.—Victoria Times.

WHEREIN QUEBEC BEATS THE OTHER PROVINCES.

At one of Mr. Borden's picnic meetings a prize was offered to the man with the largest family on the ground. Five children were sufficient to take the reward. But a resident of St. Alexis des Monts, in Quebec, is being congratulated on the birth of his thirty-first child, and that record could probably be equalled in other parts of Quebec.—London Free Press.

SURELY NOT A SERIOUS PROPHECY.

J. S. Willison, of the Toronto News, told the members of a women's press club that in twenty or thirty years not only would women have the right to vote, but that they would be found generally imitating the men in their smoking habits. The fact that he was not hissed for even daring to make this latter suggestion proves that he was possibly not far from correct in his statement. But it isn't pleasant to think about.—Hamilton Herald.

HIGH-HANDED POLITICS IN MEXICO.

With a mixture of envy, longing, and wonder, Canadian politicians gaze on Mexico, where President Diaz claps into jail his one serious opponent for the presidency, and proceeds to have himself re-elected to that position by an almost unanimous vote. After all, our Canadian methods of political jugglery are crude as compared with the Mexican example.—Peterboro Review.

SKYSCRAPERLESS BRITAIN.

Liverpool will soon be in the position to boast that it has the first British "skyscraper." The offices of the Royal Liverpool Friendly Society, which are now being constructed there, are to be sixteen storeys in height. London cannot boast a single "skyscraper," unless the great block of flats facing St. James' Park can be so called.—London Daily Mail.

THE CZAR'S JOKE ON US.

The Doukhobors are again on the move, which recalls the fact that the Czar, although opposed to systematic emigration, quite readily consented when approached with a request that they be allowed to emigrate to Canada. The joke was on us.—Toronto Globe.

TOO GREAT A GENIUS.

The man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before has long been recognized as one of the benefactors of the race, but the laborious person who cuts up five bills and pieces them together so that they make up six gets three years in the penitentiary. Genius must be more conventional if it would have encouragement.—Brockville Recorder.

ONTARIO VS. THE YUKON.

In three months Ontario's mines yielded six and one-third millions, which is more than the average Yukon gold output for the year. And yet one hears twice as much about chances of fortunes in the "golden north" than of the very real opportunities of Ontario. Like many other things, those seeking fortunes in mines and minings, have their best opportunity close at hand.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

THE WEST WILL SWING CANADA.

Ten years ago the whole Province of Alberta had only one representative at Ottawa. It now sends six members to the House of Commons. Should the increase for the next ten years be in the same ratio, our representatives will then number 36. It is not altogether idle, therefore, to talk of the time when the West will hold the fate of governments in its hand, or even when Western Provinces will send more members to Ottawa than come from the Provinces east of the Lakes.—Edmonton Bulletin.

JUSTICE IN NEW YORK.

A nephew of a millionaire was fined $1,000 and sentenced to a day in jail in New York for exceeding the automobile speed limit. It was a third offence. He was taken to the Tombs prison thirty-five minutes before the jail day ended at 4 p.m. It was a day of thirty-five minutes, which goes to show that justice has one eye open.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION OF THE DAY.

The fact that a commission to investigate for Canada the question of technical education has issued under federal authority may be taken as a certain indication that federal aid to the movement will follow technical education is now, consequently, not only a public question, but takes rank with transportation and scientific agriculture, among the most important practical questions of the day.—Montreal Witness.

THE HISTORIC PLAN.

The United States counsel in the Canada-Newfoundland fisheries case before the Hague Tribunal are making their addresses on the plan that if enough is claimed something will be conceded. The history of United States diplomacy indicates that the plan has its advantages; and history may repeat itself.—Montreal Gazette

ROOSEVELT AND ROBERT THE BRUCE.

A New Yorker figures out that Roosevelt's claim to descent through nineteen generations from Robert the Bruce, if proved, gives him but a very much diluted blood strain. He estimates Bruce's descendants at 1,048,574, and by using "1" as a numerator finds the exact fraction of the Scottish warrior's blood to which the ex-President can lay claim. That is applying mathematics to heredity with a vengeance.—Hamilton Spectator.

AS TO THE MOUTH OF HUDSON BAY.

A Detroit paper, in regard to Canada's claim that Hudson Bay is a closed sea and thus national property, says that Washington is convinced that the bay is too big and too open-mouthed for any such claim, that it is an ocean in which all the world has equal rights. In that case Hudson Bay, as to its mouth, shows a striking resemblance to Uncle Sam, whose facial opening is as large as his nerve and his appetite.—Windsor, Ont., Record.

'RAH FOR VEGREVILLE.

J. A. Jackson, of Vancouver, a former Vegrevillian, was in town for a number of days during the past week. He announced somewhat pompously that he had a fine big boy to his credit, aged fifteen months, but his chest was taken in a whole lot by the information that fine big boys, aged anywhere from one month to two years, were not exactly a rarity in Vegreville. They are scattered all over the landscape, along with fine big girls of similar ages.—Vegreville, Alta., Observer.

ENGLISH THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

It is a deeply interesting and remarkable circumstance that the Chinese Government has issued an edict making English the official language for scientific and technical education throughout the empire. The action is particularly significant. Here is the most conservative nation of history, a people who are estranged by temperament and tradition from all that is western and modern. They have chosen English as the official language of their scientific and technical schools. All this means that the English people are the greatest factors in our present day civilization, and it means, furthermore, that if the old disaster of Babel tower is ever to be undone it will be through the English language.—New York Sun.

THE CENSUS OF CANADA NEXT YEAR.

The Canadian arrangements for the census of next year, it appears, will have June 1 as the nominal day of the count. The British Government, and other divisions of the Empire also, it seems, will make their enumerations as on April 22. In one sense the difference is a small one. It would be better, though, if the same date were accepted all round. The effect of the difference among other things may be to count in Canada a considerable number of people who two months before were counted in the United Kingdom. The ministers should give the matter some more thought.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Sympathetic Responsiveness.

The women who have attained highest honor have been most useful in helping humanity.

Young women cannot afford to neglect the small courtesies of every-day life—the little trifling things in manners which are really so important, which help to smooth the way, to make things pleasanter and easier for others, and help to win their good will.

The rush and hurry and feverish excitement of modern life is not conducive to the cultivation of true courtesy. People seem to imagine it is a credit to themselves to appear to be always in a hurry. They hasten on from one thing to another, from one place to another and do not take time to be polite. Carelessness and selfishness lead rapidly to absolute rudeness, and soon the careless person offends others and becomes unpopular. Canadian young women, as a rule, are ahead of those in the States in this respect, but we in turn may learn many lessons from our English friends. Small courtesies, such as a pleasant bow, a cordial greeting, a friendly clasp of the hand, and kind consideration of others are not difficult things, and they go far toward making the young woman's success. There is nothing that reaches the heart like the human voice; it always creates sympathetic responsiveness. To young women who say they cannot accomplish the big thing if they stop for these little courtesies, I would quote this: "The Creator of this immense universe created also the most infinitesimal atom in it. The architect of these vast mountains fashioned also the tiniest thread of gold running through them. The God who made me made a daisy."

There is a great deal of annoyance in the world every day for all girls, but let them remember that there is more joy than sorrow.

Do not think of enemies but think often of friends and you will be happier.

We need some of the ornamental education as well as the practical.

Young women in their pursuit of education, wealth or fame must not forget to be soft voiced, exquisitely gentle, and feminine to the core.

The more we learn of the heights reached by famous women, the more we realize that usefulness and unselfish love for humanity are necessary for the cultivation of the character that reaches greatness.

"Trim the lamp that is left to your keeping,
And fan it with breezes of hope;
Lest shadows your life overcreeping,
Leave others in darkness to grope."

Our new queen is a splendid example for young women to follow. In the delineation of her character, Mr. Stackpool O'Dell says: "In her disposition there is thought and consideration for others almost to excess. The sorrows of others would be almost as great to her as her own. She has very broad views, and the gift of grasping just how such and such an occurrence would effect the millions who call her Queen. She is very conscientious and is emphatically high principled."

Are we not blessed in having a woman of such strength of character for our queen? Will her example not create sympathetic responsiveness in the character of all young women who respect our queen?

The Social Barrier.

That the social barrier consists mainly in the difference in bank roll is the theory of Mrs. Alma Webster Powell, a well known society woman, linguist and suffragette, of Brooklyn, New York. In order to prove this theory Mrs. Powell has played one of the most successful practical jokes of the season. A member of the high nobility of Austria, Count Streusch, whose dignity has suffered a severe shock by the prank, was much disturbed.

Mrs. Powell has spent more or less time studying the types of young women in the poorest parts of the city. She selected Mary Corrigan, an Irish cook, who was very beautiful, and dressed her in fine gowns and jewels and entertained her most royally at dinners and dances. The grace and beauty of the girl created much comment. Miss Corrigan was introduced as the daughter of a wealthy Irish landowner. As she was naturally refined and attractive in personality she excited popular admiration. Among her admirers was the Austrian Count, who was simply smitten at first sight.

When the story of her real identity leaked out, society was furious, but Mrs. Powell did not care—she had proven her theory.

In referring to it, Mrs. Powell says: "It is the old, old story—the story of opportunity, the story of the two children born on the same day, at the same hour, in the same town, equally endowed with qualities befitting them for any sphere; the story of destinies that were woven for them by opportunity, one, educated, courted, flattered and caressed, living a long life of luxury and ease, dying surrounded by loved ones at a ripe old age; the other, stunted in body and soul from birth, through lack of opportunity growing up in crime and vice, kicked from pillar to post, finally dying in the shadows of the prison walls, the sport of opportunity."

The Value of a Change.

A successful young business woman told me the other day that when she is tired or nervous in the morning or when the weather is gloomy and dull, she puts on a better blouse or dress than usual and it helps wonderfully in brightening her day's work. It rests her in a way.

We need to relieve the tension of close application in work. Overconscientious students spend hours trying to master lessons, when if they would stop five minutes at intervals of half hours and relieve both the muscles and mind they would accomplish much more than they do.

A teacher once said: "After my class has wrestled with a difficult demonstration, I try to find a good excuse for telling a funny story. A hearty laugh relieves the tension and makes them ready for the next piece of work."

Likewise do men who deliver lectures tell jokes to relieve the tension of their audience. He knows he will receive better attention after a laugh.

A writer of note keeps by her desk a little book of jokes, and during her work interrupts herself to glance over one or two amusing anecdotes, just to relieve the tension.

It is not the amount of time we put upon a piece of work that determines its success but the power of the concentration we apply to it.

The Business Girl.

"The character and environment of the business girl fit her to make a wise marriage choice from high motives, and to be a good wife and mother. Upon her should be centered much of our hope for the future of our country."

The above statement is made by Robert Haven Schauffler, who has made a careful investigation among girls in factories, business houses and society all over the American continent. He says the factory life is too slavish to create ideals in the minds of giris, and the girl of leisure—in spite of her social elevation—does not hold so great a promise for our country's future as the girl of business.

He furthermore states that in view of the fact that business girls are exposed to such heavy temptations, few reforms promise more for the future of our country than a rise in the wages of the business girl, since she believes that dress helps her chances of matrimony as well as her social position, an increase in her wages would lessen the dangerous temptations to which she is constantly exposed.

"The greed of employers in paying starvation wages, and the cowardice of men in taking advantage of this circumstance, these things have turned the business girl's love of dress into her chief danger.

A private secretary in a large mercantile house says that "in an office a girl meets even more temptations than in a department store. It's perfectly clear that men have a low opinion of girls in business. They show it by their cynical manner toward them." For this reason the average business girl's opinion of the average man is shockingly low. Perhaps on this very account she makes her great mistake. Because she despises the sort of man she usually meets, she spends more on clothes than she ought to in order to attract a wider circle of men to choose from, hoping thus to find a man she can thoroughly respect. Such are the conclusions reached by Mr. Schauffler, and he has talked with many hundreds of business girls in regard to their work.

The business girl needs a reform in wages as well as a decrease in the temptations that surround her.

Woman's Finest Charm.

The happiest woman in the world is she who has before her the purest and the best ideal, because she has peace in her heart. For a young woman to remain simple, modest and sweet when good fortune and popularity come to her is not easy. Someone has said that the cause of so much restlessness in women is their crave for appreciation.

Jenny Lind was the world's most famous singer. Kings and queens and the greatest men and women of her day adored her; Queen Victoria threw bouquets to the singer twice, an honor she never paid anyone else. Every night when Jenny Lind was singing, the Opera House was packed, and her coming and going were treated as if she were a queen; yet all this enthusiasm never made her proud.

Monarchs showered on her decorations and honors but she still remained simple, modest and sweet.

One time she wrote a friend these words: "My increasing prayer is that what I give to my fellows may continue to live on through eternity, and that the Giver of my gift, and not the creature to whom He lent it, may be praised and acknowledged." Young women often ask the help of the Higher Power in the accomplishment of an undertaking, and when they have succeeded they accept the praise given without a hint of acknowledging the Giver of the strength which made the success possible. Jenny Lind left the stage at the height of her popularity.

This is the story of why she took that step: "An English friend found her sitting on the sands. She had a Bible open on her knee and was looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the sea. They talked, and the talk grew near to the question; 'Oh madame, how was it that you ever abandoned the stage at the very height of your success?'

Jenny Lind gave this reply:

"When every day it made me think less of this'—laying her finger on the Bible—'and nothing at all of that'—pointing to the sunset—'what else could I do?'"

Her life was fairer even than her wonderful voice.

No amount of popularity could rob her of her ideal charm of womanhood.

Daughters of Our Lady.

A new Catholic organization composed of women promises to be a great and much needed protection for young women. The "Daughters of Our Lady" has a membership which counts into thousands. The association will cover the entire country like a network, and will have thoroughly organized branches in every city.

Miss Mary G. Murphy, of 4010 Ken-

Moose Jaw Lots

We have just had placed in our hands for sale one of the best subdivisions in Moose Jaw, known as

LYNBROOK HEIGHTS

facing on Main Street, and just west of the Exhibition Grounds. It adjoins the best residential district of Moose Jaw, is situated within two blocks of the new $150,000 Collegiate School erected last year, and the Electric Street Railway Company are now laying their tracks to within one block of this property.

The southern boundary of this property is just seven-eighths of a mile north west of the Post Office.

Every lot offered is high and dry, or, should it be found otherwise, will be exchanged for any other lot during the next three months.

The plan is registered, and the owners have clear Torrens title to the whole of this property, which has never before been offered to the public.

The price of lots is from

$75 to $200

each, according to location, and 25 feet wide x 120 feet to lane, facing on 66 feet streets.

We have no hesitation whatever in offering this property as a safe investment to every one of "The Western Home Monthly" readers.

Moose Jaw has never been boomed but is one of the most important towns in Western Canada. The next twelve months will see great increase in the values of properties there, which at the present time, compared with its population, are the lowest in Western Canada.

This is no wild cat scheme we are offering, but a safe investment which we have thoroughly investigated, and are satisfied that it is sound and good, otherwise we would have nothing to do with it.

Plans and full information will be sent on receipt of post card, and opportunity given at any time during the year for any purchaser to inspect their lots by our agent at Moose Jaw.

Write to-day if you wish to secure best location.

Sherwin & Vincent

317 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

Phone Main 1996

E. J. O'SULLIVAN, PRES.

WINNIPEG Business College

—Established 1882—

Is Canada's Leading School of Telegraphy, Shorthand and the Business Branches.

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Write us or Phone, Main **45** for Catalog and full particulars

Winnipeg Business College

Cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., - Winnipeg, Can.

more Avenue, Chicago, says, in discussing the objects and scope of this remarkable organization:

"It is too early to say just what we will be able to accomplish. Many young and innocent girls entering upon business life are subjected to insults. Great danger to the physical and moral welfare of young girls lurks in shops and factories, and even in offices.

We propose to serve notice that the Catholic women are organized and that any girl may go to them for protection. The knowledge that such an organization is in existence will exert beneficial influence.

Moreover, ways and means to bring the Catholic working girls under the protection of the "Daughters of Our Lady," and to assist and co-operate with them are now being considered by a committee."

There cannot be too many societies formed for the protection of girls in the city.

Stop Wasting Money For Shoes!

How do you waste it? By paying more for shoes than you need to. By getting poor stuff in the shoes. By paying for repairs. Stop all that!

Buy British-Made Shoes from us The "G" brand

Made in the Old Country. Strong, lasting leather, better than you've ever had in shoes before. Honest British workmanship. Lower first cost and shoes live longer without repair.

Old Country-men, who know the value of British-made shoes, send for the "G" brand.

Americans in Canada, if you've never worn a British-made shoe before, get a pair now. Send for the "G" brand shoe and a revelation awaits you as to the wearing possibilities of foot-wear.

Here's one chance:

230 Pairs, no more. **Price $3.35** prepaid to your post office. Sizes 5½ to 11½.

Anywhere in Canada.

A splendid, light farming shoe, as illustrated. Goodyear sewn soles. Solid leather throughout. Uppers English chrome calf (waterproof and very flexible). Blucher cut. British oak-bark tanned single soles (tanning takes nine months instead of three weeks as in ordinary method). Plain toe-cap. Comfort shape. Solid leather heel-stiffener at back. Best light farming shoe ever sold in Canada for the money. Send to-day. Give size required. Remember only 230 pairs for $3.35 postpaid anywhere in Canada. We send our illustrated catalogue of British-made shoes free.

Dealers—There will be a big demand for our British-made footwear. Write for our proposition to agents.

Scottish Wholesale Specialty Co

135 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. **N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.**

Winners in Post Office Competition.

The Western Home Monthly extends its hearty congratulations to the successful competitors in the recent Post Office Contest, in which over 2,000 took part, and in a very special way we compliment the three who tied for first honors and among whom the first prize has been divided, giving $283.33 to each. One of the three is a gentleman of but 15 years, Master Roy Davidson, Hanlan, Man., and we are sure that all our readers will join in wishing him that prosperous future of which his talents give such bright promise. It may be stated that he is a youthful Irishman, who came to the West with his parents five years ago, evidently bringing with him the genius of his race.

MASTER ROY G. DAVIDSON.

The following is Master Davidson's modest acknowledgment of his success:—

Hanlan, Man.
July 12th, 1910.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs:—

I received your letter yesterday and was very glad to hear of my success. I really cannot express my thanks to you in words for your great kindness. I am only sorry that others are not able to share my good fortune. Well, I will thank you as much as I can with pen and ink, but that does not express it fully.

Allow me to tell you that I am only a boy of fifteen years, living on a farm on N.E. corner of Section 10.13.1 West. I have only finished public school a short time ago and expect to pass the Entrance Exams. this year. At the school I go to (Invicta) I often heard the children talk of the Contest, which, being busy studying all my spare time, I had not noticed in the Western Home Monthly. It was not until the Easter holidays that I thought of trying for the Contest Prizes. In a very short time I had solved all the questions up to date and have succeeded in solving all succeeding ones. When I sent away my coupons I said to myself, "Now, surely I'll get a book for these," but never dreamt of securing first prize. Great was my astonishment, therefore, when I received the good news that I had won a first prize. It is more money than I could ever call my own before, and all due to your kindness and goodness. I truly thank you with all my heart, and hope you and your paper may prosper greater than ever before, and I will do what I can to help you do so. If you ever need my help in any way it awaits you willingly.

Thanking you again, I remain,
Your obedient servant,
Roy G. Davidson.

What is Inebriety?

How often, however, are people heard to say, "I'm no inebriate. I have never lost a day on account of drunkenness, therefore what I drink never harms me." This is not the test, as that stage will soon pass. Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's definition of inebriety is " a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." There is the whole case in a nutshell.

It is not necessary, therefore, that an inebriate should brawl, or stagger, or even indicate to the casual observer that he is intoxicated; some do these things, but not all. The true test is whether alcoholic stimulants are necessary to the man's comfort and whether he is in normal condition when deprived of these things. If he finds his hands shake, his mind dwelling on the subject of drink, if he finds difficulty in concentrating his thoughts, if he is nervous and irritable when deprived of stimulants, he is an inebriate and needs help. In time, even in a short time, the break will come and deplorable consequences follow.

Accurate investigations show that beer and wine drinkers generally consume more alcohol per man than spirit drinkers, and while they are not as often intoxicated, they suffer fully as much from diseases and premature death as do those who use distilled spirits.—N. S. Davis, M D.

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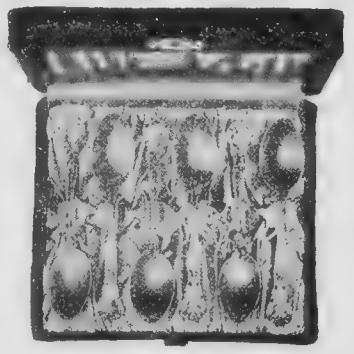

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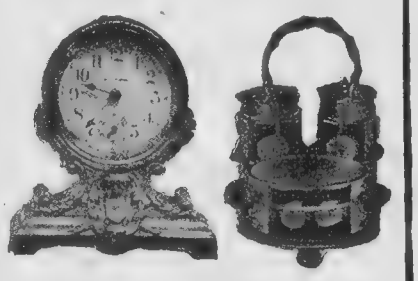

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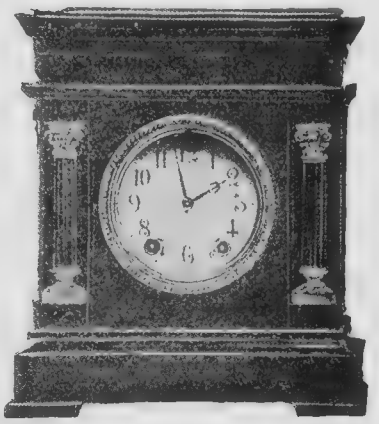

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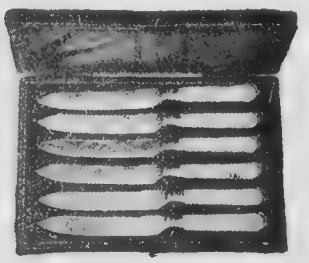

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Winnipeg Man.

Women's Quiet Hour.

Women's Work at Fairs.

July is particularly the month of summer fairs, and the Winnipeg Industrial is in session while I write. I spent a couple of hours going over the exhibit of needlework, and I was very much struck with the improvement from the exhibit of five or six years ago, not only in the quality of the work done, but in the usefulness of the articles for which prizes are offered. Perhaps the increasing demand for hand work on underwear, and house linen as well as lingerie dresses, has helped in this direction, but the number of pieces of hand embroidered linen for dresses and underwear was quite marked, as was also the display of hand embroidered house linen. Initial towels may not be essential to any woman's peace of mind, or the cleanliness of her household, but they certainly add to the pleasure of life not to the gaiety of nations. The display at Winnipeg and the care with which it is covered from dust and properly classified, reminds me of the reports brought to me from several of the smaller fairs by women who have gone out from Winnipeg to judge. In almost every instance they deplored the fact that really beautiful needlework was not alone exposed to the dust, but in many cases was so improperly classified as to render correct judging not only difficult but practically impossible. This is a point which I think the women of a district should take up with fair directors before prize lists are issued, and indeed I think that every agricultural society throughout the west should have at least one woman on its directorate. With the best will in the world the directors of agricultural shows, who are busy men, know more about the classification of horses, cattle, sheep and swine than they do about needlework, and while I think the majority of them honestly wish to give women's work a fair show, they fail lamentably in the doing of it. No longer ago than the Portage la Prairie Fair, the women's work was crowded into a little space that would barely have held one or two exhibits properly, with the result that in more than one instance the judges having, as they thought, completed a class, later found several pieces of the same work hidden away in odd corners.

There was not time to rejudge full classes, and they had the unpleasant feeling of not having done justice to either the work or themselves. It may be said that is a long time to the making out of the next prize list and arranging for the next fair, and this is quite true, but it is not a very long time before arrangements will be under way for the annual convention of agricultural societies for each province, and this would be a most suitable topic for a paper to be read and discussed at these conventions. If I am not greatly mistaken, the agricultural societies of Saskatchewan and Alberta hold their annual meetings during the month of January, and Manitoba early in February, and I know that last year preparations were under way for these conventions during the month of November. I am throwing this out as a suggestion, and I believe if women readers of this column will take it up they will find the directors quite ready to meet them more than half way. To me it is often pathetic to see displays of needlework which I know have cost many hours of time and no inconsiderable amount of money jammed in a little corner where it is impossible to see the beauty of the work and to watch the face of the woman who has spent her scant leisure upon it when she comes to look for her exhibit. The only way in which it is possible to make women take a hearty and practical interest in developing this department of a fair is to do justice to the exhibits when they come in. All that I have said under this head applies with equal force to the exhibits of bread, cakes, pastry, pickles and preserved fruits.

Manual Training

The exhibit of the manual training section of the Winnipeg public schools at the Industrial Exhibition seemed almost a miracle to me when I remember how short a time it is since Professor James W. Robertson first mooted this adidtion to the curriculum. The exhibit occupied one whole wing on the upper floor of the Arts and Science building, and indeed overflowed into another wing. One of the most interesting things was a bedroom which had been constructed by the boys, and the furniture of which had been made by them. There was a bureau with mirror, bedstead, washstand, clothes rack, sewing table, and couch with dress box underneath. The window was a large bow with window seat with cupboard underneath. The bed linen, cushions for window seat, towels, and upholstering of the couch and window seat, had been done by the girls. I went very carefully over this room and the finish of the woodwork was exquisite, and the needlework could hardly have been improved upon. In fact, I question whether many grown women in the Canadian West could have turned out anything more perfect. Outside of this room there were scores of articles such as bookcases, tables, Morris and dining chairs, lamp stands, hall racks, and the like, all done by the boys in the various grades of the manual training school. I have only one criticism to offer in regard to the manual training work, and that is that more of it should be given to the girls. I was delighted to find that in one school special prizes had been offered to girls taking this training, and their work made a very creditable showing. All through the West it would be of the greatest benefit to girls, whether they are to spend their lives on the farm or in the town, to have a fair knowledge of the use of tools. In the country it would be especially valuable, as many a woman goes for months without some trifling convenience which she could easily make for herself were she familiar with the use of hammer and saw. Not only this, but the very fact of using tools and fashioning things out of wood would train the eye and hand and the work itself would be a blessed relief from the daily round of dish-washing, cooking and bed-making.

The Press Club Annual

I think that some of my readers will be interested in the annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club, which was held in Toronto during my visit there in the month of June. When this Club was formed in 1904, at the time of the St. Louis Exposition, it had only eight members, and at the annual meeting in 1910 the membership had risen to one hundred and nine. In the six years the club had lost only one member by death and five or six by voluntary cessation of payment of fees.

One of the features of the annual meeting was a luncheon tendered by the Toronto branch to the visiting delegates. It was quite a notable gathering. There were present as guests Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, of the London Daily Mail, Mr. Willison, editor of the Toronto News, and representative in Canada of the London Times. Mr. McKay, general business manager of the Toronto Globe, and Mr. George Ham, a former western newspaper man, but for many years chief Publicity Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. There were brief speeches from all of these men, but the statements that will possess most interest for women were made by Mr. Willison and Mr. McKay. Mr. Willison said that in his opinion there was absolutely no reason why women should not enter any branch of newspaper work and make a success of it, and further, he believed that within the next ten years the dividing line of sex would have entirely disappeared in newspaper work, and that men and women would be employed in whatever department they were best fitted for without any reference to sex whatever.

Mr. McKay said that the business manager of newspapers today who did not recognize women's departments as advertising and circulation getters were back numbers in the newspaper game, and should get out of it. Mr. Fyfe made a bright and complimentary speech with no special point to it, but in private conversation afterwards he said, "this meeting has been a revelation to me. The extent to which women are covering branches of newspaper work which have hitherto been considered the exclusive property of men, is amazing, and is entirely without precedent in England, where very little opportunity is given to women to get out of the rut of looking after weddings and frocks."

"Kit" so long known to the readers of the Mail and Empire, was there, shaking an admonitory finger at Mr. Willison when he alluded to the fact that twenty-five years ago there had only been one woman doing newspaper work in Toronto. If any woman can afford to admit that she was earning her own living twenty-five years ago, certainly "Kit" is the one. Her tall, lithe figure, has all the grace of a girl, and she looks more like the sister than the mother of "Patsy," her charming daughter. Another interesting figure was that of Jean Blewett, whose charming verses are household words in Eastern Canada, and are also known to many admirers in the West. These were some of the more prominent women, but among the rank and file there were many bright, young girls who will, without doubt, make their mark in the years to come. From our own West there was Mrs. Balmer Watt, of Edmonton, whose nom-de-plume of "Peggy" is familiar to many western readers. She is a most magnetic personality, and certainly did the West credit, and Edmonton had much cause to be proud that it was so ably represented. At this meeting it was decided to make the gatherings of the club ter-annual, instead of annual, so that the next general meeting will convene in 1913.

Anti-Tuberculosis.

To not a few readers of the Western Home Monthly Doctor D. A. Stewart, who was last year appointed superintendent of the Ninette sanitorium, is known personally, and to many others he is known by reputation. Few men have devoted themselves more enthusiastically and unselfishly to a work of this kind, and it was a terrible shock when last spring it was found that the good doctor had himself been attacked by the disease. Instead of being able to take charge of the sanitorium, the very existence of which was due in so great a measure to his hard work, he had to go away to Saranac Lake, New York State, for treatment. However, the best possible reports are being received as to his progress towards recovery, and the arrest of the disease, and it is highly probable that he will be able to take up his work at Ninette some time this coming fall.

I was forcibly reminded of him and of the work he had done at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, where the exhibit of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society was one which must have impressed even the most casual observer. Judging from the number of people always to be found in this section, a desire to intelligently combat the disease is on the increase. Perhaps one of the best features of the exhibit was the practical display of arrangements for either sleeping out of doors altogether or, where that is impossible, of arranging windows with canvas hoods so as to enable a sleeper to enjoy all the benefits to be derived from pure outdoor air. Careful details of the actual cost of these arrangements were put up in conspicuous places, and I am sure that very, very much good will result from this exhibit and from the practical talks on the subject given by the officer in charge.

Favorite Poems.

We had no favorite poem in the column last month, but I hope to make up for it by running two this month. I think that they are both beautiful.

What Does It Mean?

It does not matter what it means, poor heart!
The dear Lord knows; to bear it is your part,
Nor think some strange thing happens unto you,
Which He would not allow so if he knew.
He does know. In His all-wise Fatherhood
He knows it, and allows it for your good.
He is not hard; you do not think He is
When in the dark you find your hand in His;
When it was light, you tried to walk alone,
And thought the strength He gave you all your own.
You did not ask what that last blessing meant;
Just smiled and took it, satisfied, content.
You did not think is strange. You thought He knew,
And planned the sweet surprise that came to you.
Tried one, then do you take life's sweet and good,
Yet cannot trust that tender Fatherhood,
But think it makes mistakes where'er it sends
Some hindrance which your eager haste offends?
Or when he lets the wicked plot you harm,
And stir a whirlwind when you seek a calm,
You think it strange, this trial swift and keen,
And in your weakness ask, "What does it mean?"

I think the language of God's heart would read:
"I love my child, I note his slightest need;
I long to prosper him in all his ways,
To give him quiet nights and peaceful days;
But if I do, he'll loose himself from me,
By own outstretched hand he will not wait to see;
I'll place a hindering wall before his feet;
There he will wait, and there we two will meet.
I do it not in wrath for broken laws
Or wilful disobedience, but because,
I want him nearer, and I cannot wait,
For him to come, for he might wander late.
My child will wonder, will not understand;
Still half in doubt, he'll clasp my outstretched hand,
But when at last upon my heart he leans,
He will have ceased to wonder what it means."

Night And Death.

(By Joseph Blanco White.)

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame.
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

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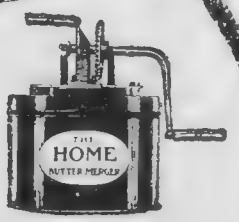

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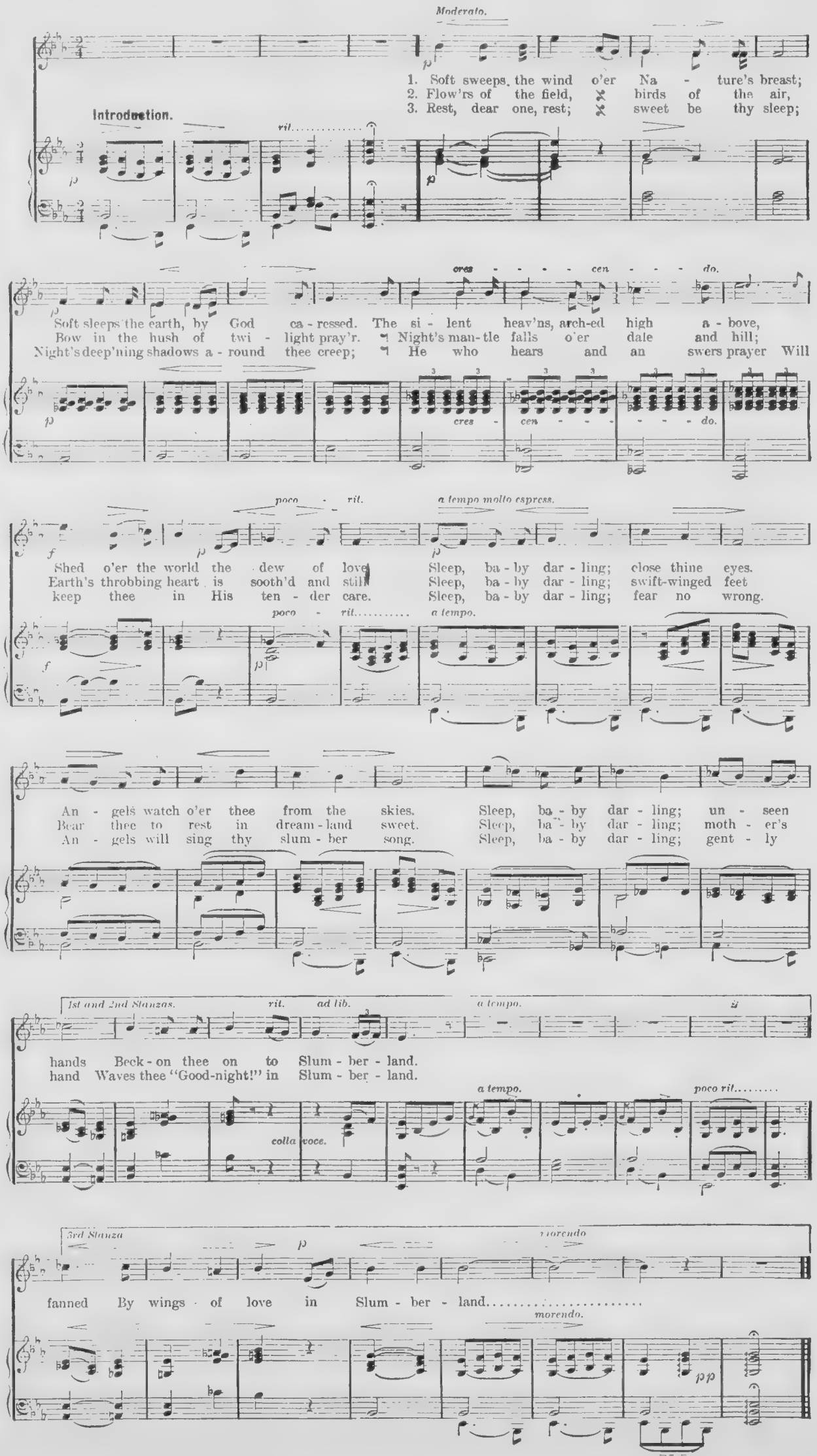
Baby's Slumberland.

Words by Walter G. Davis. Music by Frank O. Mason.

Music and the Drama.

Many people in different ways have been benefactors to the human race, and in the history of music the names of several lovers of music stand out as worthy of admiration and regard. These proved their love of music by helping and encouraging musicians in their up-hill work; and the development of the genius of some of our best composers owes much to the timely pecuniary aid of these enthusiastic music-lovers. All honor to them! May there be many more like them.

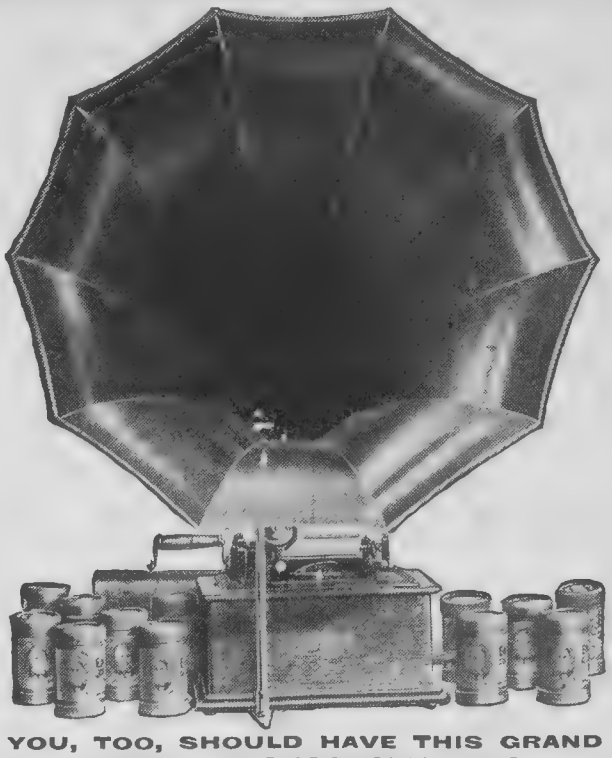
Jean Baptiste Lully (1633-1687), the founder of French music, though an Italian by birth, lived nearly all his life in Paris. He was a kitchen servant in the household of Mdlle. de Montpensier, and afterwards violinist in the private band of Louis the Fourteenth. Lully owed nearly all his success to the influence of King Louis, who appointed him composer of his instrumental music, superintendent of his chamber music, "Maitre de musique" to the royal family and secretary to the King. In fact the king favored and encouraged him in every way. Lully wrote a great many operas, and is generally regarded as the originator of the overture. I am sorry to say that, although undoubtedly a genius, Lully's character was anything but what it should be. According to history his manners and morals were vile and coarse. The following story is told about him. Once when he was ill his confessor would not grant him absolution until he destroyed the score of his last opera. The next day the Prince of Conti came to see him, and hearing what he had done, said, "Baptiste, how could you be so foolish as to burn your splendid opera?" "Hush! hush!" said Lully, "I knew what I was doing; I've got another copy."

Charles the Second of England, "The Gay Monarch," did some good to the cause of music. He took a fancy to young Pelham Humphreys, one of the choir boys at the Chapel Royal, and sent him to Paris in 1664 to study under the great Lully. He stayed there about three years, and made remarkable progress. During his absence he was appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and on his return to London he made a great name as a composer and lute player. He was the first to infuse Lully's style into English church music. His anthem, "Hear O Heavens," was a great advance on anything before produced by an English composer; and there is no doubt that all the English composers who came after him—including Purcell—were much influenced by Humphreys' compositions. Pepys, in his diary, makes the following references to Humphreys: "Nov. 22, 1663—At chapel: I had room in the Privy Seale with other gentlemen, and there heard Dr. Killigrew preach. The anthem was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalme, made for five voices by one of Captain Cooke's boys, a pretty boy. And they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musical, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem. Nov. 1, 1667—To chapel, it being All Hallows' Day, and heard a fine anthem made by Pelham, who is come over. Nov. 15, 1667—Home, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Caesar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur; as full of form and confidence and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here as Blagrove and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune, nor understand anything; and the Grebus, the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose; and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the King are mighty great."

Prince Esterhazy will always be remembered as the patron of Haydn. Haydn never had any regular musical training. He was what we may call a self-taught musician. It is true that Porpora, the great singing teacher and composer, gave him some valuable instruction, in return for which Haydn worked for him like a servant. Every morning he cleaned Porpora's shoes, powdered his wig, and brushed his clothes. But Haydn did all this willingly in order to learn all he could from Porpora. But as I said before, he had no systematic training. Up to the age of 28 he did not make much headway for he was poor and it was difficult to get influence; but then his golden days began. His fame reached Prince Esterhazy, (an enthusiastic lover of music and amateur musician), who engaged him as chapel master at Eitenstadt, his place in Hungary, where he kept an orchestra, chorus and solo singers. Haydn retained this position for thirty years. This engagement gave him all he needed. All his pecuniary anxieties were over, and he devoted his leisure time to study and composition. His own words prove that he was very happy and contented, for he said: "My Prince was always satisfied with my works; I not only had the encouragement of constant approval, but as conductor of an orchestra I could make experiments. observe what produced an effect and what weakened it, and was thus in a position to improve, alter, make additions or omissions, and be as bold as I pleased; I was cut off from the world, there was no one to confuse or torment me, and I was forced to become original."

There is an uncommonly good vaudeville show at the Winnipeg Exhibition this year, quite as good if not better than anything of the kind seen here before. To fittingly open the proceedings Conductor Barrowclough's City Band discourses sweet music as it has a habit of doing, the audience becoming greatly soothed thereby and in a receptive mood for the excellent fare provided them. First come the three Newsomes, two well-formed women and a man who are all agile acrobats and head balancers. Patterson's troupe of performing elephants, four in number, are put through a number of clever tricks which speak highly for the patience of their trainer. Another animal turn is the Rex circus of ponies and dogs, which is somewhat marred by a too liberal use of the whip by the man in charge. A bucking mule is most comical. The eight flying Jordans present an act seldom seen in the city, owing to the fact that a large space is required by the troupe for its aerial work. The Heras Family, eight of them, describe themselves as the world's greatest head and shoulder acrobats, and, after seeing them, it would be risky work questioning their claim. Their work is clean, quick and graceful, one girl being particularly clever. Then the Adelaide Trio also win loud applause from the people in the stands by some slack wire walking in which much agility is shown. A big act is that of Cimijotti's horses, a troupe of ten cream-colored stallions, who go through wonderful and varied movements, their drilling being nearly the last word in animal training. And then comes the gem of the whole bill in the shape of Thaviu's Band and Russian Dancers, and their wild and almost fierce dances certainly make people sit up and take notice. This turn is almost a whole performance in itself. Citizens and the stranger within our gates got their money's worth at this year's exhibition. Mention must also be made of the fireworks which wind up each day's festivities and the great spectacle "With Roberts in Afghanistan," the gorgeous pyrotechnic display "The Battle of the Dreadnought" and the "Human Flag."

When bathing a baby or invalid it is well to have the towels heated. They dry the skin more quickly without the moist, sticky feeling that sometimes follows a bath.



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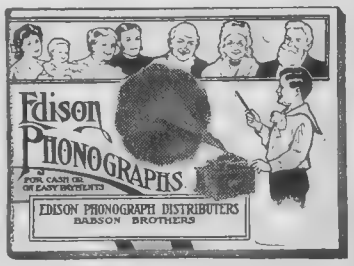

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Household Suggestions.

In Blueberry Time.

'Tis blueberry time, and the pasture
High up on the hill-side is sweet
With the fragrance of hay, and the incense
Of flowers you crush 'neath your feet.
The stone wall is crimsoned with briers,
The clematis tangles its spray,
The deep, wine-red plume of the sumac
Uplifts like a soldier at bay.

Bob White, with his silvery whistle,
Sings shrill from the heart of the corn,
And clear over fir-top and elm-top
The caw of the black crow is borne;
And night falls in shadow and silence,
Save only the katydid's strain,
And the hoot of the owl from the thicket,
Or the whippoorwill's plaintive refrain.

'Tis blueberry time in the mountains,
The time of the quiver of heat.
The time of the sudden down-slashing
Of rain that is welcome and sweet.
The bare-footed, brown, dimpled children
Troop out with their baskets and pails;
The rabbits are scared at their laughter,
And, startled, forth flutters the quails.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A Few "Hot Weather" Desserts.

Orange jelly is very quickly and easily made. Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in one half cupful of cold water for twenty minutes; dissolve in one and one half cupfuls of boiling water, strain, add one cupful of granulated sugar, one and one half cupfuls of orange juice and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Turn into a mold, and chill. When used for a garnish cut in inch cubes or separate into pieces by beating slightly with a silver fork.

Variegated Blanc-Mange.

A pint and a half of milk, four tablespoonfuls of cornflour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs, vanilla flavoring. Mix the cornflour with cold milk to the consistency of cream, boil the remainder of the milk and add to the mixed cornflour, and boil for ten minutes; add the sugar and yolks of the eggs and stir well together, then add the whites, stiffly whipped, and put it on the fire till on the point of boiling, when it must be taken off and poured into two basins in equal parts. Add the vanilla flavoring to each part and color one a nice pink with cochineal. Now proceed to fill the mould by putting layers of the pink at the bottom, and then alternate layers of both colors until the mould is full. Let it stand until quite cold and turn out.

Pineapple Sponge.—Scald a pint of pineapple pulp; dissolve three heaping spoonfuls of gelatine in a little cold water and then in a cupful of boiling water; add the juice of half a lemon, a cupful of sugar, and the pineapple; cool, fold in a pint of whipped cream, and put in a mold rinsed with cold water. Set on ice till it is firm and turn out; surround with slices of the pineapple or with whipped cream.

A Pineapple Souffle is a cold souffle. Did you ever hear of such a one before! Separate the yolks from the whites of three eggs. Beat the yolks slightly, and add the grated rind and juice of one lemon, a few grains of salt, and one half cupful of sugar. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens; remove from the fire and add two thirds of a cupful of canned grated pineapple and one and one half tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine which has been soaked in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. When the mixture begins to thicken add one half cupful of heavy cream beaten until stiff, and the whites of the three eggs beaten until stiff. Decorate a mold with halves of candied cherries and strips of angelica, and turn in the mixture. Chill thoroughly, remove from mold, and garnish or not, as desired, with orange jelly separated into pieces. Fresh pineapple cannot be used in this recipe, as it contains a ferment which destroys the thickening properties of the gelatine. I have sometimes made a peach souffle using canned peaches in place of canned pineapple, first adding to the contents of the can one third of a cupful of sugar, cooking until the fruit is very soft, then forcing it through a puree strainer.

For the chocolate ice cream mix one and one fourth cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add two eggs slightly beaten and two cupfuls of scalded milk. Cook over hot water until the mixture thickens, then add two and one half squares of melted chocolate, two cupfuls of cream and one tablespoonful of vanilla. Strain, and freeze.

For the macaroon cream, soak three fourths of a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, and dissolve in one fourth of a cupful of scalded cream. Add one third of a cupful of powdered sugar, two thirds of a cupful of rolled dry macaroons, one teaspoonful of vanilla and a few grains of salt. As soon as the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the whip from one pint of thin cream, using for the whipping process a whip churn.

Coffee Sponge — Ingredients — One ounce of gelatine, one pint of milk, three ounces of coffee, sugar, two eggs. Method—Soak the gelatine all night, boil the milk, and pour it over the coffee, in a jug; let it stand for ten minutes, then strain it into a saucepan, add the gelatine, and let it boil; take it off the fire, add sugar to taste and the yokes of the eggs, well beaten, stir it well, let it get cool, then stir in the whites of the eggs, well beaten; beat the mixture until quite spongy. Put into a wetted mould, and let it stand in a cold place until it is set; turn out and serve.

Spanish Cream.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in a pint of milk, and when thoroughly dissolved boil and add the yolks of two eggs beaten with half a teacupful of sugar; when it comes to a boil, remove from the fire and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Flavor to taste.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—This foundation is suitable for any kind of ice cream. One large pint of milk, one cup of sugar, a half cup of flour, scant, two eggs, a quart of cream, flavoring, and when the cream is added, another cup of sugar. Let milk come to a boil. Beat one cup of sugar, flour and eggs together, and stir into boiling milk. Cook twenty minutes, stirring often; cool, and when cool add remainder of sugar, cream and seasoning, and freeze. For freezing, have ice pounded in small pieces (pound in a bag); pack around the tin can a layer of ice about five inches deep, then a thin one of salt, and so on till the tub is full, packing down well. For a gallon can, use three pints of rock salt and about ten quarts of ice. If packed solid, no more ice or salt is needed. Do not let off the water while freezing. If more salt is used the cream freezes sooner, but will not be so rich and smooth.

Pineapple Lemonade.

Make a syrup by boiling two cupfuls of water and one cupful of sugar ten minutes. Add the juice of three lemons and one can of grated pineapple. Cool, strain, and dilute with iced water the quantity required being about one quart.

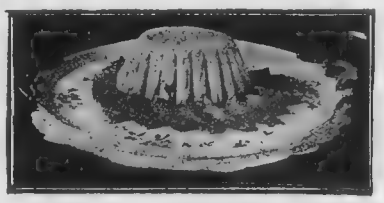
Raspberry Vinegar.

Put two quarts of raspberries in a stone jar or granite kettle, pour over one quart of pure cider vinegar; cover and stand aside for two days; drain off the liquor without mashing the berries, and pour it over another quart of fresh fruit, placed in the same jar or kettle, and stand aside as before. At the end of two days strain this carefully and pour it over another quart of fresh fruit, and let it stand one day. This time turn the fruit in a jelly-bag or two thicknesses of cheesecloth, and press it until dry. Wash the kettle, return the syrup, add one pound of sugar to each pint of liquid, stir until the sugar is dissolved, boil for five minutes, skim, bottle, cork with new corks and seal the bottles.

Raspberry vinegar diluted with cold water makes a very refreshing drink in hot weather.

Effervescing Lemonade.

Work into a pound of powdered sugar thirty-three drops of oil of lemon, sifted into two ounces and a half of tartaric acid and two and a half ounces of carbonate of soda. Put it into a glass can that is perfectly dry, and seal. For use, stir two teaspoonfuls into a glass of water.



Soda Water.

Put an ounce of tartaric acid into a pound of powdered sugar and sift. Put in a large earthen bowl, pour over a pint of boiling water, add two tablespoonfuls of any preferred flavoring and the white of an egg well beaten; stir well and bottle or can. (I use fruit cans for these preparations). Shake well before using. Put two tablespoonfuls into a goblet of water, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, and drink as it foams.

Take four pounds of white sugar to six quarts of water, put over a slow fire; when milk-warm, add the whites of two eggs, well beaten, bring the whole to a boiling point, let it boil for a short time, and strain immediately. When cold, add six ounces of tartaric acid, flavor with lemon, and bottle. A wineglassful of the cream is used for a tumbler of water, and sufficient carbonate of soda to make it effervesce.

Fruit Punch.

Make a syrup by boiling four cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar twenty minutes. Separate twelve sprigs of fresh mint in pieces, add one and one half cupfuls of boiling water, cover, and let stand in a warm place ten minutes; then strain, and add to syrup. Add one cupful of strawberry juice, one cupful of orange juice and the juice of eight lemons; then cool. Pour into a punch bowl, add one pint of grape juice, and chill with a large piece of ice; dilute with water. Garnish with fresh mint leaves and whole strawberries. Serve from a small table in punch glasses.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Materials.—Seven quarts of black or red raspberries, cider vinegar, sugar and a two-gallon stone jar.

Way of Preparing.—Place the berries in the jar and add vinegar until the jar is full. Cover and let stand one week. Then strain off the vinegar and measure it. To each pint of this vinegar add one pint of sugar. Place it on the fire and bring to the boil. When it boils up once, remove from the fire, strain, cool and bottle. When cold, it is ready for use. To use it, half-fill a tall tumber with shaved ice, then add one-fourth of a cupful of the vinegar and water to fill.

Seasonable Hints.

When the sun seems to promise a hot day, close all the doors and windows on the first floor of the house. Open the attic windows, have all the hall and chamber doors open, and thus manage the circulation of air in the house, so that all the warm air will escape upstairs and out the attic windows, and so keep the lower rooms cool. At five o'clock reopen the house again.

Clean house very early in the morning. Opening the house during the midday heat only makes it hotter than ever.

Open the cellar doors and windows night and morning, but keep them closed between nine and five. Warm, moist air entering a cool cellar makes it damp by condensation, as the dew that quickly gathers on cold surfaces, such as the iron work of the furnace, plainly shows.

To avoid scraping new potatoes, boil them in their skins until tender. Then skin and put back in the steamer for a few minutes to dry out.

Dip toothbrushes occasionally in boiling water and always rinse them thoroughly after using. Toothwash or powder if left on a brush will decay.

In slicing bacon always place the rind side down, cut only to the rind, and when enough strips have been cut, then slip the knife under them.

Dried celery and olives, in combination with left-over macaroni make a delicious salad. It should be served with mayonnaise on lettuce leaves.

Scraping new potatoes will invariably blacken the hands, but the discoloration can be removed with a piece of cut lemon dipped lightly in pumice.

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn Cure be used.

Woman and the Home.

"I'm Not the Baby Now!"

I'm not the baby now, they say,
But that must be a fib!
A nasty, noisy thing to-day
Has got my little crib!

It does nothing else but cry! cry!
I can't get peace to sing.
I wonder what they got him for,
The noisy little thing.

He shuts his fists as if to fight,
And rubs them in his eyes;
He keeps us up most half the night
With most unearthly cries.

And yet papa, he calls him "dear!"
And mamma calls him "pet!"
I'm no more use at home, I fear,
And that's what makes me fret.

I'm not the baby now, I know,
But that's no reason why
A little coon like it should go
And thus put out my eye.

I'll tell you what we'll do, Aunt Poll,
When rag-man he comes in,
We'll trade him for a nice new doll,
And stop his noisy din.

The Right Spirit.

Some housekeepers do not go at things in the right spirit. They wonder why they cannot get this done and that done. Don't think so much about your work and you will succeed much better.

Have you ever wakened in the morning and thought of the washing and cooking and sweeping and dusting, the children's lunch and that hole in John's coat that must be mended, and company coming to supper, too? All at once you no doubt felt very sorry for yourself and realized how little you were appreciated and you worked up such a nice melancholy feeling. It's great, isn't it? But, don't do it. The day will have begun wrong and each task will be a burden instead of a pleasure.

Sweep your whole house thoroughly once a week and the rest of the time brush up and dust and things will look just as well as if you swept every day.

The art of cooking is a bugbear to a great many housekeepers. It should, of course, take much thought, but by good management not such a great deal of time. Meat and vegetables simply cooked, with crisp green things or fresh fruit are far more wholesome for John and the children than the fussy things that do so try the patience of the busy housewife.

Have you ever tried saving all your scraps? Do so, for awhile, and you will be surprised to find how many dainty dishes can be made from them. By grinding and chopping all the cold meat and bread and potatoes, binding together with an egg and seasoning to taste and frying in little cakes, you will have a delicious supper dish. For variety, thicken a cupful of tomatoes with flour and pour over the cakes, or add a bit of chopped onion, or make a mound of mashed potatoes and arrange the cakes around it nicely.

John's appetite will probably sometimes fail him, as the spring advances. Try this some night. Toast slices of bread a nice golden brown and butter slightly. Take some bits of finely chopped dried beef and put in the pan with enough water to cover; let come to a boil and drain; add one-half pint of milk in which you have stirred smooth one level tablespoonful of flour and let come to a boil; season and pour over slices of toast. Serve this very hot and John will be delighted.

Pick apart any cold cooked fish to make a pint; rub together a rounding tablespoonful of butter and same amount of flour. Add half a pint of milk, stirring constantly until it thickens. Take from the fire and add the fish, a level teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Stir gently and stand over hot water until it is thoroughly heated. Serve on toast.

A Different Matter.

One day last week Mr. Standish found a pair of gloves. The color was pearl gray ,the quality first-class, the size 6¼. Apparently the gloves had been worn only once, so Standish took them home and gave them to his wife. He had expected her to be pleased with the inexpensive contribution to her wardrobe, but she was not.

"I don't want them," she said.

"Why not?" asked Standish. "They are just your size, and I heard you say yesterday that you needed a pair of gloves of that colour."

"I do," said Mrs. Standish, " but I am not going to wear anybody's cast-off clothes. I am surprised that you would even think of offering me a pair of gloves that you picked up in the street. If I can't get what I need fresh from the store I won't wear any at all. If you can't afford to buy new clothes for me say so, and I'll get a position where I can earn a little spending money for myself and the children."

Mr. Standish looked uncomfortable, and the chances are that he felt even more so. As a salve to his own lacerated feelings and to Mrs. Standish's pride he suggested that they go to the theatre. Mrs. Standish consented reluctantly.

In the cooling waters.

"I have no gloves fit to wear," she said, "but perhaps if I wear that old gray dress the contrast won't be so great."

The play was interesting, and in spite of the fact that Mrs. Standish sat with her handkerchief wrapped around her hands to hide the gloves Standish put in an enjoyable evening. Indeed, so light hearted did he become that he left the theatre whistling, and probably would have gone home in that happy strain if he had not stopped in the lobby to button his overcoat. That pause was fatal. It gave Mrs. Standish an opportunity to look around. Whenever Mrs. Standish looks around she is pretty sure to see something. She saw something then. It lay on the floor at her feet and she hastened to pick it up.

"Oh, just guess what I found!" she said.

"What?" asked Standish between snatches of tunefulness.

She flirted a pair of pearl gray gloves in his face and laughed exultantly.

"These," she said. "Aren't they beautiful? And they are just my size, too. Isn't that luck for you?"

Standish stopped whistling.

"Well, I swear!" he said. "Not five hours ago I offered you a pair of gloves that I had found and you almost threw them in my face. These are not half as good. I hope you don't intend to wear them."

"Of course I shall wear them!" returned Mrs. Standish. "This is an entirely different matter."

First Born

A hope and a fear we wed one day
By the grave of a happy hour;
A dead faith's knell was the marriage bell
And the ring was a withered flower.
And one of them died and one was left
To live thro' the days forlorn.
And there by the side of a hope that died
The world's first Tear was born.

A Rose and the Sunshine were married one day
By the shore of a meadow sea;
The wedding words were the songs of the birds
And the priest was a rambling bee.
The lover sun touched a lifted face
As fair as the dew-wet morn;
And as the Rose blushed red at the things that he said
The world's first Kiss was born.

A Dream and a Duty met one day
In the midst of a busy mart.
And one held a rose from the garden that grows
In the Land of the Loyal Heart.
But Duty looked on up a cross-crowned hill,
The cross of the Sanctified Thorn.
And there by the bier of a Dream that was dear
The world's first Smile was born!

To Keep Child Healthy.

Regular feeding, pure air, free sunshine, water, freedom in dress, and cleanliness should be the inheritance of every child. Do not cover the child's head while he sleeps nor keep him in an unventilated room. Knowing that the atmosphere is forty miles deep, it certainly is a useless piece of economy to inhale the same air more than once. First let the child sleep in a cool, well aired room, and, if possible, in the morning give the bath, then take him outdoors, where he should remain not less than six hours. Water should be given before each feeding, and not less than six times a day. Every element of the body, except the enamel of the teeth, contains salt, therefore it is necessary that plenty of salt be given the child. With the free use of salt in the food during the first two years in life the second set of teeth will be much better.

Mothers, Speak Low.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones always resound through them from morning till night; and the influence is as contagious as measles and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mothers set the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bidden; while many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

O, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any, they make them only seven times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

The Housewife Should be a Business Woman.

The successful housewife must have some little artistic instinct in her nature that she may effect, usually out of simple and inexpensive material, a harmony in color, a pleasing arrangment of line and form that shall make her home grateful to the eye and inviting to the soul. She must also be the shrewd and careful business woman, for she must spend such a share of the family income as is proportioned to her so as to get the greatest possible return for it in health and happiness for her family. It is impossible for me here to go into any detailed discussion of the expenditure of money. But I would like to set before all housewives a little maxim as to saving which has been of great service to me. Said a wise old lady to me once, when I defended some foolish piece of economy of my own as necessary: "My dear, never save out of your own skin." This is the mistake which many a woman makes, to find out too late that Nature punishes no sins so severely as those of ignorance. When the need for economy comes her first thought is to make up the deficiency "out of her own skin." She lets one of her maids go and fills in the gaps herself, or she does more of the spring sewing, instead of cutting down the number of fresh frocks for herself and her daughters to absolute necessities.

What is Life.

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little brown-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store,

A little family gathered round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil:
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool, an easy chair:
A little night of earth-lit gloom
A little cortege to the tomb.

A Boon for the Bilious.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile and the acrid liquid flows into the stomach and sours it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

SMART MIDSUMMER GOWNS.

Midsummer is seeing a great many different materials used, but no two are greater favorites than linen and embroidered muslin. The gown to the left shows white linen braided with rat-tail cord and worn with a collar of Irish lace, while the one to the right illustrates embroidered Swiss muslin combined with Irish lace of two sorts, the heavier for the trimming portions, the baby Irish for yoke and under sleeves.

The linen gown is exceedingly smart and well adapted to all the heavier materials. The tunic is of novel shaping, arranged over the seven gored skirt with its back edges disappearing under the full length of box plait. The blouse is made with the wide trimming portion at the front that can be braided or made of contrasting material or embroidered, or treated in any way to suit the fancy. The collar could be made to match the dress in place of being of lace, or the neck could be finished with the neckband and the gown worn with any pretty collar or stock. If preferred the sleeves can be made long.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse, 4¾ yards of material 21 or 27, 3½ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 12½ yards 24, 9 yards 27 or 8½ yards 32, 5¾ 44 inches wide; soutache according to design. The waist pattern 6679 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6675 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inch waist measure. The braiding pattern 512 is cut in one size only.

The muslin gown shows one of the prettiest and most graceful tunics that the season has brought forth. It is arranged over a skirt made with a gored upper portion and plaited flounce, and it falls in exceptionally becoming lines. The blouse is both smart and novel, yet perfectly simple. The front is cut in one piece, the wide tucks overlapping the trimming portions, and the closing is made invisibly at the back. The sleeves can be made long if preferred, and the stock collar can be used to finish the neck, but the dress as illustrated is smart in the extreme. The model will be found adapted to a variety of seasonable materials. It would be pretty made from marquisette or from organdie, it would be charming made from foulard and voile, and there are various others that might be mentioned. while for trimming either contrasting material or banding would be pretty.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse, 2⅞ yards of material 24 or 27, 2⅝ yards 32 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for yoke and under sleeves, 2 yards of heavy lace banding for trimming portions; for the skirt, 7¾ yards 24 or 27, 6¾ yards 32 or 5 yards 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards 32 for the gored upper portion; 8 yards of banding. The waist pattern 6672 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6668 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure, and any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Smart Midsummer Gowns—Four Patterns.

Skirt 6675—Sizes 22-32.
Blouse 6679—Sizes 32-40.

Skirt 6668—Sizes 22-30.
Blouse 6672—Sizes 34-44.

A FASHIONABLE SUMMER GOWN.

The summer gown that is made of foulard or marquisette or mousseline banded with plain silk is an exceedingly smart one. This model is adapted to all these materials and, indeed, to everything seasonable, for it would be charming made from voile and it would be lovely made from the simpler organdies and flowered muslins. The blouse is one of the very new ones that is cut in one with the sleeves, and can be made as illustrated or without the yoke of lace as liked. The skirt consists of a gored upper portion, to which the flounce is attached and the tunic can be left free as in this instance or gathered at the lower edge and caught to the skirt as shown in the back view. Also the skirt can be made long if preferred. For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¼ yards of material 24, 1¾ yards 32 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 21 for cuffs and trimming, ½ yard 19 for the yoke; for the skirt, 7⅝ yards 24 or 32, 4⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of silk for trimming.

Skirt 6622—Sizes 22-30.
Blouse 6684—Sizes 34-40.

The pattern 6684 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6622 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A SIMPLE FROCK OF BATISTE.

Any pretty thin summer material could be ultilized for this frock, but in the illustration it is made from batiste and trimmed with embroidery. The straight skirt is gathered at the upper edge and laid in a tuck that gives a suggestion of the over skirt idea, and the blouse is laid in fine tucks at the shoulder and neck. The pretty short sleeves are shaped at their lower edges, and if liked the trimming can be extended to the shoulders, giving an overlapped effect. The round neck is pretty and fashionable in one. Altogether the dress is eminently to be desired for a warm summer day. White mercerized batiste with lace inset above the hem and the wide tuck of the skirt and again below the tucks of the blouse portion would make a dainty dress, cotton voile made just as illustrated would be serviceable and practical; and lawns and batiste afford almost limitless variety in color and design. Either lace or embroidery makes pretty trimming for this last, or the neck and sleeves could be finished with bands of contrasting color. Straight skirts always are easy to launder, and the dress is very practical at the same time that it is essentially dainty and smart.

For the ten year size will be required 4¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 4 yards 32 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of banding. A May Manton pattern No. 6685, sizes 8 to 12 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

Design By May Manton
6685 Girl's Dress.
Sizes 8 to 12.

A SMART FROCK OF HANDKERCHIEF LAWN.

Handkerchief lawn is one of the prettiest possible summer materials, and in this instance it is trimmed with bands of embroidery. The frock is a very dainty one, taking graceful and becoming lines, yet quite simple withal. It can be made just as illustrated or with high neck and long sleeves as shown in the back view, and it can be made adapted to afternoon occasions or to morning wear as one material or another is chosen. Made from blue chambray, for example, with bands of plain white linen it would become a pretty morning frock. As illustrated it makes a dressy one adapted to afternoon wear. The trimming shown is pretty and very generally becoming, but in its stead there could be arranged bands of embroidery between

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

6687 Girl's Dress,
Sizes 10 to 14.

the box plaits in the front, one at each side of the centre to give quite a different effect, and such treatment is especially to be commended for the girls who need to obtain all possible effect of height. Blue linen would be pretty with trimming of white embroidery. Rose color is much worn, and for the frocks of warm weather any of the pretty lawns and batistes will be found appropriate. The skirt is made in three portions, the front one being box plaited, while the sides and back are laid in side plaits. It and the blouse are joined and the closing is made at the back.

For the twelve year size will be required 8 yards of material 24, 5 yards 32 and 4¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 10 yards of banding.

A May Manton pattern No. 6687, sizes 10, 12, and 14 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A DAINTY GOWN OF SILK MULL.

Silk mull is one of the daintiest and prettiest materials for summer evening gowns. This one is corn yellow in color, and is trimmed with white banding, the combination being an extremely fashionable as well as attractive one. The skirt is five gored, shirred to form a girdle, and again at about knee depth. It can be made of the length illustrated or with a short train as preferred. The blouse is a very charming, very attractive one of the simple gathered sort that is always becoming for thin material. In this instance it is finished with a little tucker or frill at the neck edge. If liked the yoke could be added, making it high, or the tucker could be omitted, making the dress a little lower, and any preferred finish can be used at the lower edge. The sleeves can be made as illustrated or shorter, consisting of one puff each, or longer by the addition of deep fitted cuffs. All thin materials are appropriate, chiffon, marquisette and voile are especially fashionable, but there is a long list of available ones.

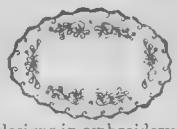
Skirt 6683—Sizes 22-32.
Blouse 6567—Sizes 32-40.

For medium size will be required, for the waist, 3 yards of material 21 or 24, 2½ yards 32 or 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards of wide and 2 yards of narrow banding: for the skirt, 7 yards 21, 24, or 32, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 5¼ yards of banding.

The waist pattern 6567 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6683 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Until He Find It.

A pleasant incident is recorded of General Garibaldi. One evening he met a Sardinian shepherd, who had lost a lamb out of his flock and was in great distress because he could not find it. Garibaldi became deeply interested in the man, and proposed to his staff that they should scour the mountains and help to find the lost lamb. A search was organized, lanterns were brought, and these old soldiers started off full of earnestness to look for the fugitive. The quest was in vain, however, and by and by all the soldiers returned to their quarters. Next morning Garibaldi's attendant found the general in bed and fast asleep long after his usual hour for rising. The servant aroused him at length, and the general rubbed his eyes and then took from under his bed coverings the lost lamb, bidding the attendant carry it to the shepherd. Garibaldi had kept up the quest through the night until he had found the lamb.—Rev. J. R. Miller.



This Beautiful 18-inch Tray Cloth on Art Linen, choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Lazy Daisy or Violet design, sent for 15c. BARGAIN to introduce our fancy work magazine, showing newest designs in embroidery. Address **W. Stephens Co., Box 36B, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.**

Send $4.95

Receive by mail postpaid, this beautiful new style one-piece dress. The material is fine French Lustre. The shades are navy, cream black, brown and green. The style is the latest, made with lace yoke and braid trimmed cuffs and belt, and new pleated skirt. It is a striking, handsome and stylish suit, finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give length down back, down arm and down front from bottom of collar to bottom of belt, length of skirt, and around waist, bust and hips. We guarantee this suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Send $4.95 to-day. Same dress in all-wool Panama, same shade as lustre above, $5.95. Add 30c postage. Order dress 1910.

Standard Garment Co.,
10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

No. 1910.

This Beautiful 12 inch Mt. Mellick

One Eyelet, one Violet and one Wallachian centre sent postpaid for only 15 cents. Also a copy of our New Home Needlework Magazine teaching all the new embroideries and showing all the latest designs in shirt waists, hats, corset covers, centres, tray cloths, pillow tops, etc.

Address: The W. Stephens Co.
Box 36 B. Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

Send $1.95 Receive Cloth Melton Skirt, tailored in fall style, welted seams and side pleats, just as shown, in black, navy, green and brown. Skirt is cut very full. Give waist, hip and length measure. Order to-day; add 25c. for postage.

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Does what was never done before."

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This Centerpiece Given

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We will send you POST PAID this 22 x 22 inch CENTER PIECE, Tinted on Tan Crash. Your choice of the following designs:

Roses, Poinsettia, Yellow Daisy, Maple Leaf or Wild Roses

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins BELDING'S FAST COLOR ROYAL FLOSS to trim and commence embroidery on the centre piece. The Lace is ECRU FILET matching centre piece in color.

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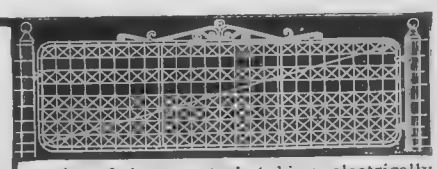
to convince every woman that BELDING'S SILKS are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING" giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers.

Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted. Address—

Belding, Paul & Co., Ltd. Dept. L., Montreal, P.Q.

The electrically-welded, solid-piece frame gives strength and stiffness to

Peerless Farm and Ornamental Gates



We build Peerless Gates to last a lifetime—handy, convenient and attractive. They remain staunch and rigid through all kinds of rough usage. The frame is made of heavy steel tubing electrically welded into one solid piece. The Peerless Gate, like the Peerless Fence, saves expense because it never needs repairs. We also make poultry, lawn and farm fences of exceptional strength. Write for free book.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd., Box P, Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man.

Summer Embroideries for Little People.

The appreciation with which our readers welcomed the little embroidered garments quoted in the May journal and the many requests which followed for other articles for the tiny tots decided us to further illustrate some attractive and useful novelties suitable for this attractive little coat, and will give the needed warmth for cool breezy days.

The embroidered bibs are most practical and dainty, and the edges may be finished if preferred with a narrow lace under the scallop which needs to be closely and evenly worked.

The embroidered afghan has a very handsome design, and is stamped on a round thread embroidery linen. These afghans are most serviceable for summer use, and a soft silk padded lining may be lightly tacked into place under the embroidered linen for cooler weather. These linen afghans are growing in favor, as they are much more durable than the lace trimmed muslins, nets, etc., which were so generally used.

Dainty pillows may be embroidered to match these afghans, and the one designed to match this afghan consists of two pieces of embroidered linen, back and front, which lace through eyelets over the small silk covered form, and scalloped edges finish this pretty pillow.

The second pillow which is illustrated consists of a ready-made dimity slip finished with a hemstitched frill, and a

Coat stamped on linen or carrick $1.25
Hat to match 40c

No. 5462 Afghan stamped on linen 75c
No. 5463 Pillow to match 60c

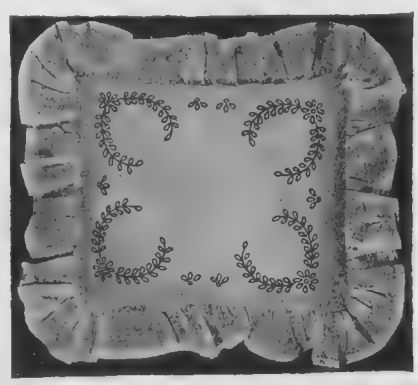
both for the wee babies and children of a larger growth.

The first little figure shows a becoming and smart little coat with a hat to match embroidered on either corded pique or a rather heavy linen. The

No. 5390 Sacque stamped on linen or voile 50c
Larger size 75c

design shows a combination of braiding and embroidery, and these little garments are most practical, as they launder so easily, and are cool and comfortable for summer wear. Pretty little

No. 5243 Bib stamped on linen .. 15c



No. 1325 Frilled slip over 40c

No. 1363 Baby rack complete .. 50c

dainty eyelet pattern is stamped for embroidery. These little slips are so easily laundered that they well deserve their popularity.

The little baby rack is a charming little novelty which makes a most attractive gift to a newly arrived baby. This consists of a tinted linen with with pretty Dutch figures in Delft Blues, which design is outlined with black Filo Floss, and afterwards mounted on a narrow board. Small screw rings and ribbon hangers complete this dainty rack.

Any of our readers entrusting their orders for any of the articles described in these columns will have them promptly filled.

Lustered cotton to embroider these stamped linens—3 cents per skein, or 30 cents per dozen.

Padding cotton—5 cents per ball.

Motor Driveway, Assiniboine Park

Felicity.

By Clifford Howard, in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

No labor truly done is menial in the sight of Heaven. He that fills honestly the place for which he is fitted is no man's inferior. I am as much to you as you are to me, whether I be a carrier of a hod and you a senator of the nation. We cannot all be Solomons or Shakespeares or Rockfellers. Nor, for the sake of humanity, was it ever designed that we should be. The linnet does not cease its song because it lacks the wings of the eagle, not does the ant work any the less contentedly because it cannot gather honey as the bee. In the mechanism of the cosmos there are no useless and unworthy parts. Each in its place is a master.

"There is always room at the top!" exclaim the flippant philosophers of today, seeking to spur us on. It is a false incentive. 'Twas never intended that we should all be climbers. We are as near to heaven at the foot of the mountain as at the summit, and the flowers are as sweet. And let us not forget that there is no summit, however lofty, that does not rest upon the great sea level. Whosoever, therefore, gains the mountain-top of material greatness owes it to those who stand beneath. An Edison, a Roosevelt, a Carnegie, a Mark Twain, is not some one part; he is brother to us all. The world's big men are but the concrete expressions of our collective thoughts and energies. No fellow being is so far unrelated to us but that when he reaches the top so do you and I.

No man knows all things. There is not anyone, however wise he be, that may not learn something from you. Apelles took lessons of a cobbler. We are all necessary one to the other. In the final analysis there is no distinction; "all men are at last of a size." Do not therefore, be disturbed by those evangelists of the strenuous life who slap you on the back. with the admonition to be somebody! You are already Somebody if you are filling faithfully your present job. It is man, not God, who ranks the rose above the dandelion.

You decieve none but yourself if you think to shirk the part assigned to you in the business of the universe. You cannot be what you are not. Therefore, know your limitations. Seek that which may be found. Infinitely more to be prized is contentment in overalls than lack of peace adorned with ermine. Only he is master of his happiness who is honest with himself, who knows what work is his and who does it with singleness of mind and with all the strength and skill that God has given him.

A Corner of the Zoo.

Monarch of the Zoo.

? WHAT NEXT ?

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OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL ENERGY

What would you not sacrifice to realize the joyous sparkle of nerve life as it infuses the body with its glowing vitality; to feel the magnetic enthusiasm of youthful energy; to be happy, light-hearted and full of joyous impulses; to be free from spells ot despondency, from brain wandering, from the dull, stupid feeling, to have confidence, self-esteem and the admiration of men and women? Such is the wish of the broken-down man, and it may be gratified.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

makes men noble; it causes the nerves to tingle with the joyous exhilaration of youth; it fills the heart with a feeling of gladness, makes everything look right and makes the nerves like bars of steel. It cures to stay cured Nervous Debility, Weakness of any kind, whether in Nerves, Stomach, Heart, Liver or Kidneys, Rheumatism, Pains in back and shoulders, Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Constipation, Dyspepsia and all troubles where new life can restore health. It does all this while you sleep by pouring electricity, which is Nature's energy, into your nerves and blood. Electricity is life to the vital parts; when they are weak it will make them strong.

To those who are tired of paying without results, and to those who doubt if anything will help them, I make this offer: If you will secure me my

PAY WHEN YOU ARE CURED

I will let you have my Belt without paying me one cent in advance.

Dear Sir—I have worn your Belt as I should for over a month now and I feel as if life was worth living. I made a mistake at first and did not use it right, and was becoming disheartened, but I did what I should have done at first and read the directions over more carefully, and then I got results. I now spring at everything and never quit until it is done. I now have no pains if I bend my back, and no racking headaches. People say, "Is that the young fellow that used to walk around like an old man? What has come over him?" If they ask me the question, I will tell them. My ambitions have risen sky-high; before, they were in the grave. I cannot thank you enough. G. Pratt, Treherne, Man.

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If you can't call I'll send this book, prepaid, free, if you will enclose this coupon.

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112 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

Please send me your book, free.

Name .....

Address .....

The Little Ones.

The Old Market Woman.

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day;
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a peddler whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When the little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Lawk-a-mercy on me, this is none of I."

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
"I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the litte dog and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lawk-a-mercy on me, this is none of I."

Table Rules for Little Folk.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat:
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife or fork or anything,
I must not play; nor must I sing,
I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen—not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.
I must not say,—"The bread is old,—
The tea is hot,—the coffee's cold."
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough and sneeze,
And when I ask, say "If you please."

A Great Surprise.

It was just too queer for anything! Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn, and his usual merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the slatted fence into Tommy's garden, with a whole great family of wrinkles in his little forehead. Now, what do you suppose that was all about? Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse-chestnut tree, and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick, green shells,—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and smooth, green lawn. Tommy spied them as he came hurrying home from school at noon, and then the scowls came to make him a visit.

"That new boy has everything!" he exclaimed crossly. "He has tops, an' balls, an' a bicycle, an'—an' now he's got the horse-chestnuts! 'Taint fair, so it isn't!' Then poor little discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever.

Tommy didn't realize that down in his garden grew something that the new boy Teddy had always wished for and longed to have—a bouncing yellow pumpkin. How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house and Tommy's garden and Tommy's pumpkin—all three!

Teddy sighed as he thought of the Jack-o'-lantern that he could make if he only had one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his very own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh, and Tommy heard it; and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

"Hallo!" called Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

"Don't you like living here?" inquired Tommy. "You look as if you were homesick. Won't you come over and look at my pumpkins? I've got a dandy lot of them, and they are all my own, every one."

Teddy sighed again. "I've been a-waitin' for a pumpkin for years an' years," he said sadly. "But they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, and so I never had any."

Tommy looked surprised. "Would you like one?" he asked quickly. "'Cause I'd be delighted to give you one of mine, if you would. Come over an' I'll give you one right now."

Teddy climbed over the fence in a hurry, and he smiled and smiled as Tommy took his jackknife out of his trousers' pocket, and cut off one of his biggest pumpkins with a snap.

"You have everything, don't you!" said Teddy, regretfully. "You have pumpkins—whole garden full of them—an' apples, an' grapes, an' "—

This information was a great surprise to Tommy. "I have everything!" he said in astonishment. "Why, I thought you were the one that had everything a few minutes ago. You have tops, an' balls, an' a bicycle, and horse-chestnuts." he said.

"Why, so I have," answered Teddy, thoughfully. "I wanted a pumpkin so much that I most forgot all about everything else. I didn't remember the horse chestnuts. Maybe you would like some. Would you?"

Tommy's eyes danced with delight.

"You can have a big bagful," declared Teddy. "An' if you'll get some toothpicks I'll show you how to make a Brownie man."

"An' I'll help you make your lantern after school," said Tommy. "We'll help each other, an' divide our things, won't we? An' then we can both have everything, really and truly."

"Why, so we can!" said Teddy.

Then those bad scowls and wrinkles had to run away in a hurry. They ran away to see if they could find two cross, discontented little boys. I do hope that they did not find you."—Exchange.

How Much ?

"Yesterday was my mother's birthday," remarked Billy Stone, as he walked proudly by the side of Miss Fowler, his Sunday School teacher. "We gave her presents."

"How nice! I suppose you love her very much, don't you?"

"Lots."

"Well, Billy, my man," said Miss Fowler, stopping a minute at the corner where she was to turn off, "don't forget our lesson last Sunday. You know what the Bible tells us about how true love shows itself."

Yes, Billy knew. He walked on, thinking of it, and presently his round face grew very sober.

"Yesterday we told mother that we gave her the presents with our love. To-day is only a day off, and I wouldn't get up in time for breakfast. I was late at school, I made the twins mad, and I sneaked out of the back door so as not to have to go for the mail. I can't see how anybody, by looking at the way I've acted, could tell that I liked my mother at all."

It was beginning to rain when Billy reached home. He and the twins, who

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"Neverdarn" Holeproof Hosiery **for Men and Women**—6 pairs in a box, **$2.00. For Children**—3 pairs in a box, **$1.00.**

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118 **Mary Street, Hamilton, Ont.** 2461

had been playing in the yard, all went into the shelter of the kitchen together.

Mrs. Stone, at work in the next room, looked out of the window with a sigh. She had so much to do, and there was so liable to be trouble when the children must stay indoors.

Billy thought of this, too.

The twins were hanging their caps up with a scuffle.

"I say, Robin," asked Billy, abruptly, "how much do you love mother this afternoon?"

Robin turned round and stared at him. What a queer question! It was not a bit like a boy.

"Why?" he giggled. "Do you want to write poetry about it?"

"Poetry!" sniffed Billy. "I want to know how much,—just plain how much. That isn't poetry, is it?"

"That's arithmetic," said Dora.

Dora was the oldest of them all. She was bolstered up in a big chair by the fire. She had been ill for a fortnight.

"How much?" repeated Robin. "How can you tell how much you love a person?"

"In plenty of ways, said Billy, wisely." "I'll tell you one right now. I love mother a boxful."

With that he picked up the kindling-box and marched out into the shed.

A light broke upon the twins.

"Oh-o," cried Harry, "that's what you mean, is it? Well, I love her a pail-ful," seizing the water bucket and starting for the pump.

"I love her a scuttleful." said Robin; and he plunged down the cellar after coal.

Dora looked at the clock. She had looked at it 5 minutes before, and said to herself: "I do believe that my darling mother is going to forget the medicine this time. I shall not remind her, that is one thing certain sure!"

"But I guess," she said now, reaching for the bottle with a wry face, "I guess at least I can love her a spoonful."

There was a shout of laughter.

Mrs. Stone heard, and glanced anxiously toward the door. "I hope that there is no mischief on foot. I'm in such a hurry to get this sewing done."

Kitty Stone had roused herself from her book in the old-fashioned kitchen window-seat to listen to Billy and the rest. So far she had said nothing. But, when the kindling box was full, and the pail and the scuttle, and the medicine bottle was a little less full, the covers of Kitty's book went together with a snap.

"Don't you think," she said, "that all of us together, if we hurried, could love mother this room full before she came in and caught us? I'll clean the stove out and blacken it."

"They worked like beavers. The last tin was hung on its nail and the last chair set back to the wall when Mrs. Stone's step was heard coming rapidly down the hall.

"Dora, child, your medicine!" she said.

"Yes'm," said Dora, demurely, "I took it for pure love,—to you, not to it."

Her mother looked round the tidy room; and when she saw how spick and span it was, and when she saw the ring of smiling faces, she kissed them every one, and her own was just as bright as the brightest.

"There's no other mother in the country," said Mrs. Stone, "that has such chidren as mine!"

"There now, do you see!" said Billy to Robin. "Can't you tell how much you love a person? It feels nice, doesn't it" —Sally Campbell.

Grandma's guest was elegantly but simply dressed in black chiffon voile handsomely trimmed with silk over-lace. Little Birdie, aged four, climbed on her lap and patted the many gray hairs and smoothed the soft lace and silk, then peered lovingly into her face and said,

"You'se dressed up good enough to be killed, ain't you?"

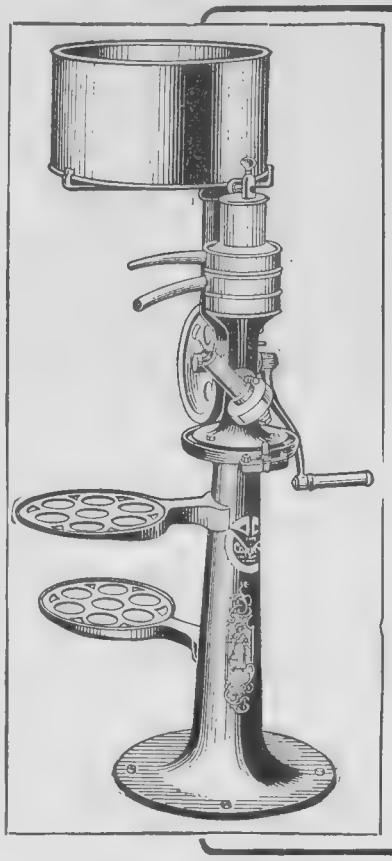
When I grow up and marry, mother, will I have a husband like papa?" asked Mary.

"I hope so, dear," said mother.

"And if I don't marry, will I be like Aunt Sue?"

"I hope so."

"Dracious," said Mary, as she turned away, what a fix I'm in!"



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Harvest Gloves—7B1 Soft, pliable pigskin. Price per pair 50 cents.
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—41B164 2 " 20 " " canvas covered " 10.00
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For further information see page 205 General Catalogue

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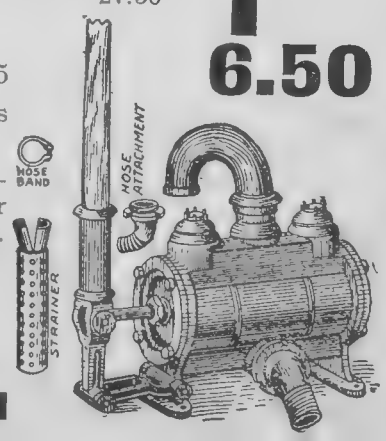
Rubber Belting—Best quality and very heavy. Price 12 to 32 cents per foot according to width and ply.
Lace Leather—Best quality Rawhide. Comes in 1 pound bundles. Widths, ¼, ⅜ and ½ inches. Price per pound 85 cents.
Grain Bags—No. W. 2 bushels, per dozen, $2.65 ... per hundred, $20.50
No. S.G.B. " " 3.10 ... " 24.00
No. H.A. " " 3.50 ... " 27.50
No. 11B323 Special quality Jute bags, stand any amount of wear. 2 bushel size. Price per dozen $1.85, per hundred, $14.25

Stack and Machine Covers quoted on page 169 at prices according to size.

Oils for harvesting machines, engines, cream separators, sewing machines, automobiles, etc. Refer to page 132 in our General Catalogue for prices on small and large quantities.

6.50



THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

LAST GREAT METROPOLIS OF NORTH AMERICA

FORT GEORGE Now starting on main line of Grand Trunk Pacific Ry., and on lines of six other railroads projected and building.

FORT GEORGE is geographical and strategic Commercial Centre of British Columbia and metropolis of an inland Empire larger that the states of Minnesota and Iowa.

FORT GEORGE is at junction of one thousand miles of navigable waterways. Millions of acres of farming lands, besides unlimited timber, mineral and coal resources are tributary.

One hundred million dollars will be spent in next three years in railway building alone. By the summer of 1911 twenty-five thousand men with pay roll of one hundred thousand dollars per day, will be employed in the vicinity of Fort George.

We are joint owners and sole agents for Fort George Townsite. The government insures and guarantees title to lots and owns one quarter of them.

Write us quick for maps, plans and full information about fortune-making opportunities at Fort George, also about our Upper Fraser Valley farms.

Natural Resources Security Co., Ltd.
Winch Building, Vancouver, B.C.

O.K. SAUCE

Is *not a new Sauce*, but a sterling favourite in the Old Country. Deliciously appetising and a *real digestive* with meat, fish, game and viands of every description. There are imitations, so it behoves one to say—

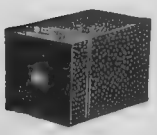
"O.K." please.

Sole Manufacturers:
George Mason & Co., Ltd., London, Eng.
Agents:
S. T. Nishimura & Co., Montreal.

Write for Booklet and Price List.

ROBT. STRAIN & CO.,
Kodak Supplies,
281, SMITH ST., WINNIPEG.

BOYS AND GIRLS



We give this Camera complete for taking photos 2½x2½ absolutely free for selling 30 of our 10c. packages of post cards (6 for 10c.) Send us your name and address and we will mail you the cards to sell.

Bijou Specialty Co., Dept. 3, Hamilton, Ont.

Playmates.

Littie Boy Lonesome

One time my Mama went away
To stay all night and all next day,
And left me all alone
With Papa, Ted and Sister Lou
And Uncle Jim and Aunty Sue
And Cousin Will and little Prue
And cook and Pat and Joan.

And when I woke up in the night
There wasn't the least bit of light,
And I heard a dredful noise;
It sounded like a kinkajou,
Or a grizzly bear, or wanderoo,
A-hunting little boys.

'Twas like a' nawful, nawful dream.
And oh, oh, oh, how I did scream
And sob and cry and moan!
Then Papa came and Sister Lou
And Uncle Jim and Aunty Sue
And cook and Pat and Joan.

And when I told them why I screamed,
They said I must have surely dreamed,
For there wasn't any bear;
But Papa poked up in the flue
And under chairs and tables too,
And hunted everywhere.

And then they all laughed out at once,
And said I was a little dunce
To be so scared; and then
They told me not to tremble so,
And left the light a-burning low
And went away again.

Now if my Mama had been here
She'd hugged me close, and called me dear,
And softly smooved my hair;
She wouldn't poke up in the flue
And under chairs and tables too
When there wasn't any bear!

And I hope my Mama'l never go
Away again and leave me so,
All by myself, alone
With Papa, Ted and Sister Lou
And Uncle Jim and Aunty Sue
And Cousin Will and little Prue
And cook and Pat and Joan!

—Mary Marshall Parks.

Children's Sayings.

Small Wallace accepted an invitation to a party, as follows:

"Dear Louis: I will come to your party if it don't rain" (then thinking that he might have to stay at home in that case), "and if it does."

Willie was very proud of his first pants. That night when he said his prayers, he said, "Dear God, I am thankful to say I have on pants now."

His father had found it necessary to rather severely punish Robert, aged five. The little chap came running to me with resentment in his heart.

"Auntie," he sobbed, "did God make you?"

"Yes, Robert," I answered.

"And did he make ma?"

"Yes."

"And did he make me?"

"Certainly, my boy."

"And did he make pa, too?"

"Of course he did."

"Well," sobbed Robert sadly, "that's when he made a mistake!"

It was a minister's small son, whose habit it was to ask God to bless each member of the family after his prayer. Having been put to bed one night in a hurry, he forgot one of them. Kneeling again with hands clasped and eyes closed he addressed the Lord thus: "Oh, Lord, wouldn't that kill you? I forgot grandma!! God bless grandma. Amen."

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time searching for it, and so often did he run into the house crying, "Come quick; there's Fido! I saw him!" the family grew somewhat dubious.

One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. "Mama,, mama!" he cried, "I've seen Fido! I've seen Fido!"

"Oh, no, I guess not," replied the patient mother. "It must have been your imagination."

Willie looked at her, much aggrieved. "Well," he said, indignantly, "I guess my 'magination isn't white behind."

One night little Margaret, on kneeling by her mama to say her prayers, finished, "Now lay me," and forgot. "Mama," he said, "you just start me and then I can go a-whizzing."

The Best Headache Remedy

is "Mathieu's Nervine Powders." Prompt and Safe. Do not create a habit. Sold by dealers, box of 18 powders 25c. If yours cannot supply you, take for immediate use some so called "just as good" article but send us 25c. and we will mail you a box to use next time your head aches. A trial will convince of their worth. Mathieu Co.' Prop., Sherbrooke, P.Q.

A happy family.

Hamilton's New Catalogue

Remarkable Values Offered

Hamilton's Cream Separators
Best Separator it is possible to make; 5 sizes
Prices $19.75 to $49.00

Pulverizer Attachment For Plows
Packs the soil when you plow; does work thoroughly; a wonderful success. 3 sizes: Sulky, Gang, Triple.
Prices $14.00 up

Single Harness $8.90 up
Double Harness $19.50 up.
Our Champion Farm Harness at $19.50 sold rapidly during the past year wherever its great values was known. We highly recommend this harness to any man wanting to save his money.

Steel Siding and Roofing
Galvanized Sheets, **40c up**

Grain Tank
Galvanized Steel, **Prices $48.00 up.** Cheapest and best.

Steel Road Culverts and Well Curbing
These famous Corrugated Galvanized Steel Road Culverts and Well Curbing at less than Manufacturer's price.
Cheapest it is possible to use.

Road Scrapers
Best material, best workmanship, 5 cu. ft. capacity, **$6.25**; 7 cu. ft. capacity **$6.75**

SEWING MACHINES, Etc., Etc.

Forges
We are able to sell at the low prices at which we sell because we buy for cash, add only a small profit, and sell for cash.

Everything is sold on our binding guarantee of money back if goods are not perfectly satisfactory.

Get this Catalogue B. It's free.

The W. H. Hamilton Co. Somerset Bdg. WINNIPEG

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

When you have proven all its worth with a 25c "size", you will buy full-sized bottles for economy.

25c and 60c.
Sold everywhere.

58

Send $1.98

Receive postpaid this $4 Cream Net Waist elaborately made and trimmed with beautiful lace and insertion just as pictured, lined in silk. Add 15c. for postage. Ask for waist No. 12.

STANDARD GARMENT COMPANY
London, Ont.

Salesmen and Saleswomen Wanted.

Thousands of good positions now open, paying from $1000 to $5000 a year and expenses. No former experience needed to get one of them. We will teach you to be an expert salesman or saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position, and you can pay for your tuition out of your earnings. Write to-day for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have placed in good positions paying from $100 to $500 a month and expenses. Address nearest office.

Dept. 446, National Salesmen Training Association
Chicago, New York, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Kansas City, San Francisco.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

The Young People.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

Our Brew.

I.

Pray, of what stuff are ye made?
Old England gave the body o' the brew
Dear England! Mother England!
The best part of it,
Aye, the heart of it.
The generous liquor from her own breast she drew;
Twelve hundred years and more,
That liquor was in store
Warming the heart of England,
Mother England!
And she held no measuring can—
The stream unstinted ran
When England gave the body o' the brew.

II.

Hengist and Ethelred, Bertha and wise Alfred,
Knut, the Dane, and William with his Norman crew,
Briton, Saxon, Viking,
With Pict unto her liking,
Borderer, Thane and Yoeman,
Pikeman, Sailor, Bowman—
From stuff like this the seething leaven grew;
Quaker and Cavalier,
Covenanter, Buccaneer,—
Oh, from these she 'stilled the body o' the brew!

III.

From whatsoever quarter the healthy breezes blew,
From ship-deck, moor, or wynd, from township, berg, and dorp
She took 'em as she fond 'em, sturdy strong and true—
Raleigh, Standish, Drake, Calvert and Oglethorpe,
Adventurous John Smith, he of goodly memory,
Spottiswode and Penn,
Bacon's rebel men—
Oh, from such was made the body o' the brew.

IV.

What more? A gallant strain
From the Hidalgo of Spain,
A heart-throb from the gentleman of France,
(With a rosette, or a ribbon to his shoe,
And a glint like fighting steel in his glance);
And the Dutchman, oh, the Dutchman, yes, Mynheer!
You gave our broth a temper, pungent, rare,
With your Stuyvesants and Leislers, and your Half-Moon crew!
Russ, Italian, German, Pole—
A tang from every soul
That has striven, laughed, or suffered the whole world through:—
These have added thyme or rue,
But, 'twas England gave the body o' the brew.

V.

What more?
A strength and passion, sublimated, blent
From canon, peak and plain of a mighty continent.
The red blood of the Red Man—dying fast, but dying free,
The sap of awful forests, the breath of inland seas,
The foam of endless rivers pouring, roaring, to the sea—
From things like these
We got the biting flavor of our brew
(But England gave the body—
Mother England!)

VI.

We do well to boast the liquor,
None poured is richer, thicker.
Now, all who will may take us,
Hold to us, or forsake us,
It's one to us, so only we have you,
Dear England! Mother England!
Who mixed and gave the body o' our brew.

—M. E. M. Davis.

The Grasshopper.

Susie M. Best.

"A grasshopper sat on a sweet potato vine!" hummed Ned, as he came into the kitchen by the back door, holding one of the species.

"I guess it done some damage there, too, didn't it?" laughed his brother Joe. "What are you going to do with that chap, Ned?"

"Nothing at present," said Ned, "except keep him captive for a little while till I examine him. We have to write a composition about him next week and I've been reading up on him. I believe I'll write a better composition if I write from actual observation instead of just trusting to book knowledge."

"That's so," said Joe. Where did you find this green fellow? He's good and fat, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Ned, "he's evidently well fed, I found him out in the grass. That's why he's such a bright green. Grasshoppers that live in the grass are always green. If he had been brown I'd known he was a roadside fellow, and if he was gray he would probably have belonged in a rocky reigon. They wear coats to match their surroundings."

"For protection?" said Joe.

"Yes," returned Ned. "Their enemies won't be so likely to discover them if they are the color of their surroundings. Did you notice his eyes, Joe? He has five of them."

"I knew he had five," said Joe. "I've observed enough to know that."

"Yes, of course," said Ned, "but look here," holding his magnifying glass over his victim, "look at his big eyes through the glass, Joe. See how queer they are. They are called compound eyes because they are made up of a lot of little ones all fitted together. His other eyes are simple ones. Doesn't the one in the middle of his head give him a queer look?"

"It does that," replied Joe, who was getting more and more interested in the grasshopper inspection. "Look at those things sticking up between his compound eyes, what are they?"

"I guess those are his feelers," said Ned. "I read that they are very sensitive organs and help him to taste, touch, and smell, and even hear."

"I don't see how that could be," said Joe, thoughtfully.

"Neither do I," said Ned. "I'm only telling you what I read, but I suppose it is true. Here, hold the glass more to the side, I want to find his air-slits."

"Air-slits? What are they?"

"Well, Mr. Joe, said Ned, "you know a grasshopper can make long jumps, but can you tell me why?"

"Just because he can, I suppose," answered Joe.

"That's no reason at all," his brother returned. "Do you see these rings on his sides—these air-slits. His whole body on the inside is full of little bags. From these bags there are a number of little tubes that connect with these slits. He pumps the air into his body through these, fills all those little bags with air and then his body is so light that he can take long leaps."

"You must have been studying him up pretty well, Ned," said Joe.

"I have. I've been reading about him for a week," said Ned. "Let's examine his wings. The large pair are the upper ones, you see. Aren't the little ones fine looking? and how well they are protected by the upper ones. He makes that queer "buzz" of his with his wings."

"Is that so," said Joe, "I never knew that."

"There are lots of things you never knew before about the grasshopper, sir," said Ned. "Now I guess you never knew that in olden times it is said that the Greeks used to keep these things in cages because they liked to listen to that same buzz. They called it music."

"I wouldn't give much for their idea

More Bread to the Barrel

That extra cost per barrel which you pay for

Ogilvie's Royal Household

doesn't go into anybody's pocket.

It covers the cost of inspecting the entire wheat crop of the country, and selecting the choicest grain.

It pays, for cleanliness, for purity and for scientific flour-making.

A barrel of Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour goes farther than a barrel of any other flour. It makes more bread and better bread.

You are not really spending that extra amount—you are investing it.

Go to your grocer and say "Royal Household." P.3

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited.

$1.00 Pays for the

Western Home Monthly

From Now to December 1911.

You should avail yourself of this remarkable offer at once. Remember the small sum of one dollar suffices for the Western Home Monthly to be sent to your address for the next 18 months.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
WINNIPEG

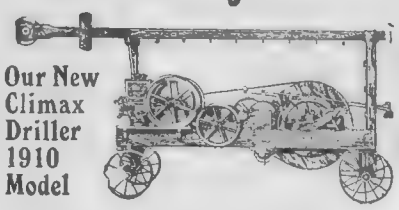
GENTLEMEN,

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me the Western Home Monthly till December, 1911.

Name .....

Address .....

Make $20 to $50 a Day!



Our New Climax Driller 1910 Model

Many owners of Waterloo Outfits are doing better than that.

E. A. Price of Buffalo, Minn., reports $717.00 in 75 hours—over $9.50 an hour. You can see Mr. Price's letter at our offices.

What a magnificent chance for a man with a little money. A

Waterloo Well Driller

costs you from $400 to $1,500. We will arrange with responsible parties for EASY PAYMENTS.

There's a big and growing demand for drilled wells everywhere—all around you. With a Waterloo outfit you can drill wells whether you have had any experience with machinery or not.

We Will Help You Start Business

Show you how to get all the work you can do—how to get free advertising—how to manage your Waterloo Outfit. We will supply you with printed matter, keep in constant touch with you. *Write to-day.* We will explain everything and send you our big free illustrated catalog; and will send you the name of our nearest Canadian dealer.

The Armstrong-Quam Mfg. Co

(Successors to Kelly-Taneyhill Co.) (7)

51 Chestnut St. Est'd 1867 Waterloo, Iowa

V. W. HORWOOD,

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TAYLOR BLOCK:

177 McDERMOT AVE., E.

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BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SUMMER TOURIST FARES

Now in effect to Eastern Canada, New England States, Boston and New York.

Choice of Routes.
Stop-Over Privileges.
Free Side Trips.

Agency for all Steamship Lines and Cooks' Tours.

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Genl. Agent Passenger Dept.
Phone Main 7098

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of music, then," said Joe, scornfully, "what use are these things?"

"Not much, I guess," said Ned, unless it is that they serve Mr. Toad, Mr. Snake, Mr. Turtle, and the Bird and Wasp family for food."

"The farmer doesn't think them of much account, does he?" asked Joe.

"I guess not," said Ned. "Grasshoppers and locusts are very destructive. They sometimes come in swarms that fairly darken the sky like clouds. This is the case particulary in the West. They have been known to eat up every green thing in the fields out there."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Joe, "we'd better kill this fellow, then, so he can't do any mischief?"

"No, I think not," said Ned. "I didn't capture him for the purpose of killing him, I only wanted to see from actual observation some of the points I had been interested in."—Normal Instructor.

The Lost Opportunity.

Every one is blessed with opportunities at one time or another. A great many are inclined to complain of lack of opportunity. The trouble is they didn't recognize them when they came along. A very striking example of this was noted recently. Two men, both expert carpenters and men of business ability engaged in the building business on a small scale. One of them was temperate, the other was accustomed to get off the track at intervals, usually just when he was needed most. Opportunity came in the shape of an offer of employment from a big firm of contractors at a large salary. The temperate man was given the opportunity. The other was passed by without even knowing that he had had an opportunity to land the prize. No doubt he would look upon it as "just his luck," when it was his own unreliability which had deprived him of his chance to win the position. The clerk who is "asleep at the switch," who neglects opportunities to improve himself and fit himself for a higher position, who does no more than what he is told to do, who has no interest in the store or in the business and who allows baseball and every outside interest to come first, are in exactly the same position. Before complaining of lack of opportunity it would be well to look around and see if present opportunities, no matter how small or insignificant, are being taken advantage of. Look around and see if something cannot be done. Develop some initiative. Take off your coat and get busy. It is hard to tell who is taking notice. If the "boss" is unappreciative that is his lookout. You are engaged in fitting yourself for something bigger and better. If he can offer it you all well and good. If not, well, there are others on the look-out for good material. It is quite a common thing to find clerks "taking it easy behind the scenes, when they should be engaged in creating opportunity by means of intelligently directed work.

A Garden Contest.

The list may be written in booklet form, and the outside cover made in the shape of a flower, if the hostess is at all gifted in the use of water colors. One page may be devoted to "vegetables" and other to "flowers."

Vegetables

1 A wise man.
2 Wins
3 In history.
4 A kind of shot.
5 Couples
6 A labyrinth.
7 Letters.
8 Antics.
9 Predicaments.
10 Relation to a swell.
11 Part of a river.
12 Marshes.
13 Planted Mollusks.

Flowers.

1 Wounded Deer.
2 Worn by a clever animal.
3 Time for afternoon tea.
4 Easy way to get rich.
5 Worn by women.
6 Herds.
7 Property of a single man.
8 A parent.
9 What you did this morning.
10 A rooster article for a toilet.
11 Black-Eyed Susan.
12 Sweetened Letters.
13 Scalloped edges of cloth.
14 Part of the eye.

Key to Vegetables.

1 Sage.
2 Beets.
3 Dates.
4 Grape
5 Pears.
6 Maize.
7 Peas
8 Capers.
9 Pickles.
10 Pumpkin.
11 Currant
12 Squashes.
13 Vegetable oysters.

Key to Flowers.

1 Bleeding-heart.
2 Foxglove.
3 Four-o'clock.
4 Marigold.
5 Lady's-slipper.
6 Phlox.
7 Bachelor's Button.
8 Poppy.
9 Rose.
10 Coxcomb.
11 Daisy.
12 Sweet Peas.
13 Pinks.
14 Iris.

Do You Know the Land?

Mary Chalder Jones.

Do you know the land where the days are long,
And the business it all is play—
Till the sandman comes with a sweet, low song,
And carries the dwellers away
To lands that are fairer than daylight lands,
Where the fairies come with gifts in their hands—
Do you know the land?

Do you know the land where the sweet queen reigns,
The queen who is half a saint,
Who kisses away all her subjects' pains, and comforts every complaint
With a smile and a song that are sweeter far
Than the fruits of our grown-up strivings are?
Do you know the land?

Do you know the land where the dwellers stand
Impatient to be free,
Into the wonderful grown-up land,
Such a fair, fair land to see—
With no sums to do and no words to spell,
With never a school nor a bedtime bell—
Do you know the land?

O beautiful land! If we could return
And dwell in thy gates once more,
I supose that our foolish hearts would burn,
To be off as they did before;
For—beautiful land—we loved not thee
Till thy gates swung open and made us free?
Do you know the land?
—The Independent.

Three Conundrums.

"Mother, look out of the window and see if Rodman is coming.'

"Not yet, Blake," answered the mother; "but he said ten o'oleck, and it is not ten, by twelve mintues. You must have something very important to say to him to-day."

"We have a fine game on hand," answered Blake, grinning in pleased anticipation.

"Not a rough game, I hope," said Mrs. Martin, anxiously, looking across at her boy on the couch. Blake had been laid up for weeks with a badly sprained ankle, and it took a world of patience

~ OPEN DOOR ~ to PROSPERITY

Poe, Alberta,

is on the main line of the G. T. P., between Wainwright and Edmonton. Rich farming district and land nearly all occupied. Good opening for merchants, real estate dealers, banks, implement dealers, etc. For information write townsite owners,

The WALCH LAND Co
Lands, Mortgages, Investments,
S.A. Land Warrants.
517 Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, Canada.

Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO.

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE
SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

The Arts course may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. There were 1517 students registered session 1909-10.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,
GEO. Y. CHOWN, B A.
Kingston, Ontario.

Bishop Bethune College

A Residential School for Girls.
OSHAWA, - - ONTARIO
Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto.
Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Young children also received.
Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training. School re-opens Sept. 14th.
The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and of a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.
Voice culture will be in the charge of a qualified Mistress.
For terms and particulars, apply to the SISTER IN CHARGE, or to
THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
Major Street, Toronto

Trinity College School
Port Hope, Ont.

Residential School for Boys

Healthy situation. Fireproof Buildings.
Extensive Playgrounds, large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, and Business. Special attention given to younger boys.
Next term begins Sept. 14. New boys must report on Sept. 13.

For Calendar and all information apply to the Headmaster

13

Rev. OSWALD RIGBY, M. A. (Cambridge), LL.D.
PORT HOPE, ONT.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE (Trafalgar Castle) WHITBY, ONT. CANADA.

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PERFECT SURROUNDINGS

FULL COURSES IN

Literature *Elocution*
Music *Fine Arts*
Household Science, etc.

Splendid organization. Rates moderate.

WRITE THE PRINCIPAL FOR CALENDAR
REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D.
Whitby, Ont.

The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Paper in the West.

watching to keep him as still as the doctor meant him to be.

"No, not rough," answered Blake, looking ruefully at his bandaged ankle, and thinking how good it would feel to play rough games once more; "but its jolly, mother, for all that. We each are to hunt up, or make up, a new conundrum for every day, and the one who guesses the most by the end of the week wins the game."

"What is your conundrum to-day?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"It's one I found on a scrap of old newspaper: "What is that thing which you can't get until it is taken from you?" Can you guess it, mother?"

"I don't believe I can," she answered, after considering a while; "but I can ask one very much like it. But here comes Rodman; so my conundrum will keep. Take care, son; don't pitch yourself about so much."

"Hello, Rod!" cried the boy on the couch; "what's yours? Mine's great, but you have first go."

"This is mine," said Rodman; "'What is it that you must give before you can keep?'"

"Well, upon my word!" cried Blake.

"How strange!" exclaimed his mother.

"What's the matter? Do you know the answer?" Rodman asked. He looked disappointed.

"No, not that; but yours sounds so much like mine that it makes my head swim. Here's my conundrum: 'What is it that you can't get until it is taken from you?' Doesn't that sound like the twin of yours?"

Rodman whistled. "It's first cousin to mine, anyhow," he said.

The two boys exchanged slips of paper on which their conundrums were written, and set their wits to work. Such frowning, such screwing up of lips, such wrinkling of foreheads you never saw. But all in vain. They each had guessed much harder ones, but somehow the very similarity of the two confused the boys' minds.

"When you are ready to give up," said Blake's mother, "please give me a try;" and she went down to the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner.

Soon Rodman followed to get her to come up and see if she could answer their puzzles.

"I'll be up in fifteen or twenty minutes, Rod," she said. "Meantime try my conundrum while you wait: 'What is it that one must lose before he can keep.?'"

"Worse and worse!" cried the boy. "We'll never get these three untangled."

But when Mrs. Martin had put off her kitchen apron and put on her thimble again, she announced her readiness to have the conundrums submitted to her. Rodman read his out in a tone of triumph, not expecting Blake's mother to succeed when Blake, the champion guesser, had failed. "'What is it that you must give before you can keep'?".

"Your word, I think," said the lady, smiling. "At least, I know when you give your word you are expected to keep it."

"Why, of course!' cried Blake. "What a goose I was not to see that! Now try mine, mother. 'What is that which you cannot get until it is taken from you?"

Rodman's eyes glowed with eagerness. "It took me a good while to guess that," said Mrs Martin. "I was about to give it up, when it suddenly occurred to me that a photograph had to be 'taken from you' before you could get it."

Both boys shouted with glee. "Now it only remains for you to guess your own, mother," said Blake. "We couldn't."

"Ah, said Mrs. Martin, "I hoped you would; for mine came from the Bible. Don't you remember that our Lord says, 'Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it'?"

"But all Christians don't die at the stake," objected Rodman.

"No, boys; but all true Christians must lose their own sinful lives before they can have the eternal life, which is the gift of God through faith in his Son. This is the blessed conundrum which I want you to spend your lives trying to understand."—Elizabeth Preston Allan, in Morning Star.

Rover.

His last effort was to raise up and wag his bushy tail when his little master plaintively called him.

Rover was only a dog—a big Scotch collie—but he was the idol of the Littlest Boy's heart. He never harmed a living thing in all his short life. He watched his little master like a mother, and when the Littlest Boy's feet carried him across the street, Rover was sure to be alongside, watching to see that no evil came upon the sturdy youngster.

The first we noticed anything wrong was when Rover tried to drag himself up on the front porch. It was poison—administered by the hand of some wretch whose heart held no regard for little boys or friendly dogs. It was too late, for Rover died in agony, although his bushy tail wagged feebly, and the fast-glazing eyes looked devotedly upon the tear-wet face of the Littlest Boy who bowed above him.

And now a little boy wanders aimlessly about calling for his pet, for the Littlest Boy does not yet understand what death is, and as his plaintive call sounds through the house, we slip outside and think harsh things of the heartless wretch who brought so much sorrow into the Littlest Boy's life.

Some day the Littlest Boy will realize what death means, and then he will recall the loss of his beautiful dog companion and he will have lost faith in mankind.

Some of these days sorrow will come into the life of the man whose hand administered poison to Rover and when it comes we trust it will be as keen as the sorrow he brought into the life of an innocent little boy. We may be wrong in our belief, yet we believe that Rover will show up on the day of final accounting, and his splendid devotion to his little master will weigh heavily in the balance against the man who killed him.

Odd Things About Animals.

Just as men have developed from their savage state into pleasant civilized beings, so naturally dogs and cats and horses and hogs and other domestic animals are very different from the wild things that were caught in the forest and trained to usefulness; but there are some habits inherited from their far-away ancestors which they still retain, and by which they are distinguished one from the other.

We never question, for instance, why a horse runs so swiftly and has such power of endurance; but we must remember that his ancestors had to flee and defend themselves from the wolves—their greatest enemies—and that their rearing and plunging was also a former means of defence, if the enemy sprang on their backs. Their neigh was a watchword and call when wild horses went in droves, and some sort of a signal was necessary to keep them from straying.

Sheep, when frightened, always run to an elevation, because their ancestors originally came from the mountains. They always follow a leader, because in the dangerous mountain passes their ancestors had to go in single file.

Hogs grunt because their feeding grounds were thick woods, where they could not see one another, and sound was necessary to keep them together.

Dogs have a way of turning around several times before they lie down. This looks very foolish now, but when they were wild things centuries ago they slept in the tall grass and turned around several times to hollow out a bed, and they have never outgrown this habit, but to this late day they will turn around on a rug, just as if it were in the tall grass.

Cats have perhaps, the most traces of old ancestral habits. Many times they do have a trace of the lion or the tiger very near the surface. Their uncertain temper, their purring and growling, their sudden bounds, their tendency to scratch, all come from the forest and the jungle.

All these and many more traits can be found; but when we canter across country on our ponies and fatten our respectable hogs for the markets, and make pets of our dogs and cats, we for-

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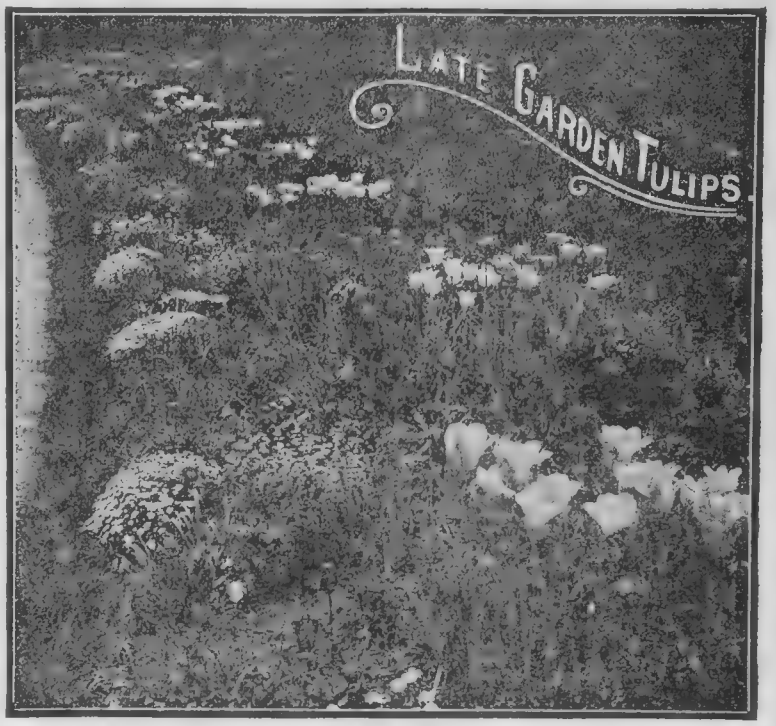

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get how far these traits have travelled, and that when the world was younger its live stock was of a very different order.—The Little Chronicle.

Wonders of Bird Migration.

Can any reader tell what becames of the chimney-swift in the winter months?

Who will solve the mystery of the chimney-swift? It is one of the most familiar and most numerous of our birds; but when it leaves the Gulf Coast on its annual migration it disappears apparently from the face of the earth, and no man knoweth whither it goeth.

Dr. W. W. Cooke, in the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, tells how the chimney-swifts, with their troops of fledglings, drift slowly southward, lodging by night in tall chimneys. They join with other bands until, by the time the Gulf Coast is reached, they have become an innumerable host. Then they disappear—drop absolutely out of sight. If they hibernated in mud, as was popularly believed of old, their obliteration could not be more complete. In the last week of March a joyful twittering far overhead announces their return, but where they spend the intervening five months is still their secret.

The amount of traveling done by some of our birds is astonishing. Doctor Cooke says that the common nighthawk spends the summer in Alaska and the winter in Patagonia. The bobolink, which is the reedbird of the Middle States and the ricebird of the South, winters on the waving pampas of southern Brazil. It covers 700 miles, from Cuba to the South American coast, in a single flight, following a track not popular with other birds, which might be called the bobolink route.

Some of our shore birds appear to make traveling their chief occupation. The American gold plover arrives in the first week of June in the bleak, windswept "barren grounds" of Alaska, above the Arctic Circle and far beyond the tree line, and, while the lakes are still icebound, hurriedly fashions a shabby little nest in the moss. By August it is in Labrador, where it stuffs itself with such quantities of "crowberries" that its flesh is actually stained by the dark purple juice. From Nova Scotia it strikes out to sea, and takes a direct course for the West Indies, 1600 miles away, finally reaching southern Brazil and the prairies of Argentina. Sixteen thousand miles does it traverse in order to spend ten weeks on the Arctic Coast!

The choice of route and distance covered by a single flight are governed chiefly by food supply.

A House to Let.

By E. M. Guernsey.

The once beautiful house had waited years the coming of the desirable tenants. The architect in the Winn home designed and built the house for a birthday gift for little flaxen-haired Kenneth Winn. And when the pretty house was well set in a great apple tree near to Grandma Winn's window, the two "comrades," grandma and Kenneth, eagerly waited the tenants' arrival.

"I think," grandma said, "Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird will come early. The Martin family are often a little late."

"I hope the Bluewings will come first. Bluebirds are so pretty and Martins are not," Kenneth said.

Kenneth said the boys in the neighborhood were killing the birds. The little boys could kill a song bird easily with a slingshot.

A Mr. and Mrs. Bluewing did arrive first and speedily began living in the house. They accepted the building material, hair, thread and cotton wool, the comrades slyly laid on the broad window ledge.

It was easy to tell the day the little Bluewings opened hungry mouths by watching Mr. Bluewing's movements.

But the comrades could only wonder how many bird babies were nestled in the house. Not until the little Bluewings began singing lessons and flying exercises could bills be counted.

The summer wore on happily, all the Bluewings were so neighborly with the comrades; but the autumn cold came and the good-byes had to be spoken.

"Come again," Kenneth called after the birds when they moved from the summer home.

In the following spring a Mr. and Mrs. Bluewing came very early. They were evidently at home. The "comrades" were soon convinced their old tenants had arrived.

All went happily, Mr. Bluewing's chirp was so friendly and sociable. The "Comrades" spoiled him by so much help in building material and food.

A family of little Bluewings came to busy Mr. Bluewings, and Kenneth kept the window ledge crumb-sprinkled.

One morning Mr. Bluewing was missing. Mrs. Bluewing was uneasy. So Kenneth began a search. He found Mr. Bluewing lying in a myrtle tangle. Grandma hurried to get a basket on the window ledge, and Mrs. Bluewing fluttered about. Then Grandma Winn, her face telling of pity for the wounded bird, said, "Kenneth, it was a brutal deed. There is no excuse for killing this beautiful song bird. God gave the pretty creature life."

And Kenneth stood straight, and earnest little man, saying, "Grandma, I will never forget poor Mr. Bluewing, and I never will hurt a harmless bird."

Kenneth has grown into a tall young man. His "comrade" no longer lives in the Winn homestead. The bird house is "to let." Bluebirds and Martins no longer spend summer in the Winn orchard, target practice is popular in the neighborhood. Bird enemies are numerous, so numerous that the bird loving Winn family are not able to stay the slaughter—Christian Work.

A Cat Tale.

The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown,
But a storm came up and wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, O, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she—
In a terrible fret was she!

The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold
In a most unmannerly way.
When the little old woman said:
"Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle dee-dee!"
No, nothing but fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then Muffin, the kitten, said "Deary me!
What a state of affairs is this!
I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!"
So Muffin the kitten, she purred and purred,
Till, at last the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man,
And back he smiled again.
And they both agreed on a charming plan
For a walk in the wind and rain.
Then, hand in hand to the market town,
They went to look for the Sunday gown—
For the coveted Sunday gown.

—St. Nicholas.

An Always Ready Pill.—To those of regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and cares of business prevent it, and out of the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles as a protest. The run-down system demands a corrective and there is none better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.

About the Farm.

The Hometeader.

By A. B. Hogg, Calgary.

I sow, I reap, my eyes cast down
Oe'r sullen prairie, grey and brown,
No tint, no splendour in its hue,
No inspiration in the view.

But upward, should I turn my eyes,
The boundless, multi-colored sky,
An inspiration in its glare,
Perpetual change and beauty there.

I sow, I reap, each toilsome year,
Apart from things I hold most dear,
Apart from friendship, mirth and show;
Alone I reap the wealth I sow.

But o'er my sordid life there gleams
A distant splendour, airy dreams
That make a pioneer of me,
The dreams of better days to be.

A Rising Market.

There strolled into Washington Market, New York, the other day a tall, ungainly, but strikingly youthful man, who asked of a commission merchant: "How's eggs? Going up higher?"

The dealer in eggs assured the questioner that they were going "sky high" before spring sprouted the new grass.

"Well, I'll hold on a bit longer then."

When the tall farmer had disappeared the merchant remarked:

"There's a man who will some day have a corner in eggs. He's got several hundred cases of eggs now waiting for higher prices. They cost him ten and twelve cents a dozen, and he'll get thirty or forty for them before the season is over."

"How did he get them so cheap?"

"Go and ask him; he'll tell you."

This suggestion was responsible for a trip down on Long Island where one young man is slowly working out the momentous question of how to make a good living, and possibly a fortune, from a small poultry farm. The farmer, who "had several hundred cases of eggs" to sell was not averse to explaining his method. He owned a small poultry farm thirty miles from New York City.

"So they think I'm likely to get a corner in eggs, eh?" he chuckled when the commission merchant's words were repeated to him. "Oh, no, there's no danger of that. But I'm making a little money, and by another year I'm going to increase the plant. I'm just trying to beat the speculators and cold-storage men at their own game—that's all.

"How do I do it?" he continued in answer to a further question. "Come out to the plant and I'll show you."

He led the way across the poultry farm to a low, squat building about twenty-five feet square, roughly shingled on the outside, and roofed with tin to shed the water. When he unlocked the door and walked inside, a draft of dry, cold air swept our faces. A glance upward showed tier upon tier of cases of eggs, nearly four hundred in all.

"This is the secret of the whole business," the young farmer continued. "Instead of sending my eggs to the city in July and August for the cold-storage men and speculators to snap up cheap, I keep them here until winter, and then I get top prices for them. It's what any man can do, but I don't know of any one around here who does it."

Pressed to give some of his experiences which led up to this novel venture, he said:

"There isn't much to tell. I started in here ten years ago, and tried to make a living with eggs and poultry. I didn't have much capital, but I thought I could make it a go. I was brought up on a farm, and knew something about chickens. I knew that eggs sold in summer hardly pay for the keep of the chickens, and that chickens which laid many eggs in winter were as rare birds as the Dodo. I tried all sorts of food to make them lay more eggs in cold weather. I had heard that winter-laying hens could be raised, and I experimented with all sorts of breeds. But I didn't have much luck. Somehow, the cold weather just stopped them from laying, and when they began again prices for eggs were 'way down."

The Spur of Failure.

"Now, it's pretty annoying to have a flock of several hundred hens when you read in the papers that eggs are selling from forty to sixty cents a dozen, and not a dozen eggs laid a day on the farm. It struck me as most unnatural. I felt like wringing their necks. I fed them with warm food, built them a nice, sunny feeding ground, and made them as comfortable as possible. But it was no use. I couldn't make them lay much in winter.

"Then I decided I'd try keeping their eggs. I tried liming them, and this brought in better profits. But limed eggs only command good prices in special seasons. They are sold mostly to the bakers. Nobody ever thinks of eating fried limed eggs for breakfast. A good limed egg may taste as good as a cold-storage egg, but the look of it kills it. You can't stare a limed egg in the face and imagine you are eating a fresh one. But you can a cold-storage egg. I've got some August eggs in this house which are just as fresh as those laid yesterday. They will cook just as well, and you could never tell the difference.

"I saw that cold-storage eggs sold in the winter as high as twenty-five and thirty cents a dozen. They do it now, every winter. The supply of fresh eggs never comes up to the requirements. And do you know the winter demand for eggs is increasing so much faster than the supply that I believe in ten years we will have to pay seventy and eighty cents a dozen for fresh eggs, and forty and fifty cents for best storage eggs? The big storage companies know that, too, and they are planning for it. There are being built to-day a dozen big storage warehouses which will accommodate thousands of cases of eggs for the future.

"Well, I simply made up my mind that I could store eggs as well as the speculators. I put $300 into this storage house and made the experiment. I stored one hundred cases the first winter, and got twenty-five cents a dozen for them, nearly twelve cents more than I could get for them in the summer when fresh. Two years ago I enlarged the storage house, and next summer I'll build again. I want to be able to store a thousand cases before I'm through.

"I can do it cheaper than the storage companies in the city. I can get ice for

The Homestead

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the cost of labor in cutting and filling the house, and land is cheaper here than in the city. The interest on my investment is small. I not only save all my summer eggs, but I buy hundreds from my neighbors. I don't see why more farmers do not go into the same business. There's money in it, and great possibilities for the future. In time, I imagine, most farmers will have their cold-storage farms where they can keep their eggs and butter for high winter prices. But the biggest profits will come to those who get in on the ground floor before every other fellow has scrambled in. Then it will be about time to try something else—to manufacture artificial eggs that seem like natural ones, or invent a wooden hen that will lay eggs when you squeeze it."

The success of this young man's venture contains so much of novel interest—and yet it is so simple—that a few words of description of the cold-storage plant are worth while. He started in with a cold-storage house only ten feet square, but large enough to hold one hundred cases of eggs. The eggs were stored in the house daily from May to August as fast as laid, and throughout the warm season they were kept in a temperature ranging from thirty-two to fifty-five degrees. An egg kept in such a temperature does not grow stale, and cold-storage eggs six months after laying are fresher than eggs a week old which are kept in a temperature above sixty degrees.

The cold-storage house was a simple affair. The foundations were of concrete, and the floor inside of wood laid over a space filled with sawdust. There were two walls, with a ten-inch space between for sawdust filling. The ice was stored in a room above the cold-storage place, and carried on a floor lined with zinc so that the water could not leak through. There were two entrances: one below, which opened into the storage room, and the other above, for filling the ice-room.

The walls were built of two-by-four-inch studs, and seven-eighth's-inch hemlock boards, nailed down. Waterproof building paper was fastened on either side. Good, dry sawdust was packed in between the two walls. The studding to carry the upper floor was four-by-four, and set two feet apart through the centre. The zinc covering of this floor sloped to one corner, and connected with a drain-pipe to carry over the drip. The two entrances were protected by double doors, with an air space between, and the roof had a ten-inch space between it and the sawdust filling on top of the ice.

Fresh Air for Old Eggs.

Two tons of ice could be packed in this house, and one hundred cases of eggs stored below. The eggs were stored in open crates so that air could circulate freely. An open ventilation-pipe extended to the roof to carry out the foul air, and an outside ventilation-pipe entered the storage room near the foundation.

This storage house cost $300 complete, and a clean, dry temperature of thirty-two to thirty-five degrees was easily maintained throughout the summer. The ice was sufficient to keep the place cold from one season to another. The eggs were gathered daily and put in the storage house so that they were chilled to the proper temperature soon after laying. Eggs which would hardly bring twelve cents a dozen in summer were sold all the way from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents per dozen in mid-winter. The cost of keeping them was nominal, five per cent. interest on the investment being the exact cost. With the house representing $300, the land on which it stood $25, ice $25, and labor not more than $50, the total investment was not over $400. Deducting five per cent. from this investment, the gain on the eggs was over ten cents a dozen on the lowest estimate, or three dollars on a case of thirty dozen. From the farmer's first year's investment he realized upward of $300 profits. Now that he has enlarged his storage house so that it will hold nearly four hundred cases, he stands to clear a profit of nearly $1200 with cold-storage eggs at twenty-five cents per dozen in winter.

This may be called a very moderate "corner in eggs," and one not likely to excite the market to any considerable extent. It is doubtful if it will unsettle conditions so that millionaire speculat-

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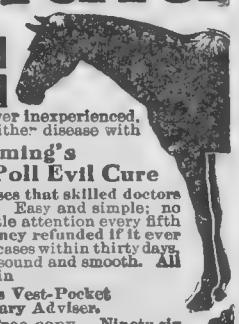

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ors will grow alarmed, but it is the entering wedge for a movement that may add millions to the farmers throughout the country who undertake to keep the profits on cold-storage eggs instead of handing them over to large companies.

The Value of Trees on the Prairie.

It is not easy to estimate the full value of trees on the prairie; in fact it is scarcely possible to do so. The factors that bear upon this question are many and in some respects they are interminable, for their exact measure cannot be taken. It may be possible to reduce to dollars and cents the value of trees grown and turned into lumber or of trees grown and made into fence posts, but it is not possible to take the exact measure of the value of the shelter which they furnish to the homes, or of the benefit which comes from the protection which they give to the fruit trees and fruits in areas which are encircled by trees. Nor is it possible to know just exactly how much benefit comes from the birds that they provide homes for.

The value of trees for lumber under prairie conditions is not well understood. The plantations put out for that purpose have been few. The instances in which they have been harvested for lumber have been fewer still. But there are a few instances on record in which cottonwood trees made into lumber have in 25 to 30 years made so much growth that the lumber obtained from them was found to be worth more than the value of all the wheat and grain that could have been obtained from the land, had these been grown on it for successive years during the entire period in which it was occupied by the trees. In addition considerable wood was also obtained.

The protection furnished the home has of course an exceeding value though it cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Comfort in life is worth more than money without comfort. The value of comfort cannot easily be measured, it is so high. Think of the difference in comfort of a man whose home is encircled with trees through which the cold, cutting, fierce, cruel winds cannot blow. Think of the difference which it makes to the animals that are protected from its fell sweep. There is something ennobling and commanding in the thought that man may thus harness the silent forces of nature to effectively curb the fury of the forces that are boisterous. Life must be shorn of many of its charms when the inmates of a home have no protection from the fury of the winter winds.

The value of trees in protecting fruit is very great. In some instances it means the difference between success and failure in growing fruits. Apple trees for instance will fail to grow in places unprotected where they will grow well under protection. Even though the trees should grow and thrive and bear in places where the wind is strong the fruit in such exposures would be whipped off the trees. There are places where raspberries will not prove satisfactory, as where the strong sunshine in the spring is not kept away from them by the shade of trees. There are many areas where strawberries unprotected will not set runners properly, because of the action of the winds. When the protection is furnished there is, of course, no trouble from this source.

That birds will increase as groves increase is a foregone conclusion. That they should increase is greatly to be desired. The increase of birds means a corresponding decrease of insect pests. Could the increase of birds be made sufficient, they could take care of the insects, or at least many species of them, that harm the farmer. These enliven the groves with their song. They are the friends of the farmer and he ought to give them every chance.

There are other benefits that come from the trees. They furnish shade for live stock when the groves are properly

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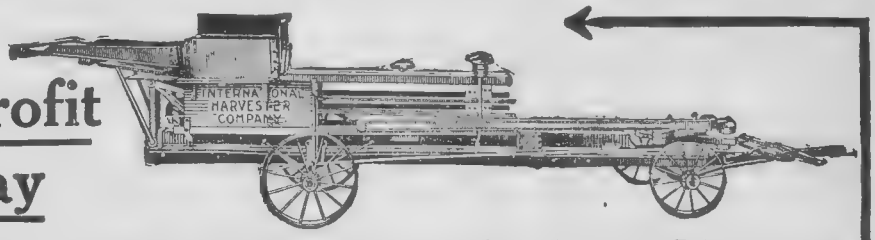

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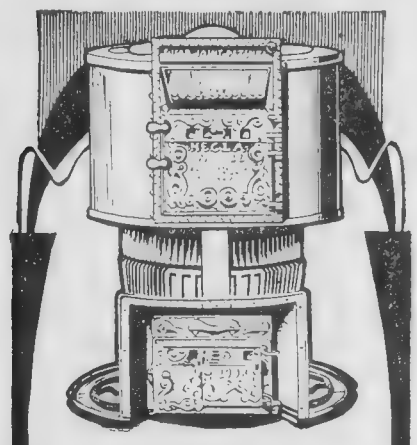

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Protecting New Homes.

Thousands of homes are going to be planted on the prairie this season, especially will this be true of the Canadian West. The inrush of settlers is going to be beyond all precedent, in the setting up of the Provinces. It is important, therefore, as to where the buildings shall be placed on these new farms, and as to how they are going to be protected.

With reference to the placing of the buildings, it should be near the centre of the farm. This is important, in fact, it is of great importance, and yet its importance is apt to be overlooked. In nearly all instances, the first thought of the settler is to build about as near as he can build beside the public road. This may mean that the buildings will be placed where it is not possible to protect them, because of proximity to the highway. Of course a man cannot go on to another man's property to plant a windbreak.

The wisdom of planting near the centre of the homestead or purchased farm will be at once apparent when it is remembered that every day that work is done in the fields the journey from the steading to the fields must usually be made four times a day, including the going and coming. If the steading is at one side of the farm this will mean loss of much time as compared with what would be lost if the steading were placed in a central position. Multiply this daily loss of time by all the working days of the growing season, and it means a very large loss. Multiply this again by long years of farming, and it becomes a huge loss, larger than the farmer can well afford to bear. Again I say, plant the steading, if possible, near the centre of the farm.

Of course the first year it may not be possible to plant any trees with the hope that they will do well, especially in areas that are very dry. But the ground may be prepared the very first season. It may be broken where the windbreak is to be planted. It should be so broken. As much labor should be put on that land as if it were to be sown to wheat or other grain. When thus managed the land is in good condition in the spring for the planting of the trees. Such planting should not be deferred. If the homesteader is not able to plant on three sides let him plant on two, and if he cannot plant on two let him plant on one. In this way protection will be furnished in a very few years. It may call for much attention to make a success of the trees in areas that are very dry, but success may be obtained. Of course much depends on the variety of the trees. Willows and poplars are probably the most likely to succeed. But of course they must be given cultivation and of the most careful kind, not only the first year but for several years following. The importance of thus securing protection early out on the open prairie cannot be over-estimated by the new settler.

Joility Among the Birds

In the bird world, as in our own, there is much joy and sunshine. Even the birds, numerous as their trials are, seem to be optimists of the most cheery kind.

No season passes without bringing me a new trick of the jolly junco, or snow-bird, that little winter visitor who has so much charac'ter and individuality. In one of my woodland rambles of early spring I caught sight of a junco squatted on a bed of dry leaves on the ground, his little body sinking slightly in to the soft couch. What was he doing? Preening his feathers, reaching back and arranging them one by one. He had just come from a bath in the runlet a few feet away, for he was on the bank. At first, I thought he must be sick or crippled; but, when I went near, he flitted away as lively as a junco could be.

Wasn't it odd and pretty, too, that he should squat on the leaves and preen his plumes? It was the only time I ever saw a bird do such a thing, the usual vogue in bird circles being to sit on a perch when the feathers are to be dried and adjusted after an ablution. But Junco is not a wallflower or slave of fashion; he has originality.

On another day I had a hearty laugh at the expense of a company of Harris's

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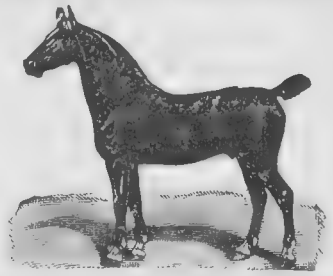

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sparrows, a species that are unknown in the East and that are migrants in this latitude. They are extremely fond of brush-heaps. The flock of which I speak were concealed in a brush-pile in a little hollow, although at first I was not aware of their presence there.

A strong whirlwind formed on the top of the little hill, tossing the leaves and twigs and dead weeds in every direction. Then it swept down the hillside, and struck the brush-pile with a b-r-r-r-z.z.z. How surprised and frightened the sparrows in the brush-heap were! They must have thought a cataclysm was happening. With loud, panicky chirping they dashed from their hiding place, some of them getting caught in the gyrating currents and being tossed seven ways at once, their feathers ruffled and tosted as if they had been rushed backward through their brush-heap. When I laughed aloud at their discomfiture, they seemed to look at me reproachfully, as if they thought my hilarity untimely. Birds do look so comically serious, anyway, when something funny occurs!

In days gone by I have made some interesting discoveries relative to bird-roosts, and yet where all the birds sleep at night is a good deal of a mystery. Winter and summer there are many birds about my house, as

Prairie Horned Lark.

familiar as birds can be during the day; but where do all of them spend the night? Again and again I have peered up into the trees, shaken the small pines, and beaten the bushes in my own yard and the thickets in a vacant lot near by, but all to no avail. In winter the chickadees, jays, nut-hatches, titmice, juncos, and others come to feed at the table I spread for them, and do not act at all as if they were mysterious beings; but where they sleep can scarcely be conjectured. Some of them are here in the morning at the dawn's peeping; others come straggling along at from eight to ten o'clock, as if their sleeping quarters were far away. One evening of the spring I tarried in the woods until it was quite late. Before night, and even in the gloaming, there were many birds flitting about and singing in bush and tree; but suddenly, as if by magic, all of them disappeared, and the woods became quiet. Not a bird was to be seen, not a rustle heard. For a long time I beat the bushes and shook the little trees, but found only one. shook the little trees, but found only one The feathered folk found sleeping-perches far up in the tall trees? Really the woods seemed almost apparitional.

Birds are interesting in winter as well as in spring and summer. For a number of winters I have been spreading a table for the birds that have condescended to remain in the neighborhood of my house. Two winters in succession a nuthatch came to my festal board almost every day, disappearing in the spring and returning in the autumn. The third winter he did not return, and my table was without a nuthatch for guest. Had another tragedy occurred in birdland?

A pair of chickadees were my daily guests for three consecutive winters, remaining also through the summer to rear their broods. They ate freely from my windowsill, as well as from the table a rod or more from the house. Part of the time my writing-desk stood before the window. While they came regularly, and helped themselves to their repast with an at-home-like air, they were never for a moment off their guard. Not the slightest movement of mine escaped their notice. They would take a few nibbles from the morsel held beneath their feet then look up to spy for danger. So alert were they that it was out of the question to take them unawares. Birds are dowered with a gift of vigilance that is remarkable, their environments sharpening their wits.

One day I was witness of the following "moving picture," two downy woodpeckers being the actors. The bird-table was fastened to the hole of a large oak-tree in plain sight from my study window. First the male hobbled down the trunk to the level of the table, upon which he sprang and helped himself to the walnut kernels. He jabbed them with his bill, for they were still in the broken shells, breaking off bits which sped down his throat. Occasionally he squatted on his haunches, held a fragment of shell with his claws to keep it steady, and pounded with his stout bill.

Meanwhile the female was patiently practising Paul's injunction to wives to obey their husbands, clinging to the bark of the tree and watching her spouse breaking his fast. Presently he had enough; he wiped his bill, and ambled up the tree trunk. This was the signal for the wife to go to the table in her turn, which seemed to be after her chivalrous husband. She ate quite greedily, having less agreeable table manners than the benedict. It was raining; and, as she gobbled up the kernels greedily, she daubed her mouth from corner to apex with moistened food. Her hunger satisfied, she humped up the tree-trunk, converted the rough bark into a napkin, and ate the bits she brushed from her bill.

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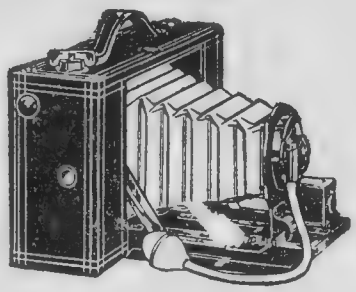

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on the ground at the base of the tree, when a bold and impudent English sparrow attacked her, but she was not going to be browbeaten by the bully; so she turned upon him fiercely, and drove him away at the end of her bayonet.

Once, when her mate was eating on the table, she went hitching silently up the tree-bole from the ground, and when her head suddenly appeared above th edge of the board, he started up with affright, and was on the point of dashing away when he saw it was his wife. "O! is it only you?" he said, and settled down to finish his meal without any further concern. It is queer how much indifference people, whether in feathers or in clothes can show toward those with whom they are well acacquainted.

Not only permanent residents, but also casual visitors, are often seen in my yard, thanks to the many trees that adorn the place. Among them a cordial welcome is always given to the Tennessee and black-poll warblers, the former dinning their varied and galloping trills, the latter reciting their high monotones. For more than a week they may spend a part of every day among my trees; then they disappear as effectually as if there were no birds of their kind in all the big, round world. During the breeding-season they make some forest in the far North ring with their piercing trills.

Correspondence.

A Michigan Boy's Interesting Letter.

Moose Jaw, Sask., June 12, 1910.

Sir.—Have been an interested but, until now, silent reader of your correspondence column for some time. However, with your permission I will now make my debut as just one more bachelor in this great and as yet unappreciated West, with its vast and unlimited opportunities for both young and old who wish to make a success of this life. I am not joining this column with a view to matrimony, but with the hope of adding a friend or two, which I consider the greatest asset one may have in this world. A short description of myself will suffice. Am 25 years of age in July, five feet ten inches in height, weigh 160 pounds, and until five years ago a resident of Michigan. With regard to looks, I consider them immaterial. Beauty of face is seldom synonymous with beauty of character, though of course there are exceptions. The main object of most of the young people who enter these columns seems to be matrimony, but personally I consider it a far too sacred and serious subject to trust alone to correspondence and an exchange of photos. As a maiden lady of my acquaintance used to say, "You have to summer and winter them and then you are only beginning to get acquainted with them," meaning the men, though I think this rule is applicable to a majority of the gentler sex as well The increase in divorces is alarming, and it is up to the young men and women of to-day to stop and consider well before they take the step which either makes or mars one's life. Another much discussed question to-day is the wife's share of income. Now, I think that when any man thinks enough of any woman to make her his wife he should at the same time make her his confidant in all matters pertaining either to the home or to his business, and he will be surprised at the help she will be able to give him—that is, if she is the right kind of a woman. Secrets between the husband and wife always were and always will be a source of continual annoyance and domestic unhappiness. Every man should have the same respect and admiration for his wife that the darky had who, after his wedding, asked the parson what he owed him for his services, and when that gentleman replied, "Just pay me whatever it is worth to you, Sam," the darky said, "If I was to do that, suh, I is surely done broke for life." I sincerely believe that the fairer sex have the "harder row to hoe" through this life, and it is up to us who call ourselves men and who are fortunate enough to possess that greatest of blessings, a home and loving wife, to do everything in our power to make her married life a happy one and disprove the poet's statement that "Love in a man is but a thing apart, while it is a woman's whole existence." I am sorry to make this, my first, letter so long, but when I have anything on my mind I like to get rid of it, and this letter is the result. I will conclude with this toast "Here's to our swethearts, may they be our wives; and here's to our wives, may they always be our sweethearts." I live in Southern Saskatchewan, and will consider it a pleasure to answer all queries concerning this part of the country, and its advantages. Correspondents of either sex on any subject will always be welcomed by

"A Former Michigan Boy."

Starlight Has Her Say.

Portage la Prairie, Man., April 18, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a most interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for the past three years, but never picked up courage to write to the correspondence column until to-night. When reading the letters, I noticed the one from Lethbridge signed Archibald in the April issue. I think Archibald is very hard on a wife if he ever gets one. Fancy any woman getting only one good dress a year if she could make it and two house dresses. I wonder how Archibald would like if he got his allowance like that and all the rest he talks about. She would need two hundred chickens and a dozen pairs of hands and feet. I am thinking no woman will stand for that, and I think his wife will have to be pitied if he ever gets one. I am proud to say I am a farmer's daughter and get all the dresses and every thing I want. I am twenty-one years old, five feet five inches tall, wiegh one hundred and thirty pounds, am considered nice looking, dark hair, brown eyes and fair complexion. I am fond of outside work and can milk and do all kinds of work. Harness and drive horses. Fond of all kinds of sport; love music. Hoping to see this letter in print and that I haven't taken too much valuable space I will close. Wishing the paper every success. My address is with the editor.

"Starlight."

Lex Wants a Partner.

Sask., April 29, 1910.

Sir.—As a subscriber and regular reader of your excellent paper, will you allow me a little space in your correspondence column. I came from England nearly three year ago. I have 320 acres (homestead and pre-emption) of rolling land well suited for mixed farming. I have done my homestead duties and put in two years of my time towards getting my patent. I owe a little money but have good prospects and hope to pay all off and be clear after next harvest. I have five horses, implements &c., a comfortable two-roomed shack and barn for six head, but I am very lonely and would work with better heart and greater contentment, had I a refined companion to take an interest in me and my works. and assist me as only a good woman can. I am a bachelor, 28 years old, five feet six inches, strong and healthy, experienced and practical, but at present very short of cash. I have no cause to be ashamed of my character or my appearance (tho' a little bald). I am a stay-at-home and would be very considerate to the woman who would be good to me. A lady (English pre-

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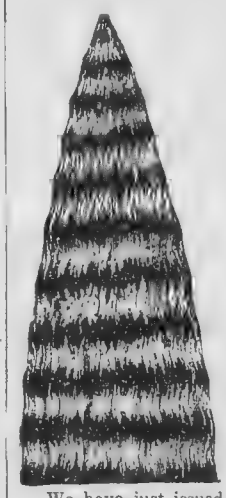

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We have just issued a very useful little book entitled "The Care of the Hair." This is brimful of interesting information and should be in every western home. We will gladly mail a copy to any address free of charge.

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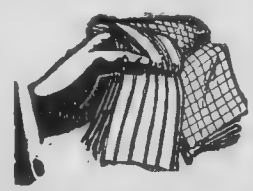

Was Troubled With His Liver For Four Years.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURED HIM

Mr. Harry Graves, Junkins, Alta., writes:—"I can not say enough in regard to your wonderful Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. For four years I was troubled with my Liver, and at times it would get so bad I could not move around. At last the doctors gave me up saying it was impossible for me to get cured.

My father got me four vials of your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, but I told him there was no use trying them and that it was only a waste of money, however I took them and to-day, six months later, I am a well man and weigh twenty-four pounds more than I did. I would advise all Liver sufferers to use them."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents a vial, or 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

French Method of Developing the Bust

Mdme. DuBarrie Explains How the Bust May be Developed 2 to 8 inches in 30 Days.

"I am explaining for the first time to the ladies of America," says Madame DuBarrie, "the French method of developing the bust. It is much more effective, the results appear much more quickly; the breasts become more firm,

plump and symmetrical, the method is more simple, the effects more lasting, and altogether beyond comparison with the results produced here.

"You know the French people have the development of the bust and form down to a fine point.

"By this French method, the breasts may be developed from 2 to 8 inches in 30 days. This applies to women of almost any age, from young girls to elderly matrons, whether the bust is absolutely not developed at all, or has grown weak and flabby, and hangs, no matter from what cause.

"It is beauty of form that attracts much more than the features. You will always find it so with both sexes.

"I will be only too glad to tell any woman who is interested what this simple French method is, if she will enclose a 2 cent stamp to pay for the postage. I will send an illustrated booklet in a plain sealed wrapper that will explain it all.'

We suggest to our lady readers that they write to Madame DuBarrie for particulars of this remarkable French method. Enclose 2 cents in stamps for the illustrated booklet and address it to Mdme. DuBarrie, Suite 1945 Quinlan Building, Chicago, Ill:

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ferred) saw between 25 and 36 years, with a little money of her own, cares to write me (in confidence) with a view of possibly joining forces "for better of for worse" perhaps you, Mr, Editor, will kindly forward letter in first instance and so greatly oblige. "Lex."

"Agatha Means Business."

Moosomin, Sask, April 20, 1910.

If you will but let an Eastern lady join your circle of jolly westerners. I am 22 years old, about 5 feet 8 inches tall, weigh 114 lbs. black hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and considered good looking. I am a farmer's daughter and an extra special cook. Now boys. I am not writing for pastime. I want a dear little boy who could learn to love me. I would also exchange photos and answer all letters from any boys. My address is with the editor. I will sign myself, "Agatha."

Sunny Jim Makes His Bow.

Harmattan, Olds., Alta., July 13, 1910.

Sir.—Having read the correspondence in your paper with the greatest interest for some time I thought I would like to write a few lines myself. I think it would be a great addition to the column if some of the older readers who have already embarked upon the sea of matrimony would write giving us their opinions upon the subjects under discussion, which are for the greater part pertaining to the use of tobacco and alcoholic drink—two articles which the gentler sex of this country seem to have great objections to. I will refrain from expressing my opinion this time, suffice to say I use neither myself. I am 5ft. 11in. in height, weigh 170 lbs., dark, and as for looks, if any of the young ladies would care to correspond I will gladly exchange photos, or if they would rather send picture postcards than letters, I will return all favors.—Yours truly,

"Sunny Jim."

In Favour of Debates.

Provost, Alta., July, 17, 1910.

Sir.—Being a subscriber and an interested reader of your paper, especially the correspondence column, I thought I would write a few lines. In most of the letters the writers give a description of themselves, but I will pass that up in this case. I was very much taken with "Sylvia's" letter in the May number, and heartily agree with her idea of having debates on certain questions, especially those before us to-day, namely, Woman Suffrage, Canadian Naval policy, Tariff rates, etc. I am sure that the readers of the Western Home Monthly would receive great benefit from the reading and answering of letters dealing with such subjects. I am "baching it" on a homestead 23 miles from town, and like it first rate, and we expect a railroad within 6 miles in another year or so. There has been a great deal said in regard to giving women the right to take up homesteads, and I hope that it will be granted to them, for they have the same chance in this great and glorious West as the men. I would like to hear some opinions about this question, and then the correspondence column will gradually become more instructive and interesting, as many of its readers will no doubt be glad to take part in the debate; also on any other worthy subject. The Editor in the May issue made a very strong appeal to the people of the West, under the heading, "The Present and the Future," and hits upon a very timely warning to us Westerners. If any reader would care to write, the Editor has my address. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success in its great work in advancing this great land, I will sign myself

"Semper Paratus."

Our Old Friend Happy Hooligan.

Stoppington, Alta., July 9, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, but am just becoming a subscriber, and seeing so many letters from lonely bachelors like myself, I thought I would try my hand just for fun. Some of the letters are very good, while others are absurd. In approbation of the "Doctor" in your February issue, I might say that I agree with "Farmer" and "Just a Bachelor" of your last issue. The "Doctor" appears to me to think, or rather to place, himself over all, trampling the farmer underfoot, while for a simple, honest fact it is certainly the reverse. I am a homesteader and could wish for nothing better if it were not so cheerless and lonesome a life. Moreover, I came from a place where there was sufficient fun and, of course, company for anybody. Now, girls, drop me a line just to find out what sort of a fellow I am. As to a description of myself, permit me to add: I am 20 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weigh about 185 lbs. To any wishing a further description will be sent on request. Will guarantee to answer all letters received and would like very much to hear from "Gumdrop," "A Farmer's Girl," and "A Fairy" of the April issue, and in fact all who wish to write. My address is with the Editor.

"Happy Hooligan."

Scotch Correspondents Are Welcomed.

Fleming, Sask., 18th June, 1910.

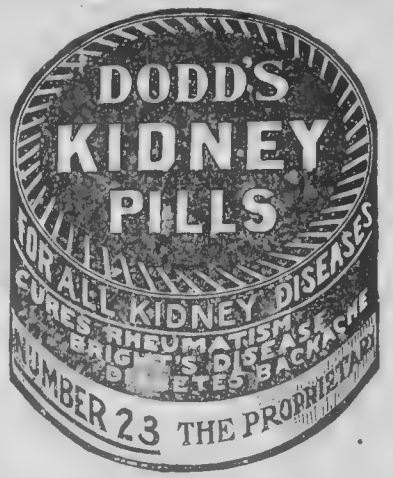
Sir.—Will you kindly allow me a small space for this letter in your valuable paper, which, through the kindness of a friend, I have had the pleasure of reading for the last two years. Some time ago you published an article dealing with the silent handling of horses. The writer emphatically remarked that to the teamster "silence is golden." Two weeks after reading this, while in town, I heard a conversation between two young lads on the very same subject. They did not say where they had got their ideas, but their arguments were the very same as those of the writer in the Western Home Monthly, and I was impressed at the time with the thought of the good that might accrue from the publication of articles of such widespread interest. Having the reputation of being able to write quite a lot about nothing I will endeavour to give a description of myself. I am 6ft. 1in. high with my white vest on, weigh 175 pounds and am good-natured and easy-going like most big fellows. I won't be of age for two months yet. I am a Scotchman, and very proud of my nationality, and can therefore make allowance for love of country in other people. There is much good commonsense in what "Canada Farmer" says. I would picture him as a straightforward, plain-dealing fellow, saying what in his opinion is right no matter what others think. He can certainly hit straight from the shoulder. Now, sir, I will make no further encroachment on your long-suffering qualities, but I'm really anxoius to see what this letter looks like in print. Enclosed is a letter for "Primrose." Will you oblige me by forwarding same?

"Lochnagar."

Badger Wants to Wed.

Radisson, Sask., June 14, 1910.

Sir.—In reading the June issue of the Western Home Monthly I noticed a letter written by "Batty O'Tool," where she criticized "Archibald" of the April number. Now, Mr. Editor, I think "Batty" is just the one I want. She thinks she could feed the pigs and milk the cow if she had the loan of a pair of overalls. Now, I have only got one pair, so couldn't very well lend them. However, if she would agree to keep the house in order and do a little cooking, etc., at odd times, I think I would be able to scrape up enough extra time to feed the pigs and milk the cow myself. She could carry the pocket book if she wanted to, it does not bother me much, as it is empty most of the time. I never liked wearing "made over" clothes, so would not ask her to buy any dye or to patch her clothes if she did not care to do so. I think I could keep even with the neighbors in the matter of clothes, even if she did not have all she wanted. As for a description of myself, well, I can't say very much, but I still have the same



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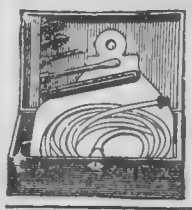

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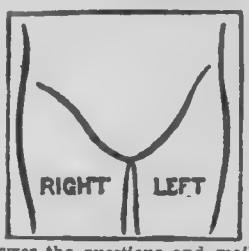

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Age..... *Time Ruptured*.....

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*Does rupture pain?*____ *Do you wear a Truss?*____

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The Greatest Cure For Rheumatism In The World"

KNOWLTON, QUE., Oct. 12th. 1909.

"For many years, I suffered from severe Rheumatism, and the attacks were very distressing and prevented me from doing my ordinary work. I tried many remedies and physicians' treatments, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and I was becoming very anxious for fear I would become a permanent cripple from the disease.

I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine has entirely cured me and I honestly believe it is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world."

E. E. MILLS.

Such a statement could not be bought from a man like Mr. Mills. He thinks too much of his good name, to sell it or sign it to an untruth. Mr. Mills tried "Fruit-a-tives" after all other treatment failed—and "Fruit-a-tives" cured him of Rheumatism. In the goodness of his heart, he wrote the above letter in order that sufferers in all parts of Canada would know that there is one remedy that actually does cure Rheumatism. This testimonial was entirely unsolicited on our part. We did not know that Mr Mills was taking "Fruit-a-tives" until we received the above letter.

It is a case like Mr. Mills' that proves the marvellous powers of "Fruit-a-tives" in arresting and curing disease. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that "Fruit-a-tives" will positively cure Rheumatism when properly used.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices and is the greatest Rheumatism cure known to modern science.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

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I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Paper in the West.

looking glass I had when I started baching, and the clock is still ticking away. Hoping this will be printed and that Miss "Batty O'Tool" will see it. I will sign myself "Badger."

This Correspondent is Reasonable.

Brock, Sask., July 1, 1910.

Sir.—I have been for several years now an interested reader of your paper and have been interested in the correspondence columns. Some of the letters are very interesting, and yet I think that there are faults on both sides. Some of the boys seem to want a wife who will both work inside and out of doors, and on the other hand the girls seem to want an angel. Now, I do not believe in drink, but on the other hand I think that when one comes in tired from his work a pipe of tobacco generally has a soothing effect; also a friendly game of cards in the long winter evenings does not do anyone any harm. I have only got a homestead and am not rich, but I have the strength to work and am not afraid of it either, and although I could not afford to give my wife all the pleasures that I would wish, I think that I could keep her comfortable and happy. I would not want her to do the work outside, except looking after the garden, and if I am not mistaken, most girls take an active interest in that department. I may say that I am 29 years of age, and shall be pleased to hear from any of the ladies, young or old, and I will make it my duty to answer their letters courteously. Wishing your paper every success.

"John Bull."

Peachy Is Not An Old Maid.

Minto, Man., June 2, 1910.

Sir.—Have been reading your much valued paper for some time. Though not a subscriber, I receive a copy now and again. I am, I hope, not considered an old maid, as I noticed some of the western boys of from twenty to twenty-two considered themselves old bachelors. I am twenty years old, 5 feet 5 inches, weigh 116 lbs., have fair hair and brown eyes. I live on a farm and enjoy all kinds of sports, as skating dancing, playing tennis. I play the piano, and am also fond of singing. Any person thinking it worth while to answer will find my address with the Editor.

"Peachy."

A Letter from Old England.

Hove, England, June 22, 1910.

Sir.—As I did not see my letter in the Western Home Monthly, I am going to try again. I should like to correspond or exchange picture postcards with a few nice young gentlemen not over 23 years of age. I am English, 16 years of age, 5ft. 4in. in height, brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. I play the piano, and sing. I am also very fond of roller skating. I hope to see this in print. My address is with the Editor.

"An English Kiddie."

From the U.S.A.

June 6, 1910.

Sir.—May I join the Western Home Monthly circle? I am a stranger in a strange land, and lonesome and homesick, but I must be patient, as I cannot return until fall. I came, like another writer, to teach, and did not find things as I expected; but as I came to work with other workers, either as teacher or what my hands may find to do that I could do and do well, I do not expect to be idle. I cannot "homestead," or I certainly should. I am not matrimonially inclined, as I think that people must be just suited to each other to be happy; if two meet and seem to be congenial, all right. I would like a brotherly correspondent, as I am interested in the country and people. It would be pleasant, and I like to learn all I can. I would not wish him to be less than 40, as I am middle-aged, with dark red hair; a passable musician, like nice pleasant people, but do not care for dancing, though I am called light-footed, and like to ride horse-back if the horse is not too spirited. Sometimes think I would like to keep house for rancher where there were two or three half-grown motherless children. "Idea."

These Bachelors Can't Cook.

Minto, Man., June 29, 1910.

Sir.—While enjoying some hard tack and coffee (bachelors' fare) and at the same time reading the correspondence column of your valuable Western Home Monthly, like the rest of the boys I will give a description of myself. I am 22 years of age, measure 5ft. 9in., and weigh 155 lbs. My eyes are hazel, which I find hard to control (for they will keep wandering where the pretty girls are), and have dark hair. My habits are A1. I do not smoke, chew, or drink, and my worst failure is my fondness for girls. All the girls call me a "jolly good fellow that nobody can deny." Would like to correspond with "Cutie" in January number. Any person wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor.

"Pony Boy."

A Letter from Halley's Comet.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time, and think it's fine. I think the correspondence page is just dandy. Well, girls, here is the same old story. I am a lonely homesteader, living all alone, and on the look-out for a dear little queen who could fancy up my home. I think we western bachelors live more like coyotes than human beings. My friend bachelor, just think of it, we work all day long, and when we come in the house there are probably some "flap jacks" three or four days old, some cold meat half boiled and everything turned up side down. Now, if we had a nice wife, everything clean, and a nice hot meal I think we bachelors would be all smiles. I am 23 years of age, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weigh about 225 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. I don't chew, smoke or drink anything stronger than water. I am very fond of all outdoor sports, dancing, skating, horse races, baseball games, and I just love music. I can play the violin, organ, piano and mandoline. Well, I am not on the matrimonial market as yet, but would be very much pleased to correspond with any of you girls who can write a good jolly letter. My address is with the Editor. "Halley's Comet."

Honeysuckle Has Her Say.

Piche, Sask., July 21, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a subscriber of your valuable paper for some time, and I think that we could never be without it. I consider the Western Home Monthly the best paper anyone could ever subscribe for. I am an English girl, and came to Canada six years ago, and I like the country fine. Will you please forward enclosed letter to "Sweet Sixteen" in May issue. As I see it is the duty of all the correspondents to describe themselves, I will do the same. I am eighteen years and six months old, light brown hair and light blue eyes, height 4 feet 5 inches. I can cook cakes, pies, bread, meat of any kind, and I can ride and drive and milk cows, make

It's the Strength, Body and Flavor that the Families Favor

The Flavor of

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Bad Blood Means Bad Health.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Makes Good Blood and Good Blood Means Good Health.

Mrs. Fred Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, and was pale and thin; everyone thought I was going into Consumption. I tried everything, and different doctors, until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I did not have one bottle used when my appetite began to improve.

"I used six bottles.

"I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed ninety-three pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful remedy."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. See that their signature appears on every bottle.

Bog Spavin

Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)

is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't imitate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

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butter, separate milk, and play the piano and paint, and most people tell me I am a very good singer. If anyone would care to write to me I would answer all letters. My address is with the Editor. I sign myself

Honeysuckle.

Victoria Kid is Shy.

Victoria, July 28, 1910.

Sir.—Having read with interest the letters from the young people on this page, I beg permission to be allowed to become one of the number, not with regard to matrimony, but to pass away the time. I would like to correspond with someone. I am sixteen, but will be seventeen in September. I have blue eyes, and light hair and fair complexion. I am 5 feet 2 inches in height, weigh between 100 and 114 lbs., and am told I am not bad looking. I am fond of all sorts of sports, and love all kinds of animals. I am fond of music, and play a little. If any boys or girls about my age or between 16 and 20 care to write to me they will find my address with the Editor. Boys and girls must write first, as I am shy. Hoping I haven't taken up too much space.— I remain,

"Victoria Kid."

This One Offers Advice.

July 20, 1910.

Sir.—I am an interested reader of your am so bashful I would have joined your magazine, and but for the fact that I circle before. I was greatly interested in "All Alone's" letter of May. I wonder if he thinks marriage is the only thing that will make a girl sensible and broad-minded. I am not married, and am not writing with the object of finding a husband. Perhaps I think I am sensible enough, or again, perhaps I think myself too sensible to get married. I am a wage-earner, making a comfortable living and enjoy my work very much, and therefore will never marry in order to have a home. May I say that I think the biggest mistake parents can make is bringing up their daughters without any means of supporting themselves if it becomes necessary, thus forcing them into unhappy marriages. Making girls independent does not make them despise marriage, but enables them to see it in its true light. Such girls will marry, not at the first opportunity, but when they see a man they can honor above all others. "Girls, don't marry the first man that you think you could live with, but marry the man you don't think you can live without." I am a Western Canadian girl, nearly a quarter of a century old, and have been away from home since I was sixteen. I am tall and slim, with brown hair and eyes, and could not tell you half of my good qualities, and if you asked my friends they would find time all too short to tell my faults. Let it suffice to say I am fond of fun, and find plenty of it, too. I have many friends and would like more, so if any would care to write I will leave my address with the Editor. Please forward the enclosed p.c's.

"A Mountain Girl."

Who Understands Gaelic?

Victoria, B.C., July 1st, 1910.

Sir.—I have been reading your interesting paper for the last six months (though not a subscriber), and I always look with pleasure to the date when it is due, as I find it contains many interesting letters in the correspondence columns; also a number of poetical verses, which I am very fond of reading. The information and views of the prairie and new settlements are welcomed by all emigrants and those intending to take up homesteads. As I intend to get one myself before long, you may be sure that I take great interest in reading the bachelor experience on the farm. So now I will describe myself a little, in the hope that one of your fair correspondents may think it worth her while to exchange letters with me. I am a Highland Scotchman, Protestant, 5ft. 10in. in height, 175 lbs. in weight, 27 years of age, dark hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. I do not chew, smoke or drink; can read and write English and Gaelic. Now, Mr. Editor, I hope to see this in print soon. I will be glad to answer any letters written to me. Wishing the Editor and his welcome Western Home Monthly every success.

"Inverness."

All Speak Well of the W.H.M.

Nokomis, Sask.

Sir.—Although not a subscriber I have been able to read and enjoy the Western Home Monthly through the medium of a friend, and intend as soon as settled down here to become a regular subscriber. Your paper is both interesting and elevating and certainly deserves great success. Am enclosing letters to various correspondents and hope you will kindly forward them. Your correspondence columns are indeed a happy thought and doubtless have been the means of brightening many a heart and home. I like the fearless manner in which some of your correspondents air their views on Christianity and total abstinence, hence my asking the above favour. "Hot Stuff."

Salmon Makes His Bow.

New Westminster, June 19,1910.

Sir.—For the past ten years I have been an interested reader in one of the best all-round family magazines published in Canada, and that is the Western Home Monthly. But in all that time I have never attempted to enter into correspondence with the fair sex through your correspondence columns. In entering your circle of correspondents I do not intend to enter seriously into matrimonial affairs, because I do not think that marriage by mail is always a success, but I would like to correspond with some fair maiden under eighteen who is not already overloaded with correspondents and would-be admirers. Well, as space is limited in the W.H.M., I will have to conclude now, hopnig to see my letter in print soon. Those wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor. Living on the Fraser River. I will sign myself

"Salmon."

Swastika on the Warpath.

Hilton, Man., July 29, 1910.

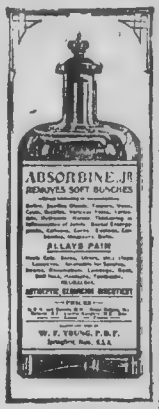
Sir.—Would you kindly send the enclosed letter to 'Sweet Sixteen" of the May number of your paper? Would also like to correspond with "Innocence and Mischief" of the May issue, if they would write me a postcard with their address. As to corresponding with a view to matrimony, I am not that way inclined, but, as "Soft Sammy" says, it might lead to acquaintance and that in its turn lead farther. As most correspondents think it their duty to describe themselves, I will do the same. I am somewhere between the age of 18 and 22, five feet ten inches tall, weigh 165 lbs., and like all kinds of sport. I do not chew or drink, but take an occasional smoke. My address is with the Editor. Wishing the Western Home Monthly the best of success.

"Swastika."

Another Maiden from Morse.

Morse, Sask., July 7, 1910.

Sir.—I am interested in your valuable paper, especially the correspondence columns, and finding so many interesting letters I thought I would join the circle. I will describe myself now, so that you may know what I am like. I am 5ft. 5in. tall, weigh 121 lbs, have dark brown curly hair, blue eyes and a very lovable disposition (at least, that's what my friends tell me), and I am sweet sixteen. I live on a farm with my brother. I am very fond of riding and driving, and am a crack shot with the rifle, and it's very good sport to shoot the gophers, as there's no bigger game around here. I feel sorry for some of the poor bachelors who write such lonesome letters, and if any of them will write first I will be glad to cheer up some of their lonesome moments. I am a good housekeeper and a good cook, and can do the outside chores in a pinch. Now, if any of the boys or girls care to write to me my address is with the Editor. Now, I will close, wishing the Western Home Monthly the very best of success. I will sign myself "A Crack Shot."



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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

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Buk Has His Wish.

Swift Current, Sask., June 14, 1910.

Sir.—Having been a subscriber to your most valuable magazine for the last seven months and as this is my very first letter, I hope to have the luck of seeing it in print. I quite enjoy reading through the correspondence columns, and I find it very interesting, and amusing at the same time. I think that was a very comical letter of the "Two Western Hoodoos." I guess they would do well in the bakery line. I always read the pages of "The Young Man and His Problem," also the third page of your magazine, which contains some very instructive news from the Editor. Well, before I go any further, I will try and give a description of myself. I am an Englishman, twenty years of age, height 5ft. 6in., and as for my looks, well, I can say I am not an angel, but am as good as the next on the list. I am also a young bachelor, and have a homestead about 30 miles from town. At present I am working in town, and baching it first rate. I am a fairly good hand at cooking, and can say I live as good as any western bachelor. It seems to me that most of the bachelors live on "slap jacks" and "hard tacks." It's enough to frighten any of the fair sex when they read of how some of the bachelors live. I would like to correspond with some young ladies (English preferred) between the ages of eighteen and twenty, and would gladly answer all letters sent me. Anyone wishing to inquire of my address will find it with the Editor. I will conclude by thanking the Editor for time and space. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. Will sign myself "Buk."

Gold Dust Twins Are Musical.

Brandon, Man., May 25, 1910.

Sir.—Being interested in your correspondence column, I hope you can spare us a little space, as we would like to correspond with "The Lonesome Easterner," and "Happy," in your March number, or any of the other lonesome bachelors if they will write first. We are in sympathy with the poor bachelors, as we are two good cooks. I think we could make two of them happy, at any rate we are not cranks, but would rather have a fellow, who does not drink, or chew, but do not mind a pipe once in a while. We are both very musical, can play piano and violin, and sing a little. Are fond of skating and other amusements. We suppose you will be curious to know what we are like. We are both under 21. Neither one of us is on the matrimonial list, but we would like to correspond with the bachelors, to help them to pass away a few lonesome hours. We are leaving our names with the editor, and we hope some one will write to us, as we are very lonesome, and too shy to write first. Hurry fellows, and drop us a line.

We will close, wishing the Western Home Monthly every success.

"Gold Dust Twins."

From Two Ranchers.

Tuxford, Sask., May 11, 1910.

Sir.—Being readers of your valuable paper for the past year, and interested in the letters from the young people, and being homesteaders, we wish to correspond with some of the fair sex.

We are partners in a large ranch at Buffalo Lake, that is to say each one of us takes a place in the saddle at day break, and rope in many live ones. When we are not roping live ones, we are branding dead ones.

Our nicknames here on the ranch are Rattle Snake Pete and Gum Boot Ben. Rattle Snake Pete is 22 years of age, five feet 2 inches in height and weighs 197 lbs, and of a dark complexion, and always good natured as fat people generally are. Now my partner Gum Boot Ben is of a fairer complexion, 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighing 160 lbs, and is something of a poetical nature. Hoping to hear from some of your lady correspondents, chiefly from Dreamer, (we think she is a daisy), and thanking you for space in your valuable paper. We remain,

"Rattle Snake Pete and Gum Boot Ben."

Ambition the Goal of All.

Sir.—Unlike most of your readers and new correspondents I, (though sorry to say) have not long been a monthly reader of your paper. For the past few wintry months I have been a subscriber, though often times before, I was afforded the golden opportunity of scanning its columns. That reading so fascinated me, and lured me over until now, here you find me before you all, not for the mere pastime of writing—no—rather to be a help to some of you, probably to enlighten some soul to enlarge some heart, or to touch the chord of some poor seemingly forgotten life, that shall lift them up, renew their hopes and that chord no more shall lie dormant but shall shine as a golden thread of that person's life.

This is my purpose, dear readers, of writing to your columns. If I fail in my ambition, it is not my wish, and only hope that someone else will fill the place that I have choosen.

I have not read the correspondence column a great deal, but at some time or other, while I would be reading other portions, my eye would wander and be gently and unknowingly led to those written pictures of our unknown friends.

Those pictures I considered beautiful, and as I glanced over those pages, my eye perchance would fasten upon (what I estimate the most beautiful picture) the Westerner. Now, what I mean by Westerner is not a mere man living in the west, but a really true Westerner, one whose ambitions have led him there, and who is now enjoying that life for all there is in him. I love ambitious people, but have no use for the one who does not live for the uplifting of life both in self and his fellow creatures; doesn't live but merely exists on 160 acres a thousand miles from nowhere. That's no good to me for I can't see any ambition about it.

But let my say, dear readers, that the grandest thing, the most beautiful and the most appreciated by the true man or woman is the character. This above all things is the first to be considered in the lives of our present and growing generations, yes, even unto the end of time, shall this be the first consideration. I do admire so much Dr. Gordon's page, and though it is for men, yet I always read it, and think what a help it must be to most of our young men who have the opportunity of reading it.

Seems to me the thoroughfare of every life is happiness. On this thoroughfare travelling daily from the outside world into our utmost souls, and forming our characters, are two things, the evil and the good. Among the former we find a good many vices that the sinful world has set before man in that way which charms and is pleasing to the eye, but always proves fatal to any who permit their presence. If you want this thoroughfare kept clean, banish those deceitful evils, bar them at the entrance, and open up a door for the good. This constituting love, purity, kindness, gentleness, etc., is the only thing which can really keep life happy, and make that thoroughfare worthy of its name.

Let all these things come into your lives young men and women of the west or anywhere, and you will no longer feel life a burden, but a pleasure, through which flows a golden stream of happiness and where there is not lacking that one quality "ambition" that lifts us from our slumber and sets us upon the famous ship of life's ladder—the top one.

I, myself have not reached that step as yet, but my ambitions are leading me there and though it does seem a long way off, yet I shall never give up, unless the hand of the one who is

HAD HEART TROUBLE

LIFE WAS A BURDEN

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS CURED HIM.

Mr. Elexander McKay, Port Philips, N. S., writes:—"Seeing testimonials in the B.B.B. Almanac of how many poor sufferers had been helped by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I thought mine would not be amiss. I am a man of fifty-four years, and have a family of five children. About two years ago I was a sufferer from heart trouble, and life was a burden to myself as well as others. I could not lie on my left side and sometimes I would nearly choke, and was very nervous and run down. My father, a very old man of eighty-five years, told me that he often heard people recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to be a great cure so thought it would do no harm to give them a trial, but I had very little faith in them. My wife went to the store and got me two boxes, and before I had used the last of the first box I noticed a change, and before the second box was done I was cured and am a well man to-day."

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guiding me should intervene between me and my chosen destiny. At present I am on the teaching staff, and have got there only by my own ambitions. Many times I have had a hard struggle and often felt like throwing the whole business up, but something always said "Life is worth more than living, its worth fighting for." As I read in your paper the other day, "There's something more than making a living; making life." But again let me say, I do not ignore the lowly nor yet the one with the lowliest occupation, so long as they are pure in spirit and striving hard to do something better. There is no such thing as standing still; you must either go back, or go forward, and I say the man or woman with the ambition is the one who will fill the latter case to satisfaction.

The young man who goes out west on a homestead, with a team of oxen is all right if his ambitions have led him there and he is determined to make farming a success and a source of happiness. But I say "don't" deprive yourself of all enjoyment and become an old cronie, and then marry some young girl who is innocent and beautiful, but has never known much about the enjoyments of life. This advice is not given with reproach, but kindly, for it's quite evident you would harm yourself and (what to me is akin to crime) harm the one who is to share your life. Probably some of you young fellows go west for the sake of having a change of life on the homestead and afterwards sell it. That's all right, you are making life worth living.

I am one who wants fame and love to make other people happy, or help them in any way that lies in my power, but not one who would correspond with any gentleman readers in regard to matrimony. That I consider foolish, but if anyone, male or female, cares to write me, after reading this letter, I will do my best to answer all, and probably I can help someone, through my letters, to be happy.

I am near the end now, dear readers, though I hate to leave you, but I am sure you would not consider my letter finished, without a short description of the writer, which will give you an idea of who is talking and who wishes to be a friend to all, especially the friendless. I am five feet four and a half inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty one pounds, blue eyes, auburn hair and fairly fair complexion. I dance a good deal and enjoy a nice dance. I love vocal and instrumental music, in which some day I hope to excel. I do not care for a man who chews tobacco or drinks, though I do not mind an occasional smoke of a pipe or cigar, barring cigarettes, providing it's at the proper time and in the proper place. I am sure the former kind of men are not happy and ask them to pay goodly heed to my advice as regards happiness.

Now, I do hope I haven't occupied too much space, and if I have, hope you all will forgive me. I am not coming back for a long time, so I will bid you all farewell, though I shall often think of you, especially those lonely young fellows in the west. This letter is just to awaken you all to the fact that there is such a person living and trying to climb the toilsome hills of life as, "Ambition."

Archibald Criticized.

Gull Lake, Sask., May 4, 1910.

Sir.—Just a few lines to tell you how much I appreciate the Western Home Monthly and the good and instructive reading we find in it from cover to cover. While reading the corespondence columns I find some very sensible letters, while others are a waste of time.

Archibald, I do not believe you will ever find a wife to come up to your expectations. I hope not. Would any good sensible man wish his wife to never leave the kitchen—but drudge, drudge from morning till night, and feel that all she is entitled to is a couple of calico dresses. I think its all very well for the wife to care for the chickens but feed the hogs and milk the cows—no never, unless hubby is away from home. Now I am a wife, and when "my John" is away I gladly do his chores and help him when he really needs it, but I know it is appreciated; when he is driving in town or to the neighbors he comes in and asks me to go. It everything isn't in order he tells me to leave it until we come home; if he is not busy he helps me. Would you, Archibald? It means a good deal for a young wife to leave a good home and live on a homestead.

"Just a Bachelor," You are just all right and expressed my sentiments exactly. Girls, I hope you all keep firm on the liquor habit question, and never marry a man to reform him. There are many good bachelors but they all seem too temperate in the Western Home Monthly, but not so around here.

Yes, Rambler, a man can do worse than smoke and I had rather my husband would smoke than play pool, or use profane language.

Boy, give your wives a little spending money; take her with you for a ride occasionally to rest her from the hot kitchen; give her a smile after the day's work as well as to expect her to do the same, for a smile and a kind word from hubby is as restful as a night's sleep. Hoping I have not intruded too long and wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. I sign myself,

"A Satisfied Wife."

Skittles is Not Sentimental.

Govan, Sask., May 1, 1910.

Sir.—I have read many of the letters in the Western Home Monthly and have found them quite interesting. A few, I fear, are written in the spirit of fun and mischief. Now, I am going to express my opinions plainly and hope I shall derive some benefit along the matrimonial line from your columns.

Now to be frank, I am thirty-four years of age, quite good looking and sweet tempered and am fond of house work and music. My time, when unoccupied by household duties is spent in teaching piano and violin music. I have not a spark of sentiment in my disposition. In fact, I do not believe that love between man and woman exists in this world. My desire is to find a man with a like disposition, who does not object to work and is ambitious to obtain wealth and a name; who is kind and thoughtful of others. I could make a comfortable home for any man as I am an economical housekeeper and a competent cook. When I find such a man, I shall marry him, enter into a sort of partnership as it were, as I think this is the means of accomplishing the end I have in view. I will admit that I could not bestow upon him that much discussed love, but I could be kind and considerate of his wishes. Of course, I should expect the same in return.

Now I do not wish to receive letters only written for pastime but if any man can conscientiously write that he answers the description of the man for whom I am seeking, I shall give the matter consideration. My address is with the editor. "Skittles."

This One is in Earnest.

Fairfax, May 1, 1910.

Sir.—One of my friends has been made happy for life, through the matrimonial department of your valuable paper, and I am hoping that some good things may come my way. I am always in earnest and this letter is not for fun. Matrimony in my object, and I have a few specifications in regard to my future wife. I would like her to be a good worker, pleasant disposition, and a musician, as I am very fond of music. I am not hard to cook for. I have paid attention to young girls for several years, and find them all vain and frivolous. I want to correspond with a widow not over thirty-five. I am five feet eight and my hair is black and curly. I smoke an occasional cigar and never drink except when I have the tooth-ache. Now don't write unless you mean business, for I am a very busy man, and have no time to answer letters for pastime. Yours, ready to wed. "O. G. Rusalem."

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If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for advice either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free booklets by return mail. They are better than a fortune for any one who needs new vigor.

Dr. W. A. Sanden, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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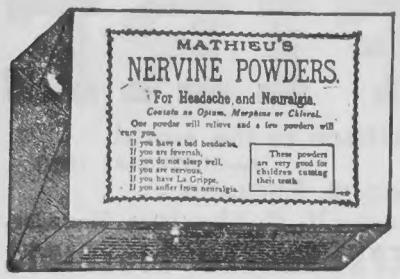

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In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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In Lighter Vein.

Geographical Nonsense.

A lady who lived in Bath, Me.,
Ate a pickle that gave her a pe.;
She ain't well yet,
And she says you can bet
She'll never eat pickles age.!

A gentleman down in Ky.,
Was riding a horse that was by.;
He lit in a creek,
But shut his mouth quick
And didn't drink any how ly.

A butcher who butched in Des Moines,
As his customers passed him des coines,
Said, "What will you take
In the way of a steak?
Here's a very nice piece on des loines."

A newly-wed wife in incennes,
Shut some chickens up tight in some pennes.
She thought they would lay,
But they crowed all the day.—
She took the blamed things for hennes!

—Allison Yewell.

Wit and Humour.

The Magistrate—"Are you guilty or not?" The Prisoner—"Well, your honor, I think I am; but I'd like to be tried to make sure."

"Do you think he is really in love with you?" asked Maud. "I don't know," answered Mamie. "He says he is, but his letters don't sound a bit silly."

"Ah, professor, what a charming collection of stuffed birds you have here! How did you get them?" "Oh, that is quite simple!" replied the scientist. "I have been collecting them for years from the hats discarded by my daughter!"

Mr. De Club—"My dear, a great German physician says women require more sleep than men." Mrs De C.—"Does he?" Mr. De C.—"Yes, my dear—umer—you'd better not wait up for me to-night."

Two officials on a Montana railway differ as to the proper pronunciation of a station called Eurelia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival there to hear one shout, "You're a liar! You're a liar!" to be followed by the other, "You really are! You really are!"

Two friends, meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk and the other still resembled only the "effigy of man." Said the stout gentleman—"Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had dinner since I last saw you." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

Heavy tragedian, seated at a restaurant table—"Prithee, waiter, dwells there nigh unto this place an engineer?" Waiter—"An engineer? Yes, sir." Tragedian—"Then take to him this bird of many springs! Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its underlying bosom, for we dine anon; and do it quickly! Your peas you need not carry, for those, with dexterous management, we can swallow. Away!"

"Yes," said the famous M.P., "I used to be pestered to death by a bore. My secretary was a good-natured, obliging chap, and he could never find it in his heart to turn the bore away. Just as sure as I was in, the bore was certain to be admitted. One day after an hour's martyrdom at the man's hands, I determined to end that persecution. So I called my secretary and said to him mysteriously—'Parton do you know what makes Smith come here so regularly?' 'No, sir,' said Parton, 'I can't say I do.' 'Well, Parton,' said I, 'I don't mind telling you in confidence that he's after your job.' From that day," concluded the M.P., "I saw no more of the bore."

When the new squire came, all the laborers on the parish received employment on the estate, and no full-grown man received less than eighteen shillings a week for his labor. All was contentment; but Walter Wintley wished to curry favor with the squire, and told him that the rate of pay was excessive. "Have any of them complained of the rate?" asked the squire, who "saw through" Walter. "No one," he answered. "What do you think would be fair pay?" then said the squire, with a smile. "Well, sir, fifteen shillings is what the farmers round here pay for the kind of work." "All right, then, Walter," chirruped his master; "as the men are satisfied with their rate, just pay them eighteen shillings as usual next pay day, and take only fifteen shillings yourself, as you seem to be the only one who objects to the other rate."

The Victims.

When Man is so that every nerve
The slightest jangle jars,
He's suffering from Overwork—
It cannot be Cigars.

When woman has an aching head
'Tis very plain that she
Must slower go in Church and Home—
But not Society.

When Debutante contracts a cold
'Tis patent, at a glance,
It came from sleeping in a draft—
And not from breezy Dance.

When little Susie grumpy feels,
And tells a tale of woe,
Too much she's had of Buttered Bread—
But not of Candy? No!

For this is human nature, son,
You'll find it to be true;
We're very loth to lay the blame
On things we like to do.

Nothing If Not Polite.

An interested visitor who was making the final call in the tenement district, rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mem," said the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slumming meself."

He Escaped all but the Shock.

A prominent Mr. S——, when passing a well-known art store in Boston, saw in the window a handsome painting which he admired. Upon inquiry he learned it was to be sold at auction, and making a note of the hour the sale was to take place he thought he might be fortunate enough to secure it for sixty-five dollars. He had just the place for it in his dining room.

On the day of the sale the would-be purchaser was a little late, and on his arrival the sentorian tones of the auctioneer's voice were heard saying:

"I am offered forty-five dollars. Who says fifty?"

Mr. S—— promptly responded "Fifty."

An opponent of Mr. S— bid fifty-five.

"Sixty," responded Mr. S——

"Sixty-five," loudly from Mr. G——.

Mr. S—— thought he could afford five dollars beyond the amount he had intended to pay for the picture, and bid seventy. Mr. G—— then bid seventy-five. The auctioneer, after several vain efforts to draw out a higher bid, finally exclaimed:

"Sold to Mr. G—— for $975."

It took Mr. S—— some minutes to recover from the shock, but he left the auction room with a thankful smile.

A PUBLIC WARNING

We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute with cheap and worthless preparations designed to be imitations of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the wonderful Bowel Complaint cure.

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Amanda G. Dumphy, Narhwaak Village N. B., Canada, writes; I have used "Actina" as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using "Actina" I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me.

Mr. Harry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes; "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

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